May 6, 1967

THE NEW YORKER

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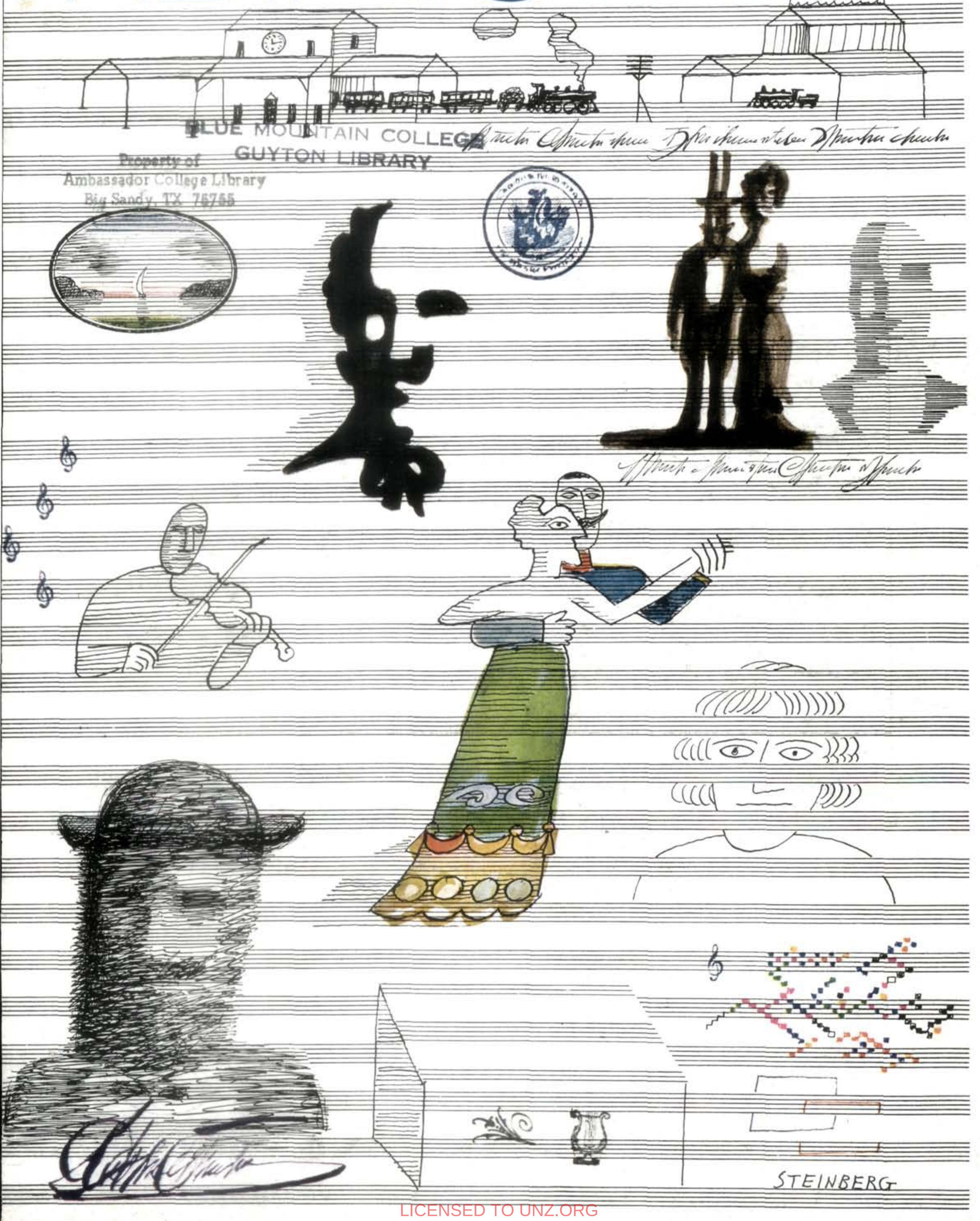

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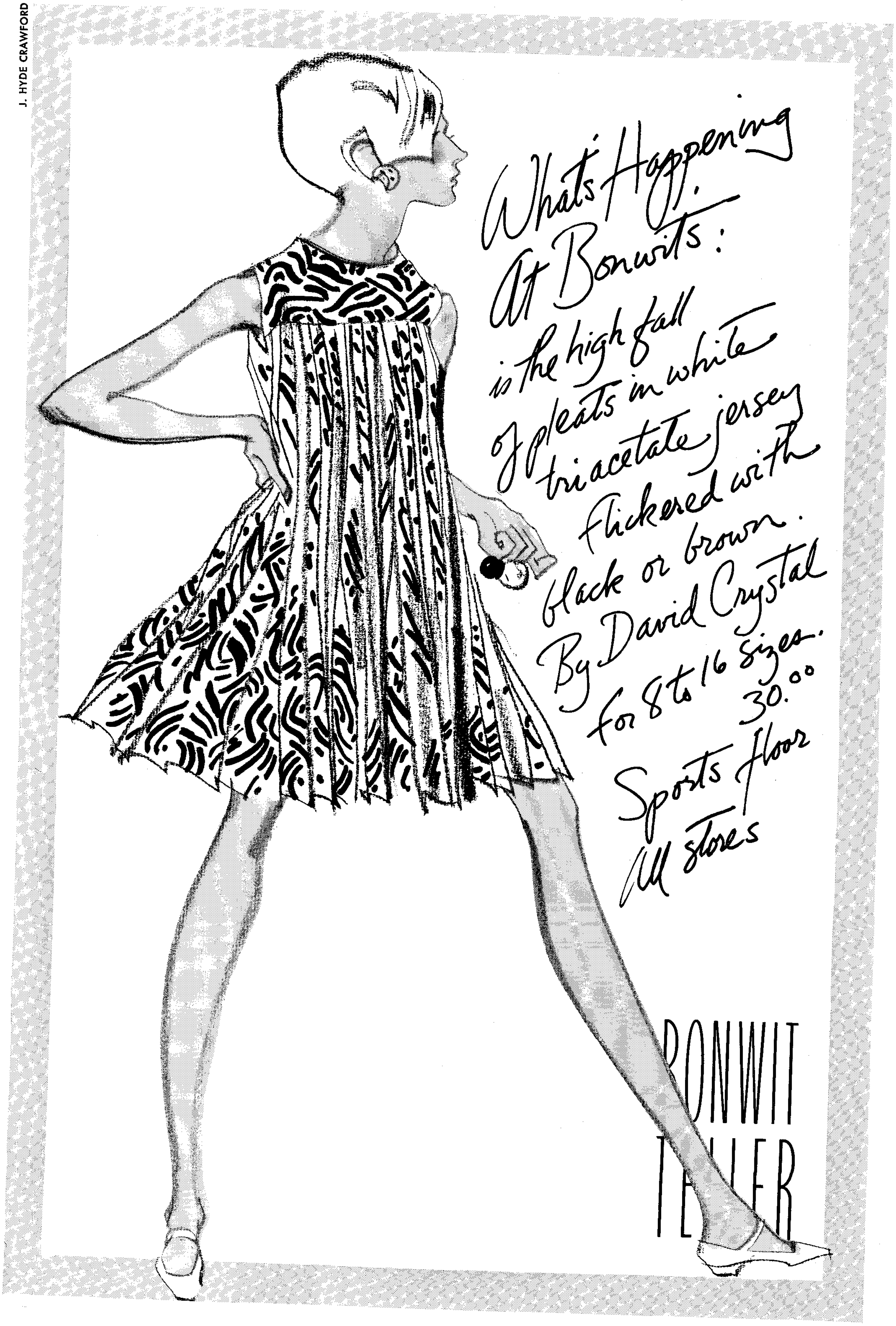

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BONWIT TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(*E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.*)

PLAYS

APA-Phoenix—Pirandello's **RIGHT YOU ARE:** Thursday, May 4, at 8:30. . . . **WAR AND PEACE:** Friday, May 5, at 8:30; Saturday, May 6, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, May 7, at 7:30 (special benefit performance); Monday, May 8, and Thursday and Friday, May 11-12, all at 8:30; and Saturday, May 13, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Kaufman and Hart's **YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU:** Tuesday, May 9, at 8:30, and Wednesday, May 10, at 2 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

Black Comedy—Odd doings during an electrical blackout in South Kensington. A funny invention of Peter Shaffer, which is preceded, alack, by a curtain-raiser called "White Lies" that isn't up to Mr. Shaffer's par. As directed by John Dexter, the cast in "Black Comedy" cannot be faulted. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Don't Drink the Water—Fun and games in an American embassy behind the Iron Curtain that is unexpectedly invaded by a Jewish family from Newark. A fairly droll business, put together by Woody Allen and featuring, most pleasantly, Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, Kay Medford, and Dick Libertini. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

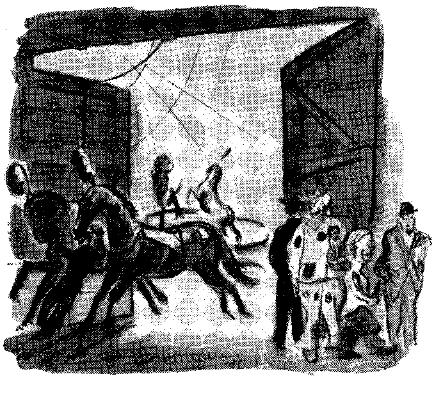
The Homecoming—Harold Pinter casting a cold eye at some odd doings in a North London slum. Although the play hasn't much coherence, the Royal Shakespeare Company, which enacts it, is worth watching. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

National Repertory Theatre—A four-week repertory of three plays. O'Neill's **A TOUCH OF THE POET:** Thursday, May 4, at 8:30; Saturday, May 6, at 2:30; Wednesday, May 10, at 8:30; Thursday, May 11, at 2; and Friday, May 12, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Coward's **TONIGHT AT 8:30:** Friday, May 5, and Monday, May 8, at 8:30; Wednesday, May 10, at 2; and Saturday, May 13, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Molière's **THE IMAGINARY INVALID:** Saturday, May 6, Tuesday, May 9, and Thursday, May 11, all at 8:30, and Saturday, May 13, at 2:30. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Closes Saturday, *May 27*.)

The Star-Spangled Girl—Neil Simon is not at the top of his game in this account of a triangle made up of a young publisher, a writer, and a girl from Arkansas, who live in an apartment house in San Francisco. The writer loves the girl, the girl has a yen for the publisher, and the publisher just wants to get out his magazine. This is a hard plot to thicken. Anthony Perkins, Richard Benjamin, and Connie Stevens make up the cast, and they are quite ebullient. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—Four plays by Robert Anderson that concentrate determinedly on sex. Mr. Anderson's creations are sometimes funny but not overly original. However, there is not a thing wrong with the cast—Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon—and the direction, by Alan Schneider, is entirely satisfactory. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.). . . **CACTUS FLOWER:** A divertissement by Abe Burrows, in which such people as Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, and Burt Brinckerhoff disport themselves. Kevin McCarthy will fill in for Mr. Nelson for two weeks starting Monday, May 8. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS:** Sam Levene in a comedy about a psychiatrist and some adolescents. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. 245-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, May 27.). . . **THE ODD COUPLE:** Another Neil Simon comedy, concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment. Eddie Bracken and Mike Kellin lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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MUSICALS

The Apple Tree—A musical, composed of three playlets, that is always bouncy and frequently funny. Directed by Mike Nichols, with book, music, and lyrics by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, the episodes are based on short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer, the most effective being a reworking of Twain's "The Diary of Adam and Eve." Barbara Harris is wonderfully versatile in all three, and Hal Holbrook and Larry Blyden give her good support. Phyllis Newman substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. *Nightly, except Sundays,* at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cabaret—A large, lush musical version of John van Druten's "I Am a Camera," showing us how things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Not the most amusing theme for a musical, but one in which Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey do what they can to make things entertaining. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hallelujah, Baby!—An account of the adventures of a Negro lass and her lad as they try to make something of themselves in a hostile environment. The book, by Arthur Laurents, isn't very substantial, but the music, by Jule Styne, and the lyrics, by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, are lively. Leslie Uggams and Robert Hooks are fine in the leading roles, and Lillian Hayman is highly diverting as Miss Uggams' old mother. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Do! I Do!—Mary Martin and Robert Preston are the entire cast of this adaptation by Tom Jones of Jan de Hartog's "The Fourposter," and they do well by the enterprise, which is a highly sentimental account of a half century of marriage. Harvey Schmidt and Mr. Jones wrote the music and lyrics for this one, Oliver Smith provided the bright settings, and Gower Champion gave it ingenious direction. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays at 2:35.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri as one of those lovable prostitutes, in an adaptation of the movie "Never on Sunday." Pleasant music and plenty of manly jigging, but not much real substance. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sherry!—A sluggish musical adaptation of "The Man Who Came to Dinner," with little in the way of song and dance to recommend it. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **FUNNY GIRL:** Fanny Brice as portrayed by Mimi Hines. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Martha Raye now has the role of Harriet Beecher Stowe. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MAME:** Angela Lansbury in an adaptation of the Patrick Dennis novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **SWEET CHARITY:** A musical about a wistful dance-hall hostess (Gwen Verdon) who wants to be honestly loved. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center Light Opera Company—Constance Towers, Bob Wright, Eleanor Steber, and Christopher Hewett in **THE SOUND OF MUSIC.**

* * *

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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The second in a series of three musicals by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, May 14.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Bertolt Brecht's **GALILEO**, with Anthony Quayle in the title role. The final production of the season. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Through Saturday, May 6: **FLEDERMAUS**, in English. . . . ¶ Starting Friday, May 12: **THE MASKED BALL.** (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Deer Park—Norman Mailer's long-winded rundown on the sexual mores of a Hollywood that is now obsolete gets awfully tiresome after a while, but it has its comic moments. Most of these occur in scenes that involve Will Lee, as the head of a studio, and Mickey Knox, as his bumptious son-in-law. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Eh?—A British comedy by Henry Livings. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Fridays at 8:40 and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—And the big baboon, by the light of the moon, sat combing his auburn hair. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gorilla Queen—This effeminate and very obscene lampoon of old jungle movies all but drowns in its own whimsey and complacency, but it is quite lively, all the same. *Caveat emptor.* (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hamp—This British play about a private who runs away from the Battle of Passchendaele, in 1917, and must face a court-martial should have a much greater impact than it does. Even so, the script and performances are well above average. The novel on which it is based was also the basis for the movie "King and Country." (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. José Ferrer plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville and Irving Jacobson support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Man with a Load of Mischief—A musical derived from Ashley Dukes' 1924 London play of the same name. John Clifton wrote the music and Ben Tarver the book. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

People Is the Thing That the World Is Fullest of—A cheerful puppet show in the form of a topical revue for adults. Children would probably enjoy it, too. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 4:30.)

The Pocket Watch—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

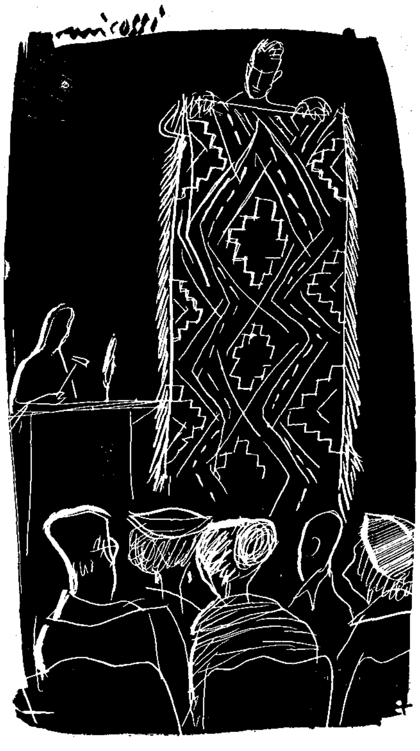
To Clothe the Naked—A dim production of a rather dim play by Pirandello. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This delightful little musical and the six actors who play in it manage to capture the elusive humor and charm of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts," on which, of course, it is based. Joseph Hardy was the director, Clark Gesner wrote the songs, and John Gordon wrote the libretto. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Final performances of **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM** will close out the season. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday and Friday, May 4-5, at 8:15; Saturday, May 6, at 2:15 and 8:15; and Sunday, May 7, at 1:15 and 7:15.)

Royal Ballet—Thursday, May 4, at 8:30: "Giselle.". . . ¶ Friday, May 5, at 8:30: "Les Sylphides," "Shadowplay," and "Les Noces." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 6, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Swan Lake.". . . ¶ Sunday, May 7, at 2 and 8:30: "The Sleeping Beauty.". . . ¶ Tuesday, May 9, at 8:30: "Swan Lake.". . . ¶ Wednesday, May 10, at 8:30: "Les Sylphides," "Paradise Lost" (American première), and "The Dream.". . . ¶ Thursday, May 11, at 8:30: "La Fille Mal Gardée.". . . ¶ Friday, May 12, at 8:30: "The Dream," "Monotones Nos. 1 and 2," and "Paradise Lost.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 13, at 2:30 and 8:30: "La Fille Mal Gardée." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-4200. Through Sunday, May 28.)



American Ballet Theatre—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, June 4—Tuesday, May 9, at 7:15: A new full-length production of "Swan Lake.". . . ¶ Wednesday, May 10, at 8:15: "Les Sylphides," "Romeo and Juliet Pas de Deux" (American première), "Les Noces," and "Theme and Variations.". . . ¶ Thursday, May 11, at 8:15: "Les Sylphides," "Harbinger" (New York première), "Romeo and Juliet Pas de Deux," and "Les Noces.". . . ¶ Friday, May 12, at 8:15, and Saturday, May 13, at 2:15 and 8:15: "Swan Lake." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Cantabile," "Giselle Peasant Pas de Deux," "Dark Psalters," and "Rondo for Seven." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

Pearl Lang—With her dance company. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday, May 12, at 8:40. For tickets, call TR 4-7743.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey—and for those who like it, there's nothing like it. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays at 2 and 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. Closes Sunday, May 14. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

Hello, Solly!—A Yiddish musical revue, much of it in English. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. 279-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Production d'Aujourd'hui—Molière's comedy "Les Fourberies de Scapin," performed in French by this company from Paris appearing here for the first time. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Sunday, May 7, at 8, and Monday through Wednesday, May 8-10, at 4 and 8:40.)

Sing Israel, Sing—Ben Bonus in a Yiddish musical, with book and lyrics by Wolf Younin, based on Yiddish and Israeli folklore. Directed by Mina Bern. Previews Wednesday, May 10, at 2 and 8:40. Opens officially on Thursday, May 11. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Saturday, May 6, is the last night for Felicia Sanders, who is a pillar of the very best fire when she sings, and for Myron Cohen, who is funny (though sometimes off-color) when he tells his tales of the mid-Manhattan tanglewild. They appear at dinner and supper in the Royal Box, where the orchestra of Lee Evans does the music. On Monday, May 8, the arrivals will be Woody Allen, a spokesman who is more wittily Underground than most of the *soi-disant* Underground, and Sylvia Syms, who sings ballads as though she really means them. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—Acting on the assumption that there is a need for studying the New Yorker in his nocturnal pursuits, the management has kindly arranged an authentic exhibit, with wining, dining, and dancing until two in the morning—acting on the assumption that there is still a need for *that.* The music is not available Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2500)—A life of ease is the sole objective of the couples who inhabit the floor of the restaurant. The music comes from a Cliff Hall band, which carries on from eight until one or two every evening but Sunday.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—How to get into the public domain, and stay there. Lester Lanin (not a stand-in) and his orchestra take turns with a Latin contingent. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—*Social gathering and not woolgathering is* the basic tenet of the brisk Café Pierre, where Ben Cutler's Yale boys are on the bandstand seven nights a week. Lest Homer and the other old-school metropolitans nod between sets, a guitarist of Andalusian fervor turns himself on.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—*Dies irae* so often seems the theme of Eartha Kitt's arias, delivered full force at dinner and supper in the Persian Room, but enough sunny disposition shows through to make it clear that the whole thing is all in fun. Her interludes are surrounded by the dance bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano (these are the weaponry of Leo LeFleur's duo) speak with bated breath from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, which is the nineteenth century at the pinnacle of perfection, *and again from seven to nine (except on* Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender light begins to suffuse the statuary and Gunnar Hansen's fiddle begins its sentimental journey down the Danube. No music Sunday nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—View without alarm, from the top of *the world. Jonah Jones, whose horn can blow* a tremendous reveille, and his foursome begin at nine and stick around until two. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—The Tommy Dorsey band goes on and on (and why not?), dreaming of its great old days when, under the guidance now of Urbie Green, it is not thinking contemporaneously. It runs from eight until two; no sound on Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette (living, breathing proof that the grand manner can still survive) goes its regal course to the accompaniment of George Cort's up-and-at-them band and Quintero's waltz-and-rumba crew. There are intense dinner and supper interludes of song by Patricia Marand, who smolders as femininely as anyone else in the trade. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, two early settlers—Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi at the violin—are at play from six to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room begins a brief vacation on Sunday, May 7, so Gordon MacRae will cheerfully boom out his final lyrics and tell his final not altogether worthy stories that night. Dinner and supper is his stint except on Sunday, when he pops up only at ten. On Wednesday, May 10, at ten, Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme, who are among the merrier young-marrieds, check in for a session of banter and ballad. Thereafter, they will work out at both dinner and supper, except Sundays, when the enterprise shuts down. The orchestra of Charles Turecamo will stay on. . . . ¶ The sagest Peacock Alley cat is Ray Hartley, whose complexly constructed piano is chamber-music and yet romantic. His schedule is Monday through Friday, from cocktails through late dinner. Sonny Kendis and his dance band go to it with enthusiasm—Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from eight-thirty to one-thirty.

Note—roseland dance city, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Nice (in every way) is the going here, for the floor is huge and unnecessary violence in choreography is forbidden. The setting is plain but painstaking; the menu is token. Two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. For insatiables, there is a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

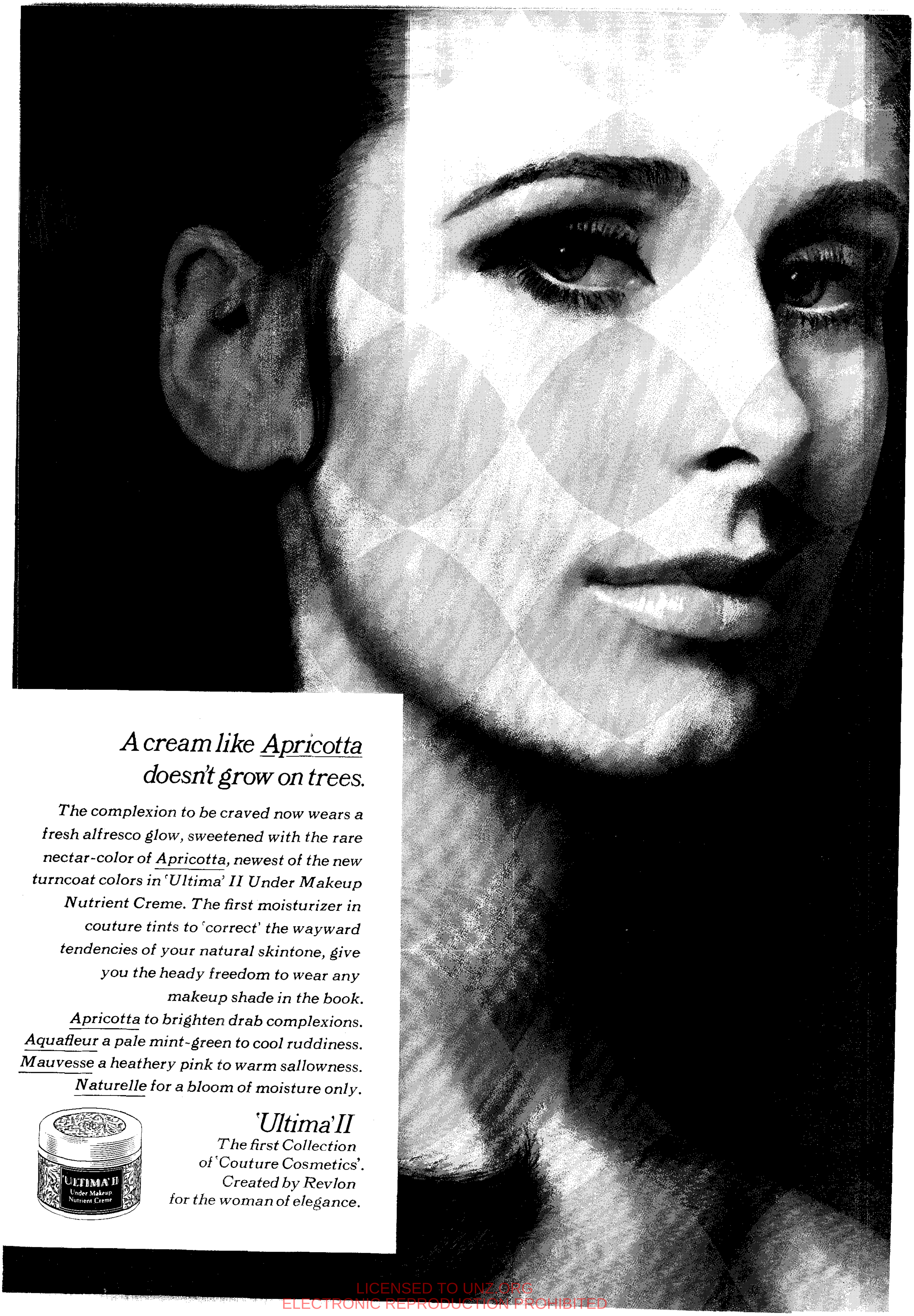
goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The off-campus campus for a whole bunch of people who knew each other when and seem rather glad about it. The music for the reunion is piano, piano, piano the whole night through—by Goldie Hawkins and his valiant aides, Wayne Sanders and Sam Hamilton. Closed Sundays. . . . **jamaica arms**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A snug, shipshape West Indie, visited every night from dinnertime until after the theatre by a troubadour who sings in the choicest broken-Jamaica dialect. Closed Sundays. . . . **chucks' composite**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): You're only young a thousand times—this is the attitude of the boy and girl workers in the communications arts who gather here. The threesome of Ram Ramirez departs on Saturday, May 6; on Monday. May 8, Chuck Wayne's trio moves in. No music Sundays. . . . **waverly lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Hubble-bubble happens in the busy-bee corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where Laurie Brewis conducts, from his piano, a sort of sing-along that begins at nine-thirty every evening but Monday, and goes on and on into the night. . . . **asti**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Beneath the garb of office of every waiter, busboy, and chef beats the heart of a Caruso, a Gigli. Closed Mondays. . . . **la chansonnette**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Imaginary deviltry in an imaginary Paris—that's the attitude of Rita Dimitri, whose offhand songs occur during dinner through the week and during dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Slow-and-easy dance music commences at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **chardas**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The way it was in Budapest ever so long ago, with quantities of that ambivalent Hungarian music (is it grave or is it gay?) to go with dinner and supper. Tibor Rakossy's tenor counts the world well lost for love; Béla Babai's band makes the dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **tamburlaine**, 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): The setting is Outer, or Upper, Mongolia, with touches of Upper Montclair; the dance music is (most of the time) insistent. Mondays, though, it is both subtle and succulent, for then Billy Rubenstein's piano embellishes it. Another improvement, operating from six to eight, Monday through Friday, is a threesome in which Allan Haig and Phil Leshin are concerned. Closed Sundays.

Note—Anyone who still doesn't mind that the discothèque is the Decibel's Disciple should at least wend (or rend) his way to an enterprise that offers a minimum standard of comfort and politesse—to wit: **arthur**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Practically a closed circuit to anyone without a promissory note from the booking office. The eye of the booked *beholder grows dizzy as it follows the free-*form footwork of the often enchanted young champions. The blare is both mechanical and human, and rarely humane. The human blare is the handiwork of the Wild Ones. Nine until four is the rule; a slight bill of fare is offered. Closed Mondays. . . . **il mio**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Men must walk before they dance, but it's the other way around for the young people who live here. The music is solely a feat of engineering; the menu comes close to the vanishing point. Dead silence Sundays and Mondays. The costumes *run from* theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **yellowfinger's**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): 'Mid pleasures and palaces, mostly Roman Mod—in both décor and dress. It must be looked for behind an unmarked door. The eclectic music is from the grooves of Academe. It is open every night, from nine-thirty to three-thirty. . . . **l'interdit**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Certain formalities are to be gone through, such as dressing like little ladies and little gentlemen, but the music (nine until early *morn*) is as vibrant as any, though not at the top of any lungs. Supper, too. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

château henri iv, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle hath a pleasant seat: the airs



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists) nimbly and sweetly recommend themselves unto our gentle senses. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another kingly retreat, belonging to the same playful king. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A long-range, considered, but still extremely fond view of an eternal city from a terraced villa in Frascati. Musicians whose term of duty is seven-thirty until two take part. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The guitar of Rogelio Reguera covers in noble fashion the whole range of Iberian music, from the plains to the palaces, the mountains to the Moors. The dining room is one of our most splendid antique shops, and the music runs from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Grand is the manner of the Regency Room, where there is piano between five-thirty and twelve-thirty. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Scene: a town house in its pristine incarnation. Enter a company of ladies and gentlemen on their way to dinner, to supper, to a round at the bar, where leisurely piano dwells. No music Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with a secret agent at UN 1-9494): A Byzantine bazaar, or bizarre, that happens to be a hideaway, up-one-flight restaurant. In one alcove, dinner is intermingled with modest piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): In the bar-restaurant, the hot buttered rum is the guitar of Enzio Lembo, who is on the prowl from nine-thirty until one every night but Monday and Wednesday. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The grand old countinghouse offers the soufflé piano of George Feyer from eight-thirty until around two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Rome that was built in a latter day, but a Rome that is by no means sans-serif. The noblest Roman is Herman Honigsberg, leader of a troupe of peripatetic violinists. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The piano of Conrad Monjoy wanders calmly o'er the well-cropped lea of the Westbury's restaurant. Nine to one is his range. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the reasonably grand concourse known as the Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner plays calm but nevertheless top-of-the-evening piano from six-thirty until midnight. Saturdays and Sundays are his holidays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Front and center is Dionne Warwick, a long, slim belfry—big bells, little bells, gay bells, sweet bells, sorrowing blue bells, all concatenating into a truly glorious cacophony. Rich Little, the incumbent humorist, works very, very hard; the Copa ballerinas languidly toss their pretty legs on the offbeat. On Thursday, May 11, another set of principals takes over: the three-girl Supremes, whose lifework is as much sashaying as it is singing. Dancing for the guests, too, and no idle nights. . . . ¶ In the bar-lounge, music starts whooping and dooping at ten, and is not likely to stop. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The beauty around here is not just in the eye of the beholder; it is actual, and onstage. The name: Susan Clemm. She and her comrades, mostly comely, female, and feral, have a big old romp a couple of times a night. Among the few intrusions upon this earthly paradise are the Spanish balletomanes under the guidance of Ramon Cadiz, who are all right, and the singing, clowning Barry Sisters, who are not. Dancing, and no nights off. . . . **CHEETAH**, 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The Devil finds mischief for the busy feet of boy and girl in the mystic and semi-detached rites of the New Terpsichore. It is done at the insistence of two maddened drafts of musicians. Eight until three is the usual schedule, but Sundays begin at three in the afternoon. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The singer of the evening is Bobby Rydell, to whom (and not just because it is spring) many a young girl's fancy lightly seems to turn. His last night is Saturday, May 6.

CABARETS

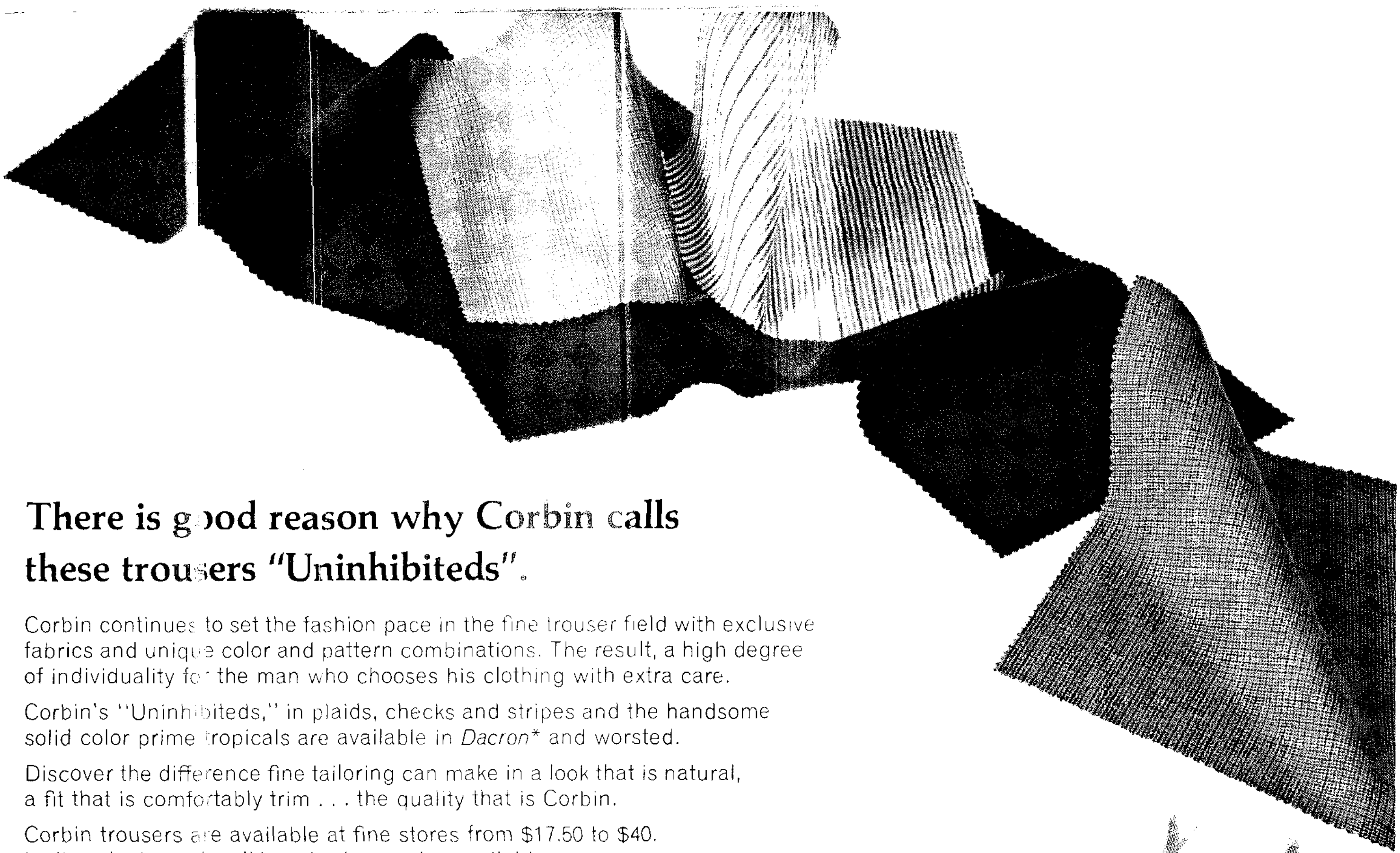
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Julius Monk, entrepreneur and *conférencier* of this cultural-exchange program, has gathered his wits—Fredricka Weber, Nic Ullett, Tony Hendra—and let them make the most of themselves. Miss Weber represents Chicago as that toddly and tumultuous town really is; the Messrs. Ullett and Hendra, who took their degrees in Political Science at Cambridge, represent Her Majesty's Loyal (and Loquacious) Opposition. The other exchange student is Edinburgh's Jamie Ross, who (speaking or singing) has the Scots tongue and a silver one. The pianos of Otis Clements and Robert Colston give all hands their due; the ceremonies commence at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The grapes of wrath are what Joaquin Robles and his four girl followers appear to be treading, but the action is no more than is to be expected of gypsy flamencans. Another character is Felix Caballero, who, though seemingly torn asunder by the tragedy inherent in practically all Andalusian song, survives winningly. The cavalcade happens at dinner and supper. The orchestra (Emilio Reyes's) offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Emilo Prados, which will have you marching through Iberia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): That old French wit Déjà Vu wrote some of the sketches in "Mixed Doubles," but the others were composed by newer, more original authors. Judy Graubart's performance (still waters running deep) is the best; Richard Blair and Larry Moss are her most successful aides. They appear in public at nine-thirty and midnight except on Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Howling in the wilderness of the modern American woman's mind is what Joan Rivers does, and in the requisite clarion voice. Nothing happens (to her, anyway) before ten; the course is nightly, except Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): A busman's holiday after the theatre for this or that Broadway player who feels he hasn't yet done a full night's work. Earlier, there is potluck entertainment by the staff of this quite casual bar.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Onstage is Coleman Hawkins, still a conquering hero after all these years, and his quartet. On Friday, May 5, Roland Kirk, who wants to be all things to all instruments (and at once), adds his foursome to the scene. The sound runs from nine-thirty all week, from five on Sundays. Mondays are devoted to uprisings by the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Band. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The faculty roster is sometimes subject to rapid change, but these bookings for the lower deck of this operation have an air of probability: Symphony Sid and his Latin-American bandsmen every Monday; Friday and Saturday, May 5-6, the odd-ball quintet (drums, guitars, and bass) of Gabor Szabo. . . . ¶ A sudden change of cast installs Marian McPartland and trio on the upper deck, where they produce music that is by turn ruminative and rumbustious. Alongside is Tete Montoliu, whose roots are in Barcelona but whose piano is in the middle of American progression, adding as much as he subtracts (or extracts) from it. They are on hand every night but Monday. Mondays afford the trio of Daphne Hellman, which gives chamber music its pleasant and pastoral due. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The silver moon that rides, both serene and sassy, above the town these nights is the horn of Bobby



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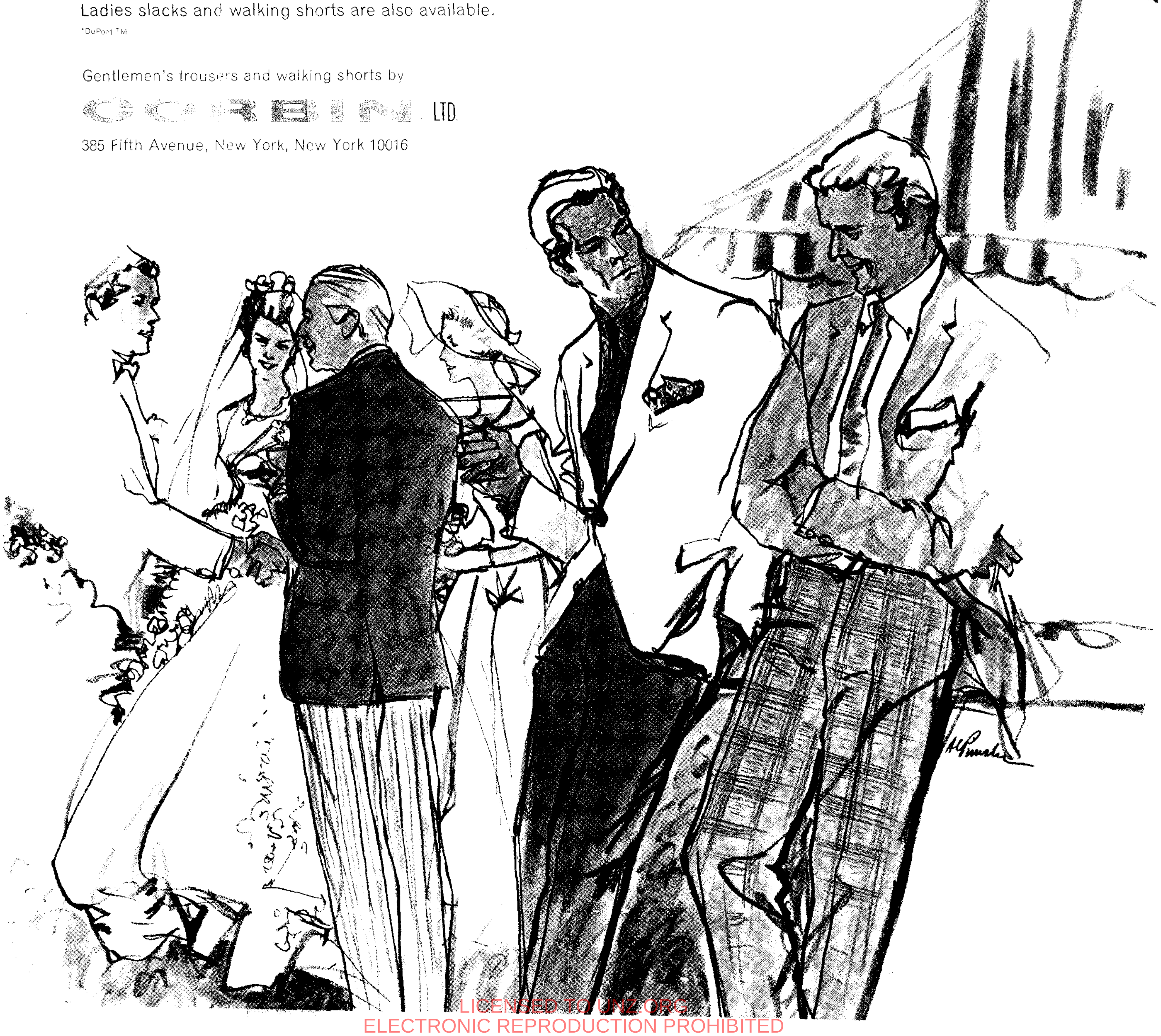

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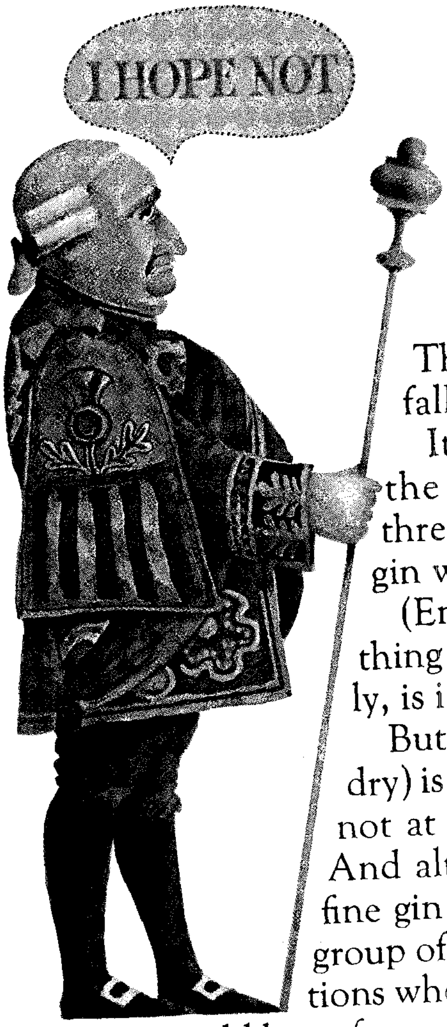

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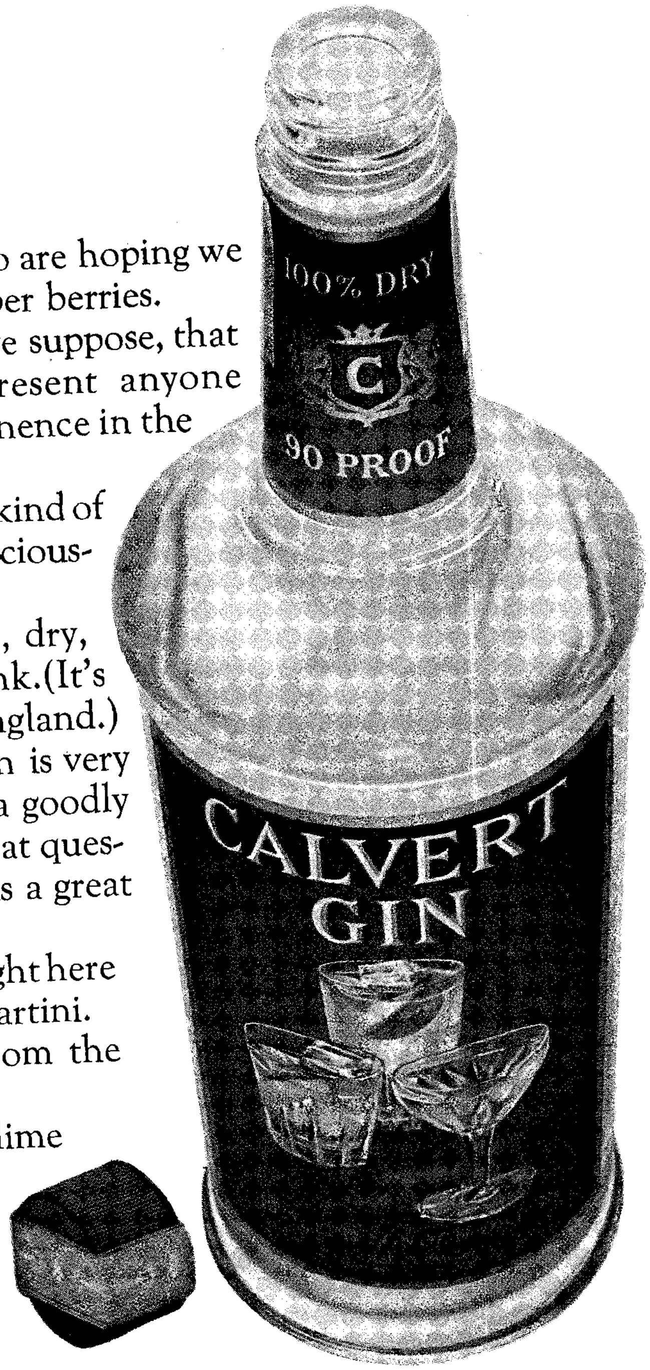

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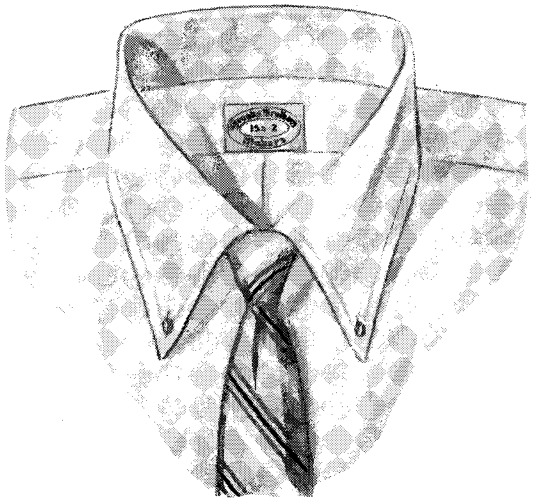
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hackett, in whose entourage are Dave McKenna, Morey Feld, and Buddy Jones. A menu of considerable means and a flurry of discothèque music are the accompaniment. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7023): Second Avenue at night is an alley to be pondered with circumspection; while you ponder, listen here to Charles De Forest and his well-born wee-hours song and piano, as well as to Allan Haig's new threesome. Ten to three is their pattern. The Haigs are off on Sundays, Mr. De Forest is off on Mondays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The foursome of Art Farmer, medal-of-honor performer, is up in arms. Sunday, May 7, is its closing night. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's trio, whose dissertations are occasionally couched in the Romance languages, sets to at ten. Eddie Thompson, the intermission keyboard man, arrives a bit earlier. Mondays, everybody stays home. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The venerable powerhouse is getting along, and with power to burn, under the guidance of such as Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown. Closed Sundays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Cannon to the left of us, cannon to the right. The noise, which dates back a lot of years, comes from Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Cliff Leeman, Bob Wilber, Ross Tompkins, and Mr. Condon, or else exact duplicates of these traditionalists. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **L'INTRIGUE**, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): The only decisions evolved in this smoke-filled room come from Carmen McRae, whose decisive glissandos through her ballads make them all things of beauty. Ronnie Ball's triad is her helpmeet. On Tuesday, May 9, Hazel Scott, a persuasive voice raised above the sound of her persuasive piano, takes over. No action Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—a current youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. Nine until two or three all week long is the program. On Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band gets in its licks (all of them hot) before the regulars report. . . . **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Museum pieces. The largest is the 1906 truck chassis in which the rataplan band plays, the next largest is Ruth Crews, the bombastic singer. Chaplin and Laurel & Hardy movies occur at times; beer, peanuts, and pretzels happen continually. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): The address is in the center of one of the new youth-for-joy-and-health cantons, and the slacks tide is in full flow among the customers. Tradition is likewise forsworn by the musicians—Yusef Lateef's *misterioso* quartet during the week, and Sun Ra's outer-spacemen on Mondays. On Tuesday, May 9, Freddie Hubbard's quintet will replace the Lateefs. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Donald Byrd's quintet is doing a lot of hard thinking, all of it out loud. Sundays, which begin as early as five, the Jazz Interactions have the place to themselves. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB**, 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): Charles Mingus and his mighty bass, both of them subject to implosion as well as explosion, are garnished by the work of three sidemen. Ten to three is the curriculum they aim to offer, every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Spanky and Our Gang, who divide their time between being folk buffs and folk buffoons, depart on Monday, May 8, taking along with them the Irish Rovers, who are likewise folk. The next arrival of importance is the eminent team of Sonny Terry (harmonica) and Brownie McGhee (guitar), whose art form is folk, too. It



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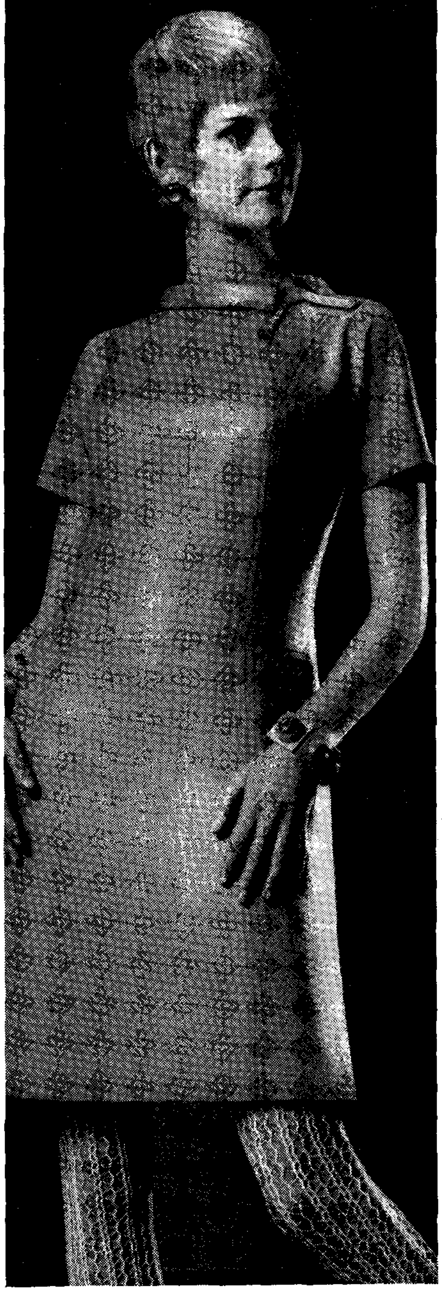


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is due on Friday, May 12. Tuesdays are devoted to other players.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Pierre Alechinsky—Paintings, lithographs, and drawings containing Expressionist imagery by an outstanding Belgian member of the Cobra group; through Saturday, May 13. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anastasi—Reproductions of the gallery walls on canvas; through May 31. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Larry Bell—Glass constructions by a West Coast leader; through May 20. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Binder—Monotypes in oil by a well-known Viennese designer; through Saturday, May 13. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Isabel Bishop—Paintings of veiled figures poised in everyday activities, also drawings; through Saturday, May 6. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Seymour Boardman—Hard-edge paintings; through Saturday, May 13. (Sachs, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gandy Brodie—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes by a familiar New York Expressionist; through Saturday, May 6. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Marc Chagall—*A benefit show of paintings and* graphics; through Saturday, May 6. (Beilin, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Doris Chase—Wood sculptures with movable parts for the spectator to play with; through Saturday, May 13. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nicolai Cikovsky—Landscapes and still-lifes; through May 20. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Calvert Coggeshall—Abstract paintings; through May 20. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Corbett—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 6. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jean Dubuffet—Assemblages, gouaches, drawings, and oils, 1947 to the present; through Saturday, May 6. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Shigeo Fukuda—*Toys and objects, some animated, by a Japanese designer*; through June 10. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St.)

Sue Fuller—String compositions; through May 20. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ruth Gikow—Paintings of the Mod scene; through Friday, May 12. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Grosz—Collages from the twenties through the fifties; through May 16. (Spanierman, 50 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 5.)

Murray Hantman and Dennis Will—Hard-edge color-area paintings with Op effects by the former, and large abstract sculptures in fibre glass by the latter; through Thursday, May 11. (Twentieth-Century West, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Heliker—Maine landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits; through Saturday, May 13. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Will Insley—Liquitex constructions on Masonite; through Thursday, May 11. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Jarvaise—Oil paintings on leaves of metal; through May 27. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ray Johnson—Collages by an artist who works in small scale; through May 27. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Gyula Kosice—"Sculpture: Water-Light-Movement" by a European experimentalist, now a citizen of Argentina; through May 27. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Aaron Kuriloff—Images based on photographs reworked through various processes; through Saturday, May 6. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ernest Lawson—Paintings by the landscapist, who died in 1939; through May 20. (ACA Heritage, 63 E. 57th St.)

Jean Linder—Soft plastic constructions; through May 26. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

César Manrique—Heavily painted, volcanic abstractions; through Saturday, May 13. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gerhard Marcks—A huge show of Expressionist bronzes by this German contemporary of Klee and Kandinsky; through May 31. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

John Marin—A benefit showing of twenty-seven oils and watercolors from the Duncan Phillips Collection, in Washington; through May 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

John McCracken—A show of ten leaning *planks of plywood, fibre glass, and lacquer*; through Friday, May 5. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Richard A. Miller—Figure and portrait sculptures; through May 20. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Isamu Noguchi—New abstract marbles by the veteran Japanese-American sculptor; through Saturday, May 6. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Claes Oldenburg—Soft and hard sculptures, and drawings, by a foremost Pop artist; through May 27. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Jules Pascin (1885-1930)—Forty-two watercolors and drawings taken from the whole range of his work; through June 10. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michelangelo Pistoletto—Collages on stainless steel; through May 18. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gio Pomodoro—Marble and bronze sculptures by a leading Milanese contemporary; through May 27. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Odilon Redon—An exhibition of over a hundred and eighty items by the famous colorist, including oils, pastels, lithographs, engravings, and drawings; through Saturday, May 6. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St.)

Sophy Regensburg—Still-lifes; through Saturday, May 13. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bridget Riley—Paintings by the well-publicized Op artist; through Thursday, May 11. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

Dorothy Ruddick—Drawings; through June 2. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Walter R. Sickert—Paintings and drawings by this British artist, who died in 1942; through Saturday, May 6. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

David Smith—Eight iron and painted-iron constructions by this *American abstract sculptor*, recently deceased; through Saturday, May 13. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Storrs (1885-1956)—Paintings, drawings, and woodcuts from the thirties, by a veteran American artist; through Saturday, May 13. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Vassilakis Takis—Magnetic sculptures by a prominent kineticist; through Saturday, May 6. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

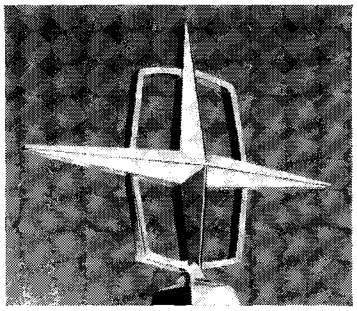
Sidney Tillim—Still-lifes and figures by an active art critic; through May 20. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Richard Van Buren—Abstract constructions; through Saturday, May 13. (Bykert, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sculptures; Group Shows—At the **Park Place Gallery**, 542 West Broadway, at Bleecker St.: Advanced experimental sculptures by Robert Grosvenor, Gay Glading, and Anthony Magar; through May 24. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **Pietrantonio**, 26 E. 84th St.: *Animals and birds in bronze by* nineteenth-century French sculptors, including Barye and Rosa Bonheur; through May 31. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Show—Paintings and sculptures by, for instance, James Rosenquist, Frank Stella, and Roy Lichtenstein; through Saturday, May 6. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **Dintenfass**, 18 E. 67th St.: Paintings by Dickinson, Gwathmey, Hopper, Diebenkorn, Shahn, Hockney, and others; through May 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Egan**, 41 E. 57th St.: Sculptures and paintings by Hague,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nakian, Goldberg, Klein, Moynihan, and Golsinopoulos; through June 10. (Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.). . . GRAHAM, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Art–Authentic and Fake," a benefit show of paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and decorative objects (by such artists as Blakelock, Chagall, and Miró), half of them genuine, half fraudulent; through May 20. . . . NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12th St.: A selection of paintings, sculptures, and tapestries (by Picasso, de Kooning, and Cézanne, to name a few) from Governor Rockefeller's Albany mansion; through May 31. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.). . . VISUAL ARTS, 209 E. 23rd St.: "Homage to Morandi" by a group of prominent Americans (Bontecou, Brooks, Katz, Guston, Marca-Relli, Lester Johnson, Reinhardt, Thiebaud, Ortman, and others), plus a selection of paintings by Morandi; through May 19. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the ADRIA ART GALLERY, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.: Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and tapestries by contemporary artists make up the opening exhibition of the first Yugoslavian art gallery here; through May 29. . . . HAHN, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.. Monet, Picasso, Chagall, and other French painters; through May 17. (Closed Mondays.). . . SELECTED ARTISTS, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.: German Expressionist painters and sculptors, among them Jawlensky, Kolbe, and Schiele; through May 15.

Japanese; Group Show—Views of "the floating world" by representative eighteenth- and nineteenth-century artists; through Wednesday, May 10. (Roko, 645 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave at 82nd St.—American paintings and decorative art acquired by the Museum during the past six years; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ Royal treasures assembled from the Museum's collections of objects given to or made for a hundred rulers over five thousand years, from Queen Hat-shepsut to Queen Victoria; through June 11. . . . ¶ An exhibition of William Blake's method of printmaking, including illuminated books and plates and materials of facsimile making; through May 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by Jackson Pollock; through June 4. . . . ¶ Prints by Canadian painters and sculptors, among them Jean-Paul Riopelle, Michael Snow, and Les Levine; through June 4. . . . ¶ Paintings and constructions from the Museum's collection of Latin-American art; through June 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Seventy-five boxes and collages by Joseph Cornell, an American well-known in the art world since the thirties; through June 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and etchings by William Glackens (1870-1938); through June 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The first showing here of Japanese ink paintings and calligraphy from the Tokiwayama Foundation, in Japan; through June 25. (An admission charge of fifty cents goes to the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.). . . ¶ Prints and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Cassatt, and other artists who lived and worked in Montmartre between 1890 and 1915; through June 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings representing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Fantastics and Eccentrics in Chinese Painting," a loan exhibit of hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, and album leaves by "Individualist" and "Eccentric" artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; through May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5, Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Art Styles of Ancient Shang;" through June 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—French masters of the seventeenth century, Vouet to Rigaud; through June 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A loan show of contemporary Canadian Eskimo works—more than two hundred sculptures and two hundred examples of their recent turn toward printmaking; through May 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life," a display of photographs, posters, and films, and a group of paintings and drawings (by George Bellows, John Sloan, and Joseph Stella, to name a few), documenting a chapter of American-Jewish cultural and social history from 1870 to 1924; also included is a mixed medium environmental effect by John Brockman Associates and USCO. Through July 2. . . . ¶ Four bronze sculptures on Biblical themes by Jacques Lipchitz; through May 31. (Mondays, noon to 9; Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W 54th St—A survey of four hundred years of North American Indian art, comprising paintings on wood and on copper from the Northwest coast, buffalo-hide robes and shields from the Plains, renderings of murals of prehistoric Pueblo dwellers, and a reproduction of a Navajo sand painting; through May 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Presentations of Nature in Contemporary Prints" by American, European, and Japanese artists such as Sue Fuller, Gerhard Marcks, and Shigeru Kimura; through June 30. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—"Sculpture: New York Scene," including "Walk-Through-Dance-Through" by Ruth Vodicka, a kinetic by the USCO group, and works by George Rickey, Marisol, and James Wines, among others, through June 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Note—"Merchants and Planters of the Upper Hudson Valley, 1715-35," a joint exhibition of portraits and religious paintings on loan from public and private collections, is being held (through June 11) at the Museum of American Folk Art (49 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30) and the New-York Historical Society (170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5).

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Hunter College Opera Association—The second of two performances of Robert Ward's "The Crucible," conducted by William Tarrasch and staged by David Lloyd. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, May 4, at 8:15.)

Mannes Opera Production Workshop—A double bill: Mozart's "The Impresario" and Menotti's "The Medium." Paul Berl is the music director and James Lucas the stage director. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Saturday and Sunday, May 6-7, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—"Il Trovatore." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, May 13, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday,

The Whichwatch

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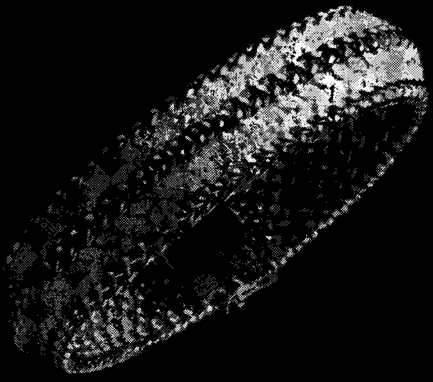

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

May 4, at 8:30; Friday, May 5, at 2:15; Saturday, May 6, at 8:30; and Monday, May 8, at 7:30 (all with Peter Serkin, piano); and a Bartók-Shostakovich program on Thursday, May 11, at 8:30; Friday, May 12, at 2:15; and Saturday, May 13, at 8:30 (all with Isaac Stern, violin).

Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra—Zubin Mehta conducting the second of two concerts, with Van Cliburn, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 7, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau directing a Mendelssohn-Beethoven program, with the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society, the Fort Hamilton High School Chorus, and soloists. The final concert of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday May 6, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 7, at 3, and Monday, May 8, at 8:30.)

Hartford Symphony Orchestra—Arthur Winograd conducting, with Renato Bonacini, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, May 9, at 8:30.)

Mannes Orchestra—Carl Bamberger conducting, with Judith Turano, soprano, and Lana Solinsky, flute. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, 632 W. 156th St. Wednesday, May 10, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a benefit performance of Handel's oratorio "Samson," with Elisabeth Carron, soprano; John Ferrante, countertenor; John McCollum, tenor; Richard Anderson, baritone; Chester Watson, bass-baritone; Robert Conant, harpsichord; and the Collegium Musicum. The final concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, May 5, at 8:30.)

Dessoff Choirs—Paul Boepple directing an all-Purcell program, with Robert Carwithen, organ, and a chamber orchestra. (Town Hall. Friday, May 12, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Vivian Rivkin—Piano, in a program of Mozart concertos, with the New York Orchestral Society conducted by Joseph Eger. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 5, at 8:30.)

American Brass Quintet—The last in a series of programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 5, at 8:30.)

Sylvia Khatchadourian—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 7, at 2.)

Ronald Turini—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 10, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Yale University Opera Company—Benefit first performances *here* of Benjamin Britten's "Curlew River," a work created for presentation in a church. John Mauceri is the musical director and Thomas Figenshu the stage director. (Holy Family Church, 323 E. 47th St. Saturday and Sunday, May 13-14, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 753-3425.)

Jazz/Pop—Oscar Peterson. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 4, at 8:30.)... ¶ Charles Lloyd's quartet. (Town Hall. Thursday, May 4, at 8:30.)... ¶ A program of music by Duke Ellington, performed by Willie the Lion Smith, Mary Lou Williams, Billy Taylor, Jaki Byard, Marian McPartland, Junior Mance, and others. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, May 7, at 2:30.)... ¶ Howard McGhee, Robert Edwin, Joe Newman, Art Farmer, and Eddie Bonnemere. (Town Hall. Sunday, May 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 884-9214.)... ¶ Hugh Masekela's quintet. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, May 12, at 8:30.)... ¶ Ray Charles, pop singer, and his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 13, at 8:30, and at midnight.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. San Francisco, Thursday, May 4, at 8.... ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Friday, May 5, at 8; Saturday, May 6, at 2:15; and Sunday, May 7, at 1:05 (doubleheader).... ¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 9-10, at 8, and Thursday, May 11, at 2.... YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, May 12, at 8, and Saturday, May 13, at 7.

Crew—Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge. Saturday, May 6.)... ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Princeton. Saturday, May 6.)... ¶ Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. Saturday, May 13.)

Horse Shows—Sugartown Horse Show. (Newtown Square, Pa. Saturday and Sunday, May 6-7.)... ¶ Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Friday through Sunday, May 12-14.)

Hunt Racing—Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 6.)... ¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 13.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 6, and the Withers, Saturday, May 13.... GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2; last day Tuesday, May 30.... CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 6.

Soccer—National Professional Soccer League: Generals vs. Los Angeles Toros. (Yankee Stadium. Wednesday, May 10, at 8.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Thompson Raceway, Thompson, Conn.: Saturday, May 6, at 2.

Track Meet—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, May 13.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, May 24. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) ... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 25.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "The Mikado." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, May 13, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTE THEATRE: "Davy Jones' Locker." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 3:45, and Saturdays at 3. Children under five not admitted.)... GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "The Princess and the Frog," Saturdays at 2 and 3:30.... ¶ "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Sundays at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.)... HALFPENNY COMPANY: "Cinderella." (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. 254-4370. Saturdays at 1.)... ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.)... ROCKEFELLER PLAYERS: "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Sunday, May 7, at 1.)... STORYLAND THEATRE: "Daniel Boone." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30.)... TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS: "Comedy of Magic." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Moon and Its Shadow." Starting Tuesday, May 9, there will be a new show, "Rhythms of the Sun." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Children's Zoos—In CENTRAL PARK: A pond shared by ducks and geese, Noah's Ark (with a colony of skunks inside), and a turreted castle are a few of the attractions in this tiny village, and the other inhabitants include monkeys, deer, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)... ¶ At the BRONX ZOO: In this

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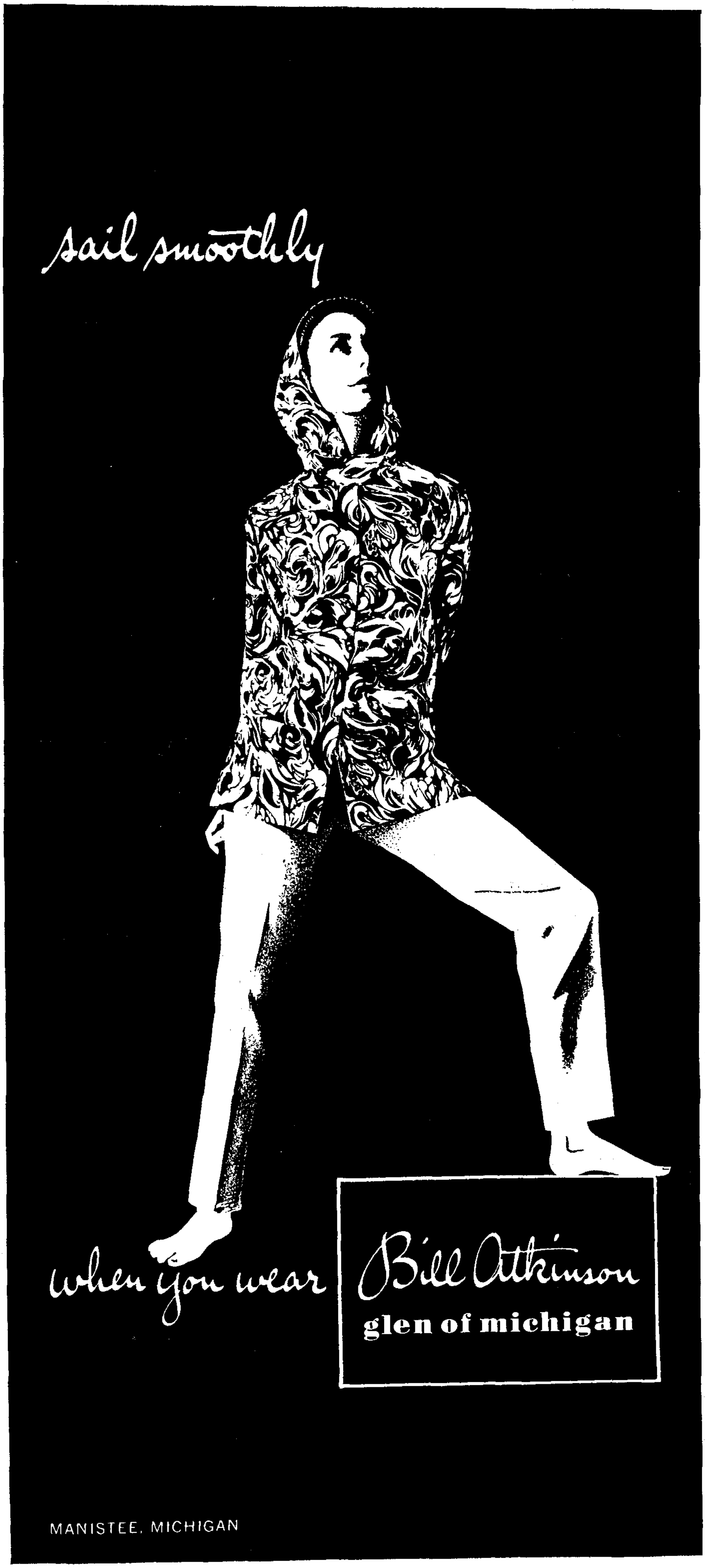

minute menagerie, the little ones will find a variety of small animals, among them lambs, kids, mice, and prairie dogs. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to meetings of the Economic and Social Council (which is scheduled to convene on Monday, May 8), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Hugh MacDiarmid reading from his own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Thursday, May 4, at 8:30.)

Photographs by Yousuf Karsh—More than a hundred examples by the Canadian portrait photographer. Among the subjects shown are President Johnson, Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip, Pope Paul VI, Winston Churchill, and Ernest Hemingway. (Union Carbide Building, 270 Park Ave., at 48th St. Thursday and Friday, May 4-5, from 9 to 6, and Saturday, May 6, from 10 to 2.)

Gardens—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be opened to the public on Tuesday, May 9, from 2:30 to 6, in a benefit exhibition. Those on display belong to Mrs. William K. Frank, 120 E. 70th St.; Mr. and Mrs. John F. Wharton, 141 E. 72nd St.; Mr. and Mrs. William Muir Manger, 8 E. 81st St.; Mr. and Mrs. Howeth Townsend Ford, 7 Gracie Square; Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Palestin, 120 E. 92nd St.; and Mr. and Mrs. Richard R. Davidson, 165 E. 94th St. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173 Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Partial Eclipse of the Sun—This will occur on Tuesday, May 9, from 9:21 A.M. to 10:19 A.M.

Walking Tours—"The World of Edith Wharton and George Templeton Strong," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, May 7, at 2:30. Meets at the Little Church Around the Corner, 1 E. 29th St. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, May 4, at 1:45: African, Oceanic, and pre-Columbian art, belonging to Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller and the Museum of Primitive Art.... ¶ Thursday, May 4, at 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century watercolors and drawings by such artists as Kandinsky, Léger, Chagall, and Picasso; from the estate of Ethel Steuer Epstein and from other sources.... ¶ Friday, May 5, at 1:45: English and Continental porcelains, from several collections.... ¶ Saturday, May 6, at 10:30 and 1:45: French and other furniture and decorative objects, Royal Worcester porcelain bird statuettes modelled by Dorothy Doughty, and Oriental and other rugs; from various owners.... ¶ Tuesday, May 9, at 10:30: Americana, including books and documents on Texas, the Navy, and the "Toledo War;" from the Maryland Historical Society.... ¶ Tuesday, May 9, at about 11:30: Seventy-four historical watercolors by Vincent Colyer.... ¶ Tuesday, May 9, at 1:45: Americana, primarily concerned with the West and naval history, from the library of the late Henry O. Havemeyer.... ¶ Wednesday, May 10, at 1:45: Sterling silver and silver plate, from several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, May 5.... ¶ Thursday, May 11, at 1:45: American and other modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Norman Rockwell, Jean Dufy, Mondrian,

The Return of the Beautiful Table.

Once upon a time a dinner was an event and tables always tried to look their party best.

Then along came the Stark Table, and the Quick Table, and the No-Fuss Table. And when the novelty had worn off, they all began to look to some people like the Incredibly Boring Table.

So ended an era, and none too soon.

Now the Beautiful Table is back. Tharaud Designs celebrates its return with the flash of crystal and the pomp of pearly bone china, and with garlands of flowers that never will fade. All are made for us by the world's most authoritative masters of the tabletop.

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THARAUD DESIGNS

THE DINNERWARE is Coalport's Athlone pattern. Forty-five dollars the place setting. THE HANDBLOWN GOBLET is our exclusive Bamboo design, executed in lead crystal of extraordinary clarity and matchless ring. Ten dollars each. THE TUREEN CENTERPIECE is Coalport's Coalbrookdale, considered by collectors to be the finest handmade floral work in the world. Edition limited to 250. Eight hundred and fifty dollars. THE COALBROOKDALE CANDLESTICKS are one hundred dollars the pair.

Carpeting a laundry room, basement or even an outdoor terrace isn't as ridiculous as it sounds.

Mohawk's got a wild, new carpet you can put in the most ridiculous places in your home.

Indoor places, outdoor places, "fun" places you've never dreamed of putting carpet before.

Because this is Suburbia: a carpet you can really have fun with. It can be put absolutely anyplace. The following is a recent list of "anyplaces." The back of station wagons, patios, porches, halls, garages, summer homes, carports, boats, game rooms, attics, stairways, basements, kitchens, pantries, closets, bathrooms, gazebos, even around pools.

A "madcap" hostess rolled one out in front of her house before a party and literally gave her guests the red carpet treatment.

How can carpet possibly survive in all these crazy places?

Mostly because Suburbia's surface is 100% Marvess™ olefin fiber. So it doesn't do all the things you'd expect carpet to do if you left it outdoors. It doesn't absorb dirt and you can just hose it clean. Marvess won't absorb water.

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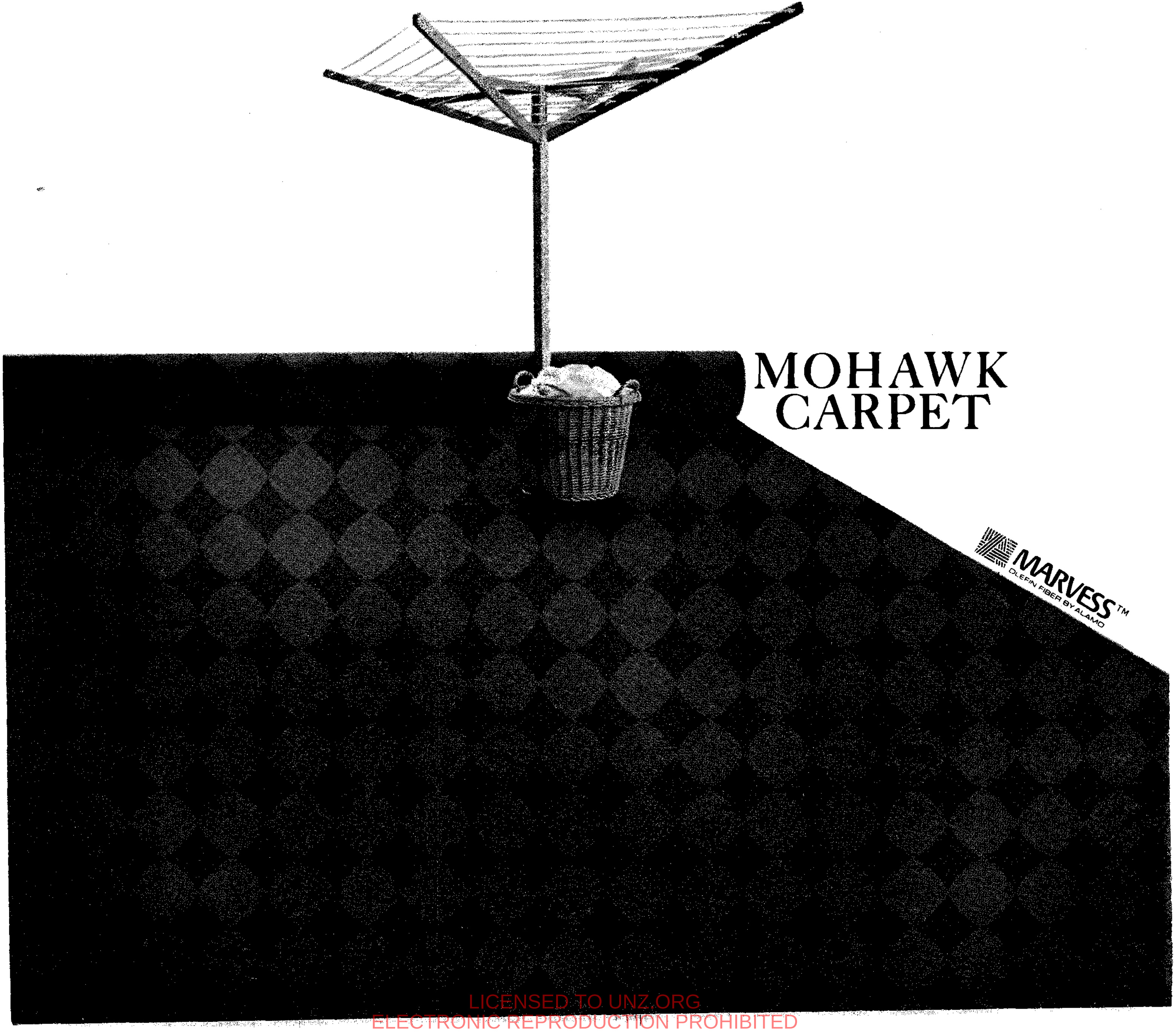
Man may not have conquered the elements, but Suburbia has. You can lay it down without fear of mildewing, curling, shrinking or any other nasty thing. It has no padding to buckle, in fact, you don't even have to nail it down. Just glue it and that's it.

A 6' x 10' laundry room costs less than $40 to carpet with Suburbia. So for a lot less than the cost of mediocre tile floor, you can enjoy the luxury of having wall-to-wall carpet in some absolutely ridiculous places.

This is only one of many ways Mohawk Carpet can beautify your home. With practical carpets for the family room. Wildly luxurious carpets for the living room. An ingenious idea for the kitchen. The ultimate solution for your dining room. Bathroom carpets. Bedrooom carpets. Carpets that no one else but Mohawk has.

We've gathered many of these ideas and put them in an exciting little booklet. It's yours for the asking. Just write to: Mohawk Carpet, 295 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10016.



MOHAWK
CARPET

and Malvina Hoffman; from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 6.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Automobile Racing—At WATKINS GLEN: May 20. . . . BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT, Bridgehampton: May 21. . . . THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: May 27. . . . INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY: May 30. . . . LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: May 30.

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: May 14, May 16-17, May 30-31, and June 2-11. . . . SHEA STADIUM: May 19-24, May 26-28, and June 13-14.

Boxing—Dick Tiger vs. José Torres, 15 rounds, for the World Light-Heavyweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. May 16.)

Dog Shows—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. May 20.) . . . ¶ Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. June 10.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Baltusrol Golf Club, Springfield, N.J. June 15-18.)

Horse Shows—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. May 26-27 and May 29-June 3.) . . . ¶ Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford. June 4.) . . . ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. June 9-11.) . . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury. June 10.)

Racing—At PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, May 20. . . . BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: June 1-July 1. The Belmont, June 3. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: June 2-Aug. 5. . . . EPSOM, England: The Derby, June 7.

Soccer—At Yankee Stadium—NATIONAL PROFESSIONAL SOCCER LEAGUE: May 21, 24, and 27, and June 14. . . . UNITED SOCCER ASSOCIATION: May 28 and June 13.

Tennis—Church Cup Matches. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa. June 9-10.) . . . ¶ Sears Cup Matches. (Wilmington Country Club, Wilmington, Del. June 9-10.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Men's Championships. (Arlington Players Club, Kearny, N.J. June 10-18.)

Track Meet—I.C.A.A.A.A. Outdoor Track Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. May 26-27.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: May 25-July 24.

Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. June 3-4.) . . . ¶ America's Cup preliminary trials. (Long Island Sound. June 5-10.)

Music—At PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic's regular season continues through May 20, to be followed by a four-week season of "Promenades," running from May 24 through June 17. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Ray Lev, piano, May 17. . . . ¶ Collegiate Chorale, May 19. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, May 21-22. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Choral-Symphony Society, May 14.

Ballet—Ballet Folklorico of Mexico, at the Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center, May 30-June 11.

Theatre—Scheduled to open during the next several weeks are: A revival of "Wonderful Town," with Elaine Stritch and Linda Bennett, the final offering in the City Center Light Opera Company's current season. . . . ¶ Alan Young, Marjorie Lord, and Russell Nype in "The Girl in the Freudian Slip," a comedy by William F. Brown. . . . ¶ A revival of "South Pacific," starring Florence Henderson and Giorgio Tozzi, to be presented by the Music Theatre of Lincoln Center.

Poetry Readings—Andrei Voznesensky. (Town Hall. YU 8-6783. May 16.)

Other Dates—May Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, May 17. . . . ¶ Armed Forces Day is Saturday, May 20. . . . ¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 26-June 11. . . . ¶ Memorial Day is Tuesday, May 30. . . . ¶ Ice Capades, at Shea Stadium, June 1-8. . . . ¶ Commencements: Princeton, June 3; Smith and Vassar, June 4; Barnard and Columbia, June 6; Annapolis and West Point, June 7; Dartmouth, June 11; Yale, June 12; N.Y.U., June 13; and Harvard, June 15. . . . ¶ Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Thursday, June 15.

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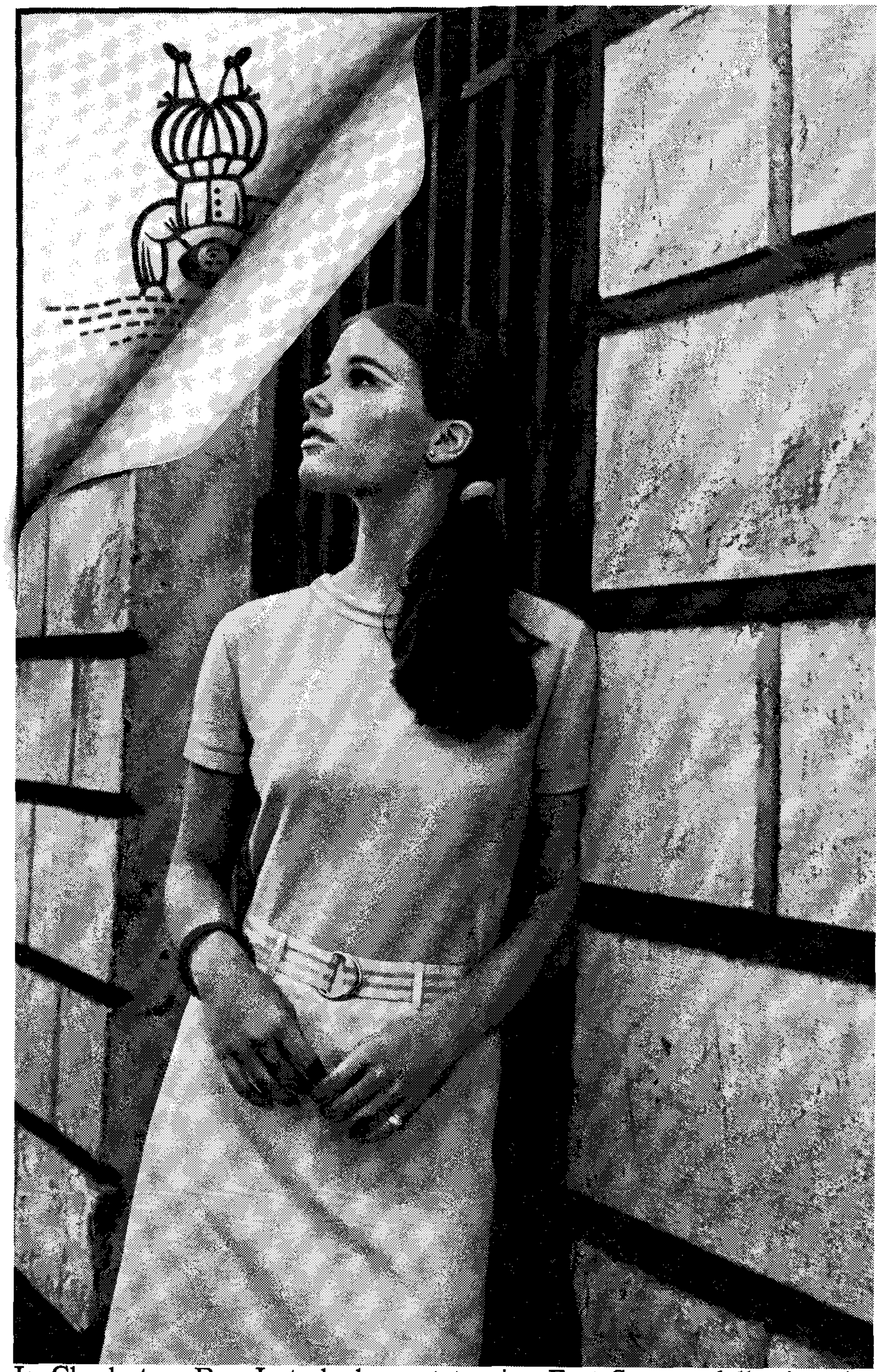

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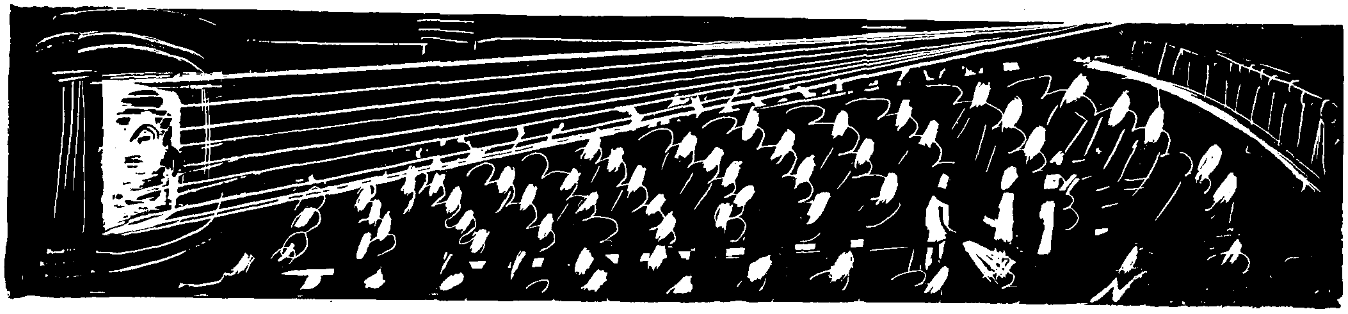
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Accident—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a domestic melodrama made all the more exciting by being laid in the peaceful English countryside. Directed by Joseph Losey, from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Bible—John Huston directed this great big silly picture book, and he also plays, most agreeably, the role of Noah. He appears to have had more fun with his animals than with his actors. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Blow-Up—An account of the mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by the poetic eye of Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. RE 7-2622.)

Casino Royale—Six directors, three screenwriters, and an enormous cast have unexpectedly proved to be just the right number of chefs to make this spicy broth of a picture. Starring David Niven, Peter Sellers, Woody Allen, Orson Welles, Deborah Kerr, Ursula Andress, and practically anyone else you care to name. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; and Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

A Countess from Hong Kong—A disaster, carried out with ill-concealed despair by Marlon Brando and Sophia Loren. Charlie Chaplin wrote the screenplay and directed the movie. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Fortune Cookie—A Billy Wilder comedy, characteristically harsh and funny, with fine performances by Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting May 10.)

Georgy Girl—An exceptionally good English tragicomedy about a fat girl's joys and sorrows, with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling. Directed by Silvio Narizzano. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through May 9.)

Grand Prix—Unless you have an invincible aversion to racing cars, this should strike you as one of the best movies of the year. With Yves Montand, James Garner, and Eva Marie Saint, directed with superb gusto by John Frankenheimer. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

La Guerre Est Finie—Yves Montand is extremely effective as the dogged hero of this strong, sad story about the aftermath of the Spanish Civil War. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Hawaii—A long, foolish account of how Christian missionaries spoiled things for the happy Polynesians. With Max von Sydow and Julie Andrews. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Hunt—A young Spaniard named Carlos Saura has written and directed this powerful study of the degree to which the hunters of animals are also, though unawares, the hunters of each other and of all the rest of us. In Spanish. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Loves of a Blonde—A charming tale of disorderly young love in Czechoslovakia. Directed by Miloš Forman. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting May 10.)

A Man and a Woman—An example of a movie that really moves, directed and photographed by Claude Lelouch, who doesn't make any mistakes in his treatment of a small love story. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant play the lovers. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A Man for All Seasons—The moral tug of war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by an excellent cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Marat/Sade—A successful movie version of the eerie play by Peter Weiss. Peter Brook was the director and is, in effect, the star. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

My Sister, My Love—Bibi Andersson, Per Oscarsson, and Jarl Kulle in a sad, vivid story of forbidden love. Directed by Vilgot Sjöman. In Swedish. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Shameless Old Lady—A stout-hearted octogenarian widow treats herself to a good time. Ably directed by René Allio. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through May 9.)

The Taming of the Shrew—In which the director, Franco Zeffirelli, seeks to lend Shakespeare a helping hand. With Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A diverting movie, which would have been a lot better at half its length. With Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore, James Fox, and Beatrice Lillie, and directed by George Roy Hill. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

Ulysses—Joseph Strick has led an admirable cast with tact and intelligence down several of the main pathways in the Joycean labyrinth. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The War Game—A prophecy, in documentary form, of the suffering that would befall England in the event of a third World War. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

You're a Big Boy Now—A funny, lyrical movie, made in New York and really about New York. Exuberantly directed by Francis Ford Coppola. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

REVIVALS

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's poetic chronicle of a young barge captain on the Seine, who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 5-8.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1954)—A film about the tribulations of a cleric. Claude Laydu plays the priest. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 4.)

Girl with Green Eyes (1964)—The hardships of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham and Dublin's fair city. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through May 9.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through May 10.)

Let's Talk About Women (1964)—A multiple-episode comedy, with Vittorio Gassman. In Italian. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting May 10.)

Morgan! (1966)—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about present-day London, directed by Karel Reisz. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through May 10.)

Nothing but a Man (1964)—A study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, enacted by Ivan Dixon. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 9.)

Port of Shadows (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 9.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through May 9.)

Scorpio Rising (1966)—An account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult, directed and photographed by Kenneth Anger. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210.)

The Wages of Fear (1955)—Two trucks full of nitroglycerin on a three-hundred-mile journey across some rough South American roads. In French and English. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (1966)—A movie of that hard night's night. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal, and directed by Mike Nichols. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through May 9. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting May 10.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—A forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy of life among schoolchildren, written and directed by Jean Vigo. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 5-8.)

Zorba the Greek (1964)—Anthony Quinn and Alan Bates in a melodrama set in a village in Crete. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting May 10.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—Through May 9: A program of Canadian short films. . . . ¶ May 10: "The Adventures of Prince Achmed" (1926), a German animated film. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—The last two programs in a series called "A Tribute to the Marx Brothers." May 4: "A Day at the Races" (1937). . . . May 5-6: "A Night at the Opera" (1935). . . . ¶ The first two programs in a series called "A Tribute to Mervyn LeRoy." May 9: "Elmer the Great" (1933), with Joe E. Brown. . . . May 10: "Little Caesar" (1930), with Edward G. Robinson. (Showings at 3 and 5:30.) . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Eight on the Lam," Bob Hope, Phyllis Diller.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
CASINO ROYALE.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
BLOW-UP.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Hurry Sundown," Michael Caine, Jane Fonda.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
GRAND PRIX.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
MARAT/SADE.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through May 10: MORGAN!, revival; and HELP!, revival.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through May 9: SANJURO (in Japanese), revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.
From May 10: "I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson; and "The Lovemakers" (in Italian), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Claudia Cardinale.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 9: GEORGY GIRL; and "The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.
From May 10: "Hotel," Rod Taylor, Catherine Spaak; and another feature, to be announced.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Made in Italy" (in Italian), Anna Magnani, Virna Lisi.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
A COUNTESS FROM HONG KONG.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE HUNT (in Spanish).

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through May 9: WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?, revival; and "The Oscar," revival, Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer.
From May 10: "The Viscount," Kerwin Mathews, Edmond O'Brien; and "The Cool Ones," Roddy McDowall, Debbie Watson.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE WAGES OF FEAR (in French and English), revival.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
CASINO ROYALE.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ACCIDENT.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through May 9: THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY (in French); and "Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.
From May 10: WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?, revival.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
BLOW-UP.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Hombre," Paul Newman, Fredric March.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
MY SISTER, MY LOVE (in Swedish).

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
ULYSSES.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 9: "Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad," Rosalind Russell, Robert Morse; and "C'mon, Let's Live a Little," Bobby Vee.
From May 10: "The Viscount," Kerwin Mathews, Edmond O'Brien; and "The Cool Ones," Roddy McDowall, Debbie Watson.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through May 9: "Eight on the Lam," Bob Hope, Phyllis Diller.
From May 10: ZORBA THE GREEK, revival; and "A Patch of Blue," revival, Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
SCORPIO RISING, revival; and "Chafed Elbows," a Robert Downey film.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 9: "The 25th Hour," Anthony Quinn, Virna Lisi; and "The Liquidator," Rod Taylor, Trevor Howard.
From May 10: LET'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN (in Italian), revival; and "I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 9: NOTHING BUT A MAN, revival; and "Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad," Rosalind Russell, Robert Morse.
From May 10: To be announced.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Burmese Harp" (in Japanese).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through May 9: "The Alamo," revival, John Wayne, Richard Widmark; and "The Secret Invasion," revival, Stewart Granger, Raf Vallone.
From May 10: ZORBA THE GREEK, revival; and "A Patch of Blue," revival, Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through May 9: "Night Games" (in Swedish), Ingrid Thulin.
From May 10: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through May 9: WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?, revival; and "The Oscar," revival, Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer.
From May 10: "The Viscount," Kerwin Mathews, Edmond O'Brien; and "The Cool Ones," Roddy McDowall, Debbie Watson.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Welcome to Hard Times," Henry Fonda, Janice Rule.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"The Sailor from Gibraltar," Jeanne Moreau, Ian Bannen.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE WAR GAME.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through May 9: "I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.
From May 10: To be announced.

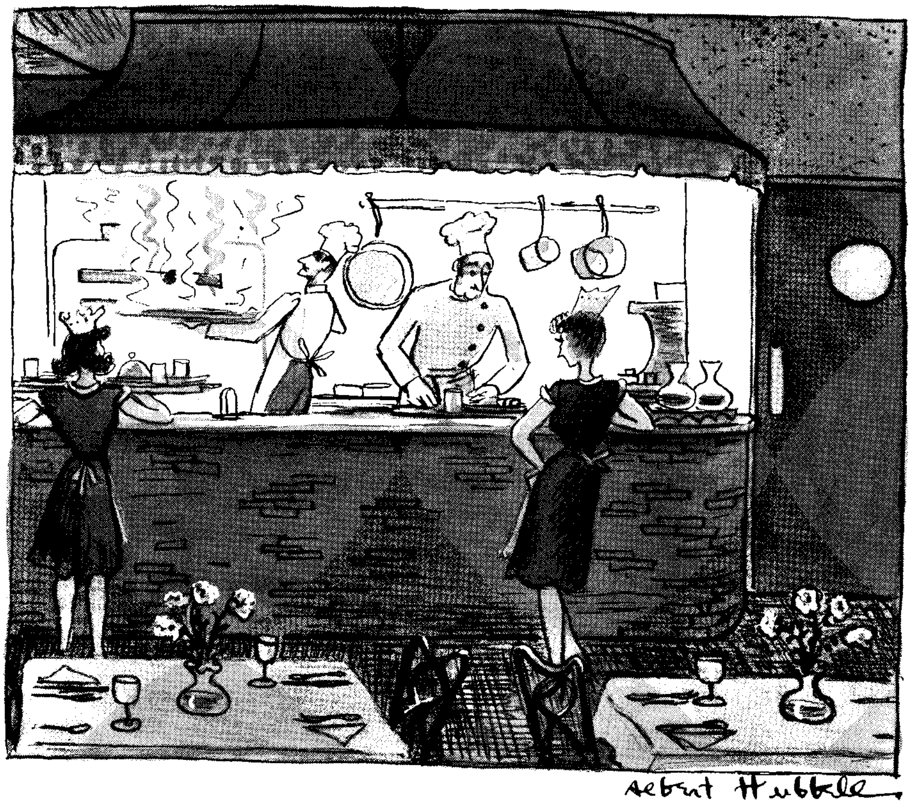
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

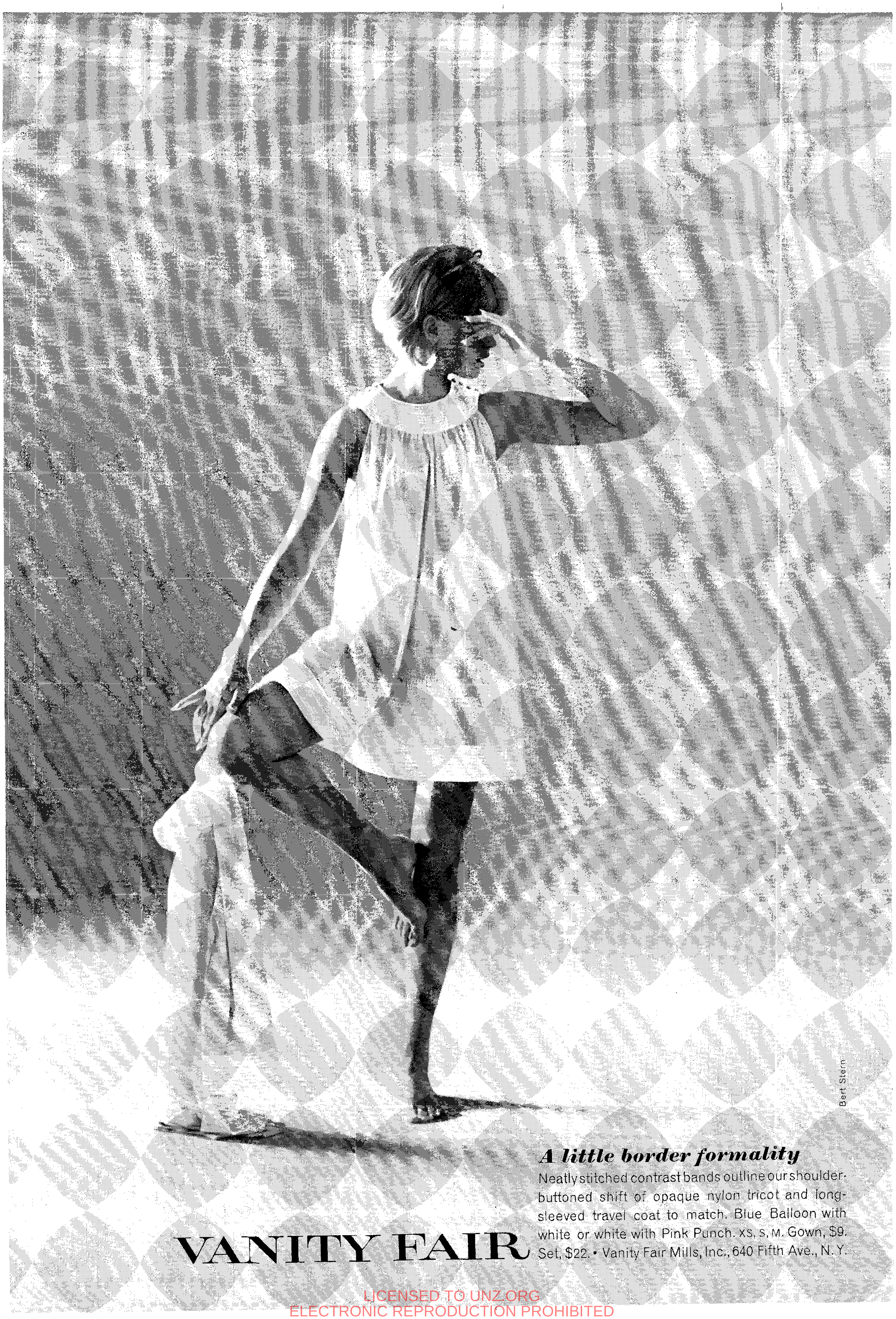
NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 10: "The Olive Trees of Justice" (in French); and "Life of Oharu" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 9: GIRL WITH GREEN EYES, revival; and "The Alamo," revival, John Wayne, Richard Widmark.
From May 10: THE FORTUNE COOKIE; and "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," revival, Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 4: DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST (in French), revival; and "Testament of Orpheus" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
May 5-8: ZERO FOR CONDUCT and L'ATALANTE (both in French and both revivals).
From May 9: PORT OF SHADOWS (in French), revival, Jean Gabin; and "Bizarre, Bizarre" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 9: "The Game Is Over," Jane Fonda, Peter McEnery.
From May 10: LOVES OF A BLONDE, a Czechoslovakian film.





Bert Stern

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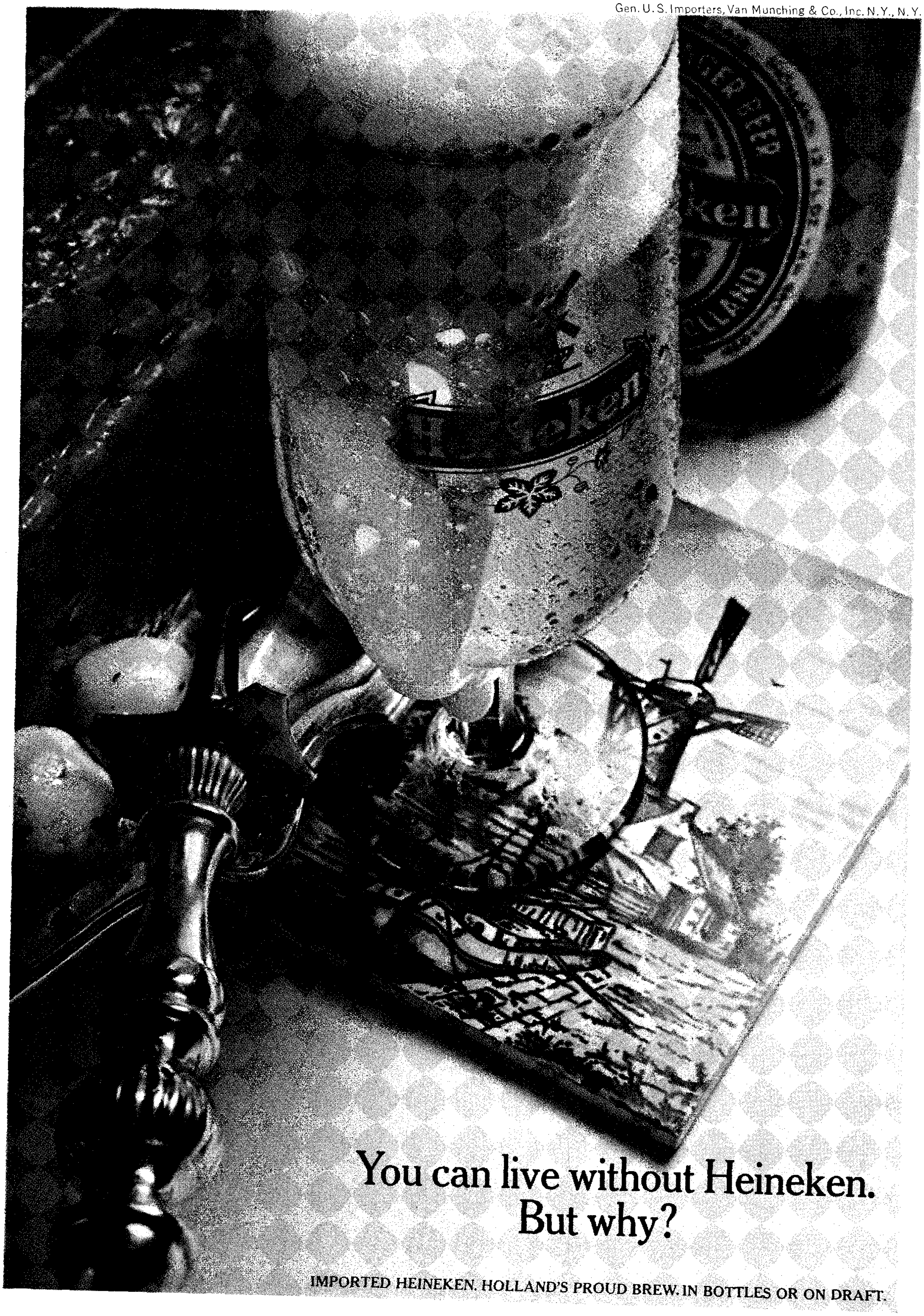

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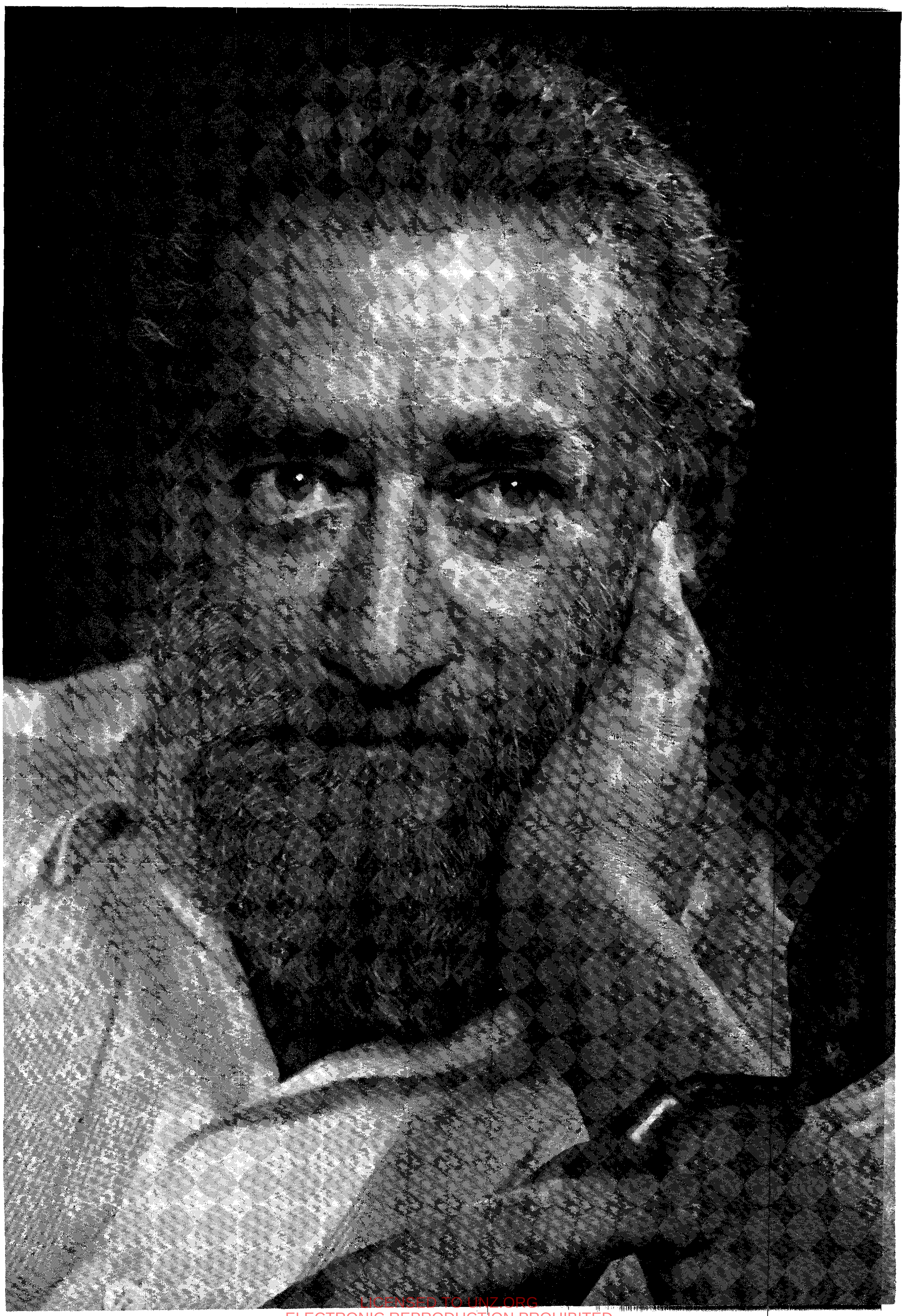

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Walter Kenyon, c/o Department of Tourism & Information,
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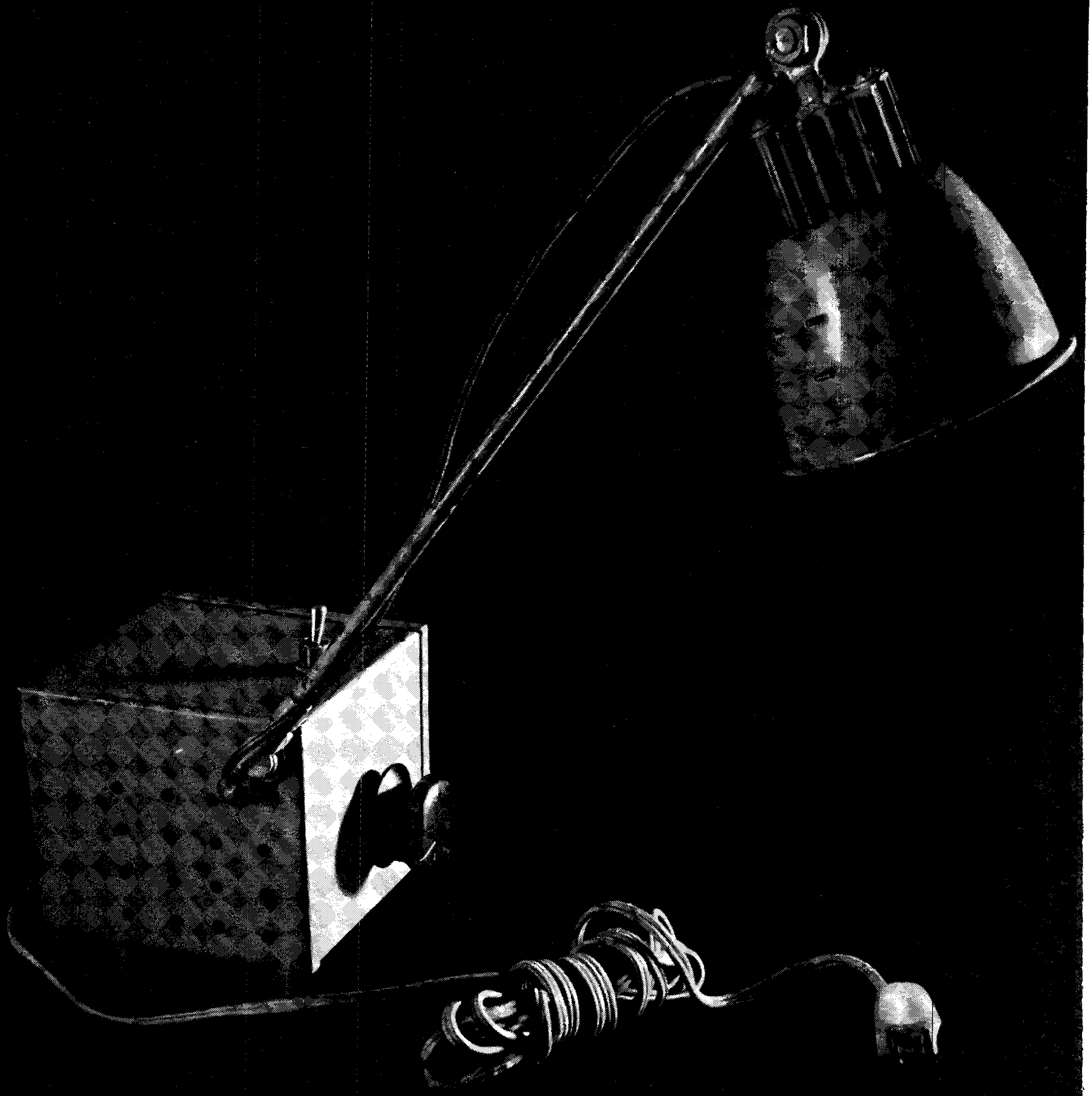

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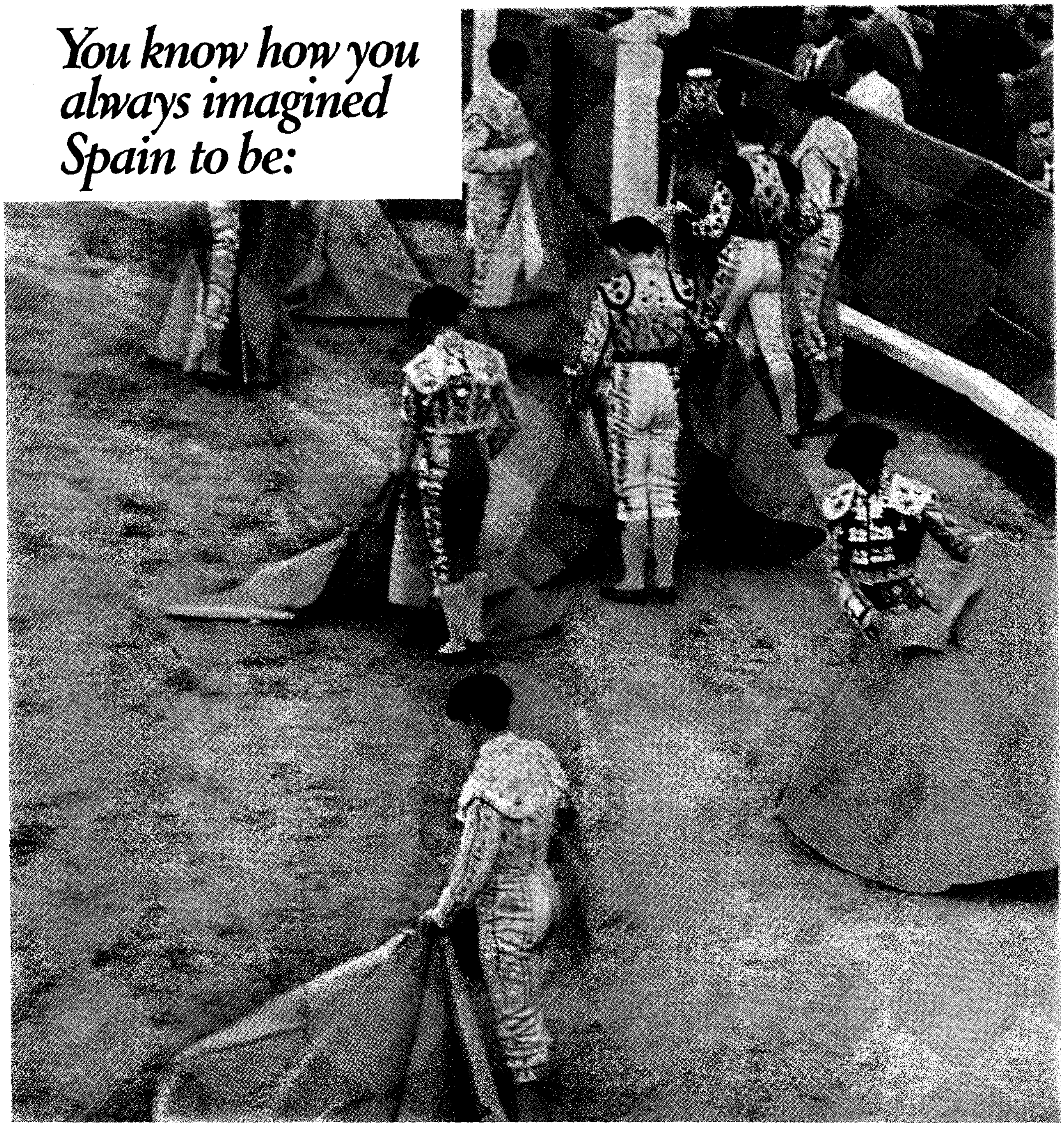

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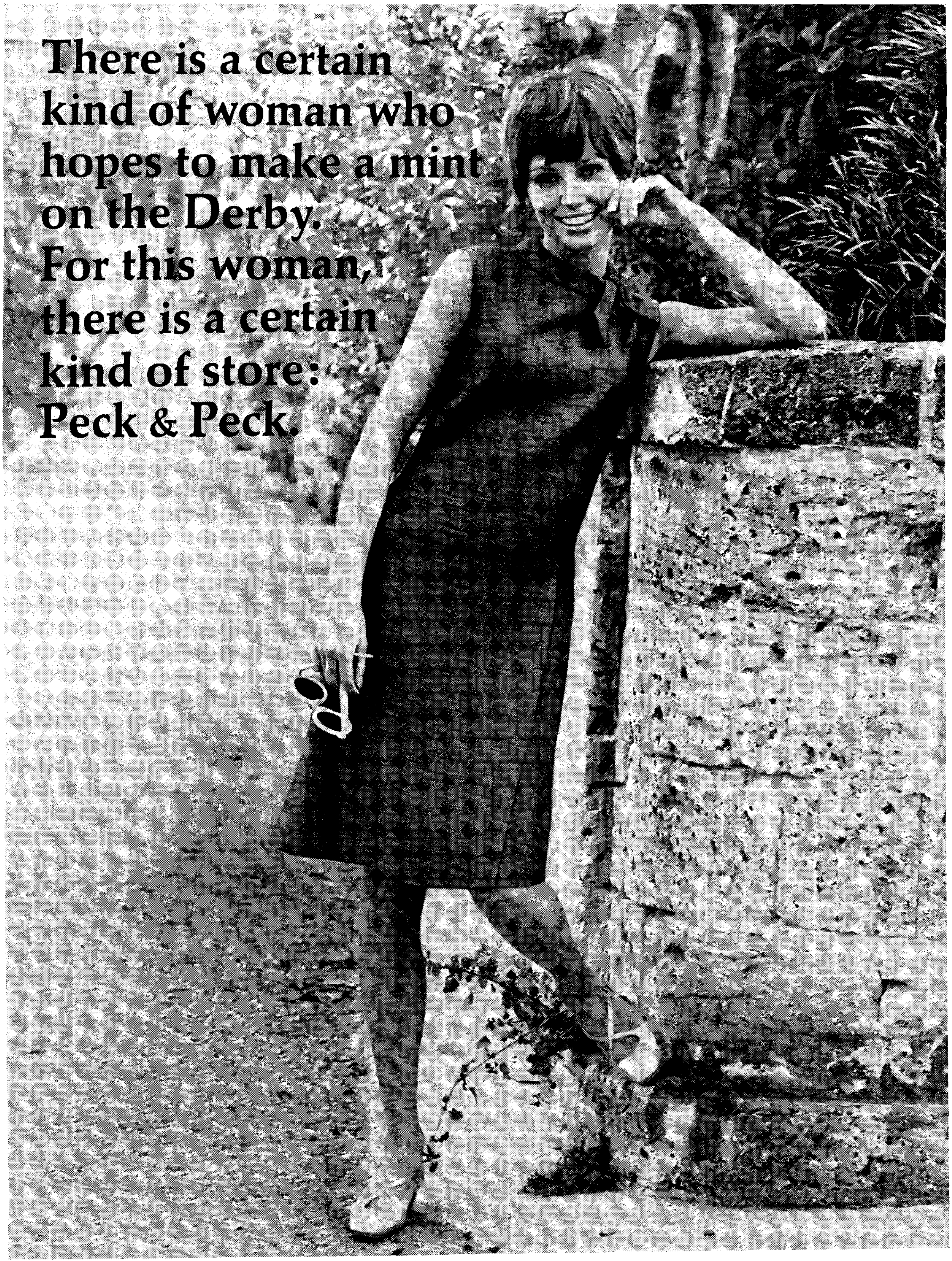
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

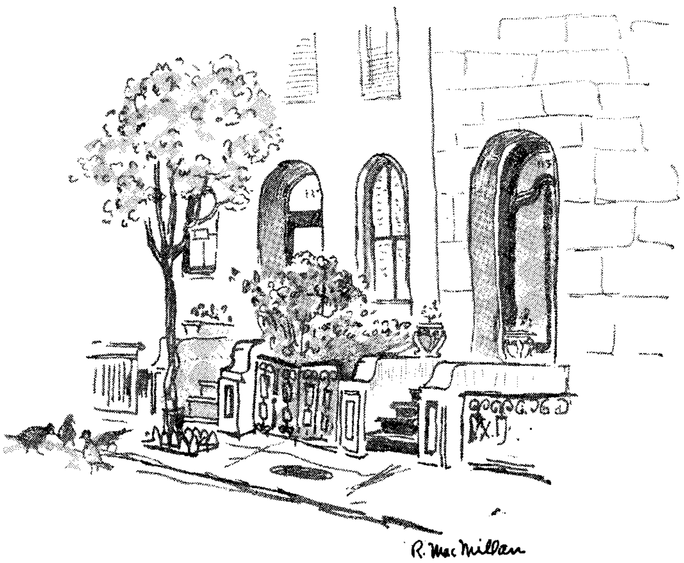
SPRING NOTE: A Bryn Mawr College correspondent reports that someone has kissed the right cheek of the marble bust of Woodrow Wilson in the main reading room of the library, and that it shows, plain as day.

Anniversary

THE twenty-third day of April was the four-hundred-and-third anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare, and we decided to celebrate it by attending a wreath-laying ceremony that the Shakespeare Club of New York City was going to conduct at the Bard's statue in Central Park. The club is a fairly venerable organization, having been incorporated in 1890, and it has been laying a daffodil wreath at the foot of the statue for about fifty years, rain or shine. We arrived well before the appointed hour, which was noon, and found, to our surprise, that the wreath already had been laid—or, rather, hung—on the statue's pedestal. Hunting through a gathering crowd of club members and Sunday strollers, we eventually found Mrs. Rosamond Reinhardt, the president of the club, and asked her what had happened. "We told the florist to hook it on with a piece of wire, because if we just lay it, it will fall over and nobody will see it," she said. As we both stood contemplating the wreath, Mrs. Reinhardt, a slender, willowy Englishwoman, cautioned us against confusing the Shakespeare Club with the Shakespeare Association. "Our club is older, though not as important. We are a social group, whereas the Association is entirely scholarly. They were affiliated with us some time ago, but then they got rather snooty and left us." Mrs. Reinhardt floated away to meet the honored guest, Mr. August Heckscher, Commissioner of Parks, who was just arriving on a bicycle, wearing baggy gray slacks, fire-engine-red socks, and dusty loafers. With him, on another bicycle, was his wife, Claude. He hopped off his bike and greeted the celebrators clustered around the statue. Everybody was shivering. The temperature was in the forties and a swift wind blew from a gray sky as Mrs. Reinhardt opened the ceremony with a message, saluting Shakespeare, from the British Consul-General, A. G. R. Rouse, which ended, "May the sun long shine on the wreath you place in his memory. As he wrote, 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.' "

"My own quotation would be 'the uncertain glory of an April day,' " Mrs. Reinhardt said, grasping at a chiffon veil she was wearing to keep her hat on. She introduced Mr. Heckscher as a Shakespearean scholar, whereupon he stepped forward, said, "Parks are for poets and for poet lovers," and read Sonnet 104. He was followed by another guest, Mr. Henry Hope Reed, the Curator of Central Park, who read Sonnet 55. The audience had grown to about a hundred and fifty people. Attentive club members were in an inner circle, and ringed around them were college and high-school students, parents with balloon-carrying children, and nannies with baby carriages. On the outermost fringe, cyclists, young and old, had drawn up their bicycles and were standing on tiptoe to see over the crowd. As Mrs. Reinhardt was reading Sonnet 98, she was interrupted by singing, and Mr. Heckscher remarked, "Here come the minstrels." Five long-haired young men and women, wearing Army-Navy-surplus clothes and carrying daffodils, passed by, apparently coming from a small be-in in another part of the Park. One of them, a young man wearing, additionally, a mattress cover, Indian beads, and dark glasses, lingered to stare at one of the club members, Miss Joan Woodside, while she recited Perdita's flower speech from "The Winter's Tale" and distributed daffodils of her own to the audience. Miss Woodside was wearing a coat of black-and-white fur. The young man in the mattress cover strode off and, after he was some distance away, shouted over his shoulder, "Plagiarizer!"

Mr. Heckscher, who was supposed to be the principal speaker at a lunch following the ceremony, hopped back on his bicycle after the thirteenth quotation from Shakespeare had been recited, explaining, with apologies, that he had a prior engagement at an art gallery, where he was to hang a Hard Edge painting in a benefit exhibition. Mrs. Heckscher left with him, saying, before she pedalled away, that the ceremony had been charming. We followed the club to the Hotel Westbury and had a drink before lunch with a member named Miss Josephine Cohen—a short, emphatic lady in a pink


R. MacMillan

hat with a large, square brim that struck us on the chin each time she stressed a point in conversation. Just as Miss Cohen was telling us that she manufactures custom-made garment hangers, a man named Kenneth Virch came up and gave us a publicity release announcing the wreath-laying. We thanked him and said we'd already attended it.

At lunch, in the Windsor Suite, where the club members and guests sat at round tables under a large, coronet-shaped chandelier, Mrs. Reinhardt called on Mr. Reed to make the principal speech. He looked a bit surprised but stood up, praised Shakespeare, and informed the club that Central Park's Delacorte Theatre is terrible. "There are temporary theatres in the Tuileries, in Paris, and in Regent's Park, in London, and their stages disappear when they are not in use," he said. "Unfortunately, we are left with the machinery." Mr. Reed then took his departure, explaining, with apologies, that he, too, had a prior engagement. Mrs. Christopher Wyatt, a former president of the club, who was to have introduced Mr. Reed when he was scheduled to be a secondary speaker, rose and said that she would give the introduction anyway. "Henry is an old friend of mine, and I suggest you all get his new book on Central Park," she said. "I don't agree with him about the Shakespeare theatre. I don't think it's such an eyesore. But I think his theory of keeping any more buildings out of the Park is a good one." Mrs. Wyatt, who is eighty-three, said she was leaving New York for California but would always remember the Shakespeare Club. During the next hour or so, club members and their guests sang sixteen songs about Shakespearean characters, with lyrics set to old-time and Broadway show tunes by Dr. Roger B. Dooley, professor of English at the Borough of Manhattan Community College. One song, designed to be sung by Richard II on returning from Ireland to find that Bolingbroke has taken over, began, "Hello, *Bollie!*"

•

SIGN observed outside the new Carlton Regency apartment building, on Lexington Avenue at Thirty-sixth Street:

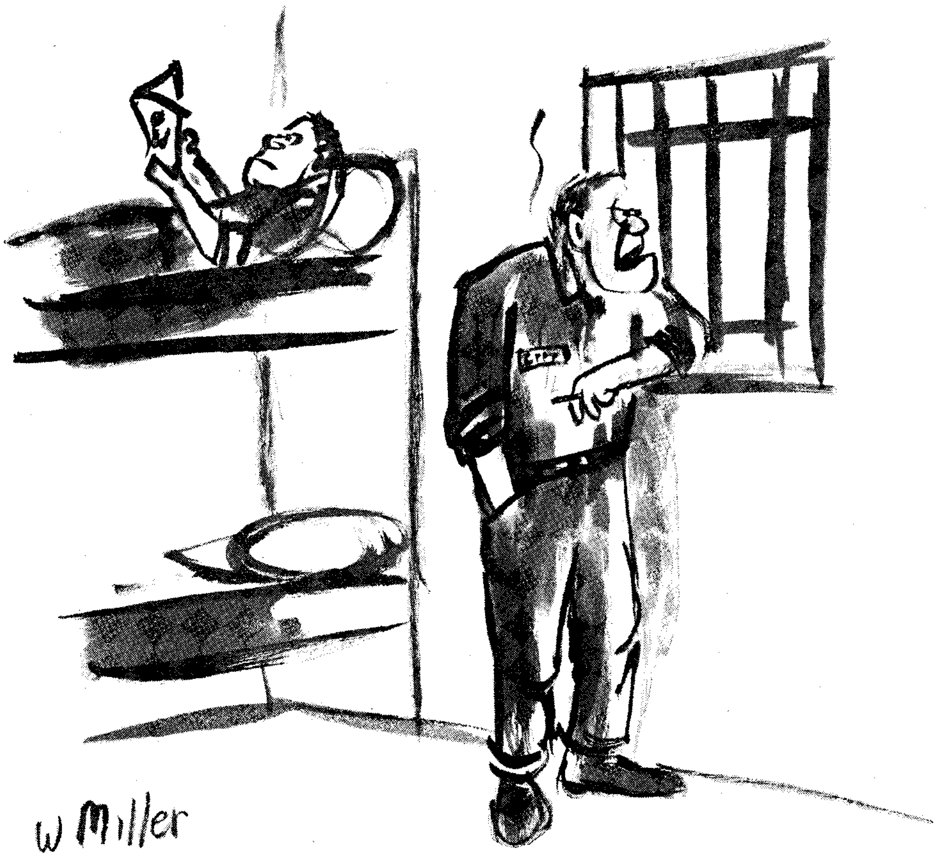
RENTING OFFICE
ON THE
24TH FLOOR
PLEASE USE ELEVATOR

The Spirit of Bamboo

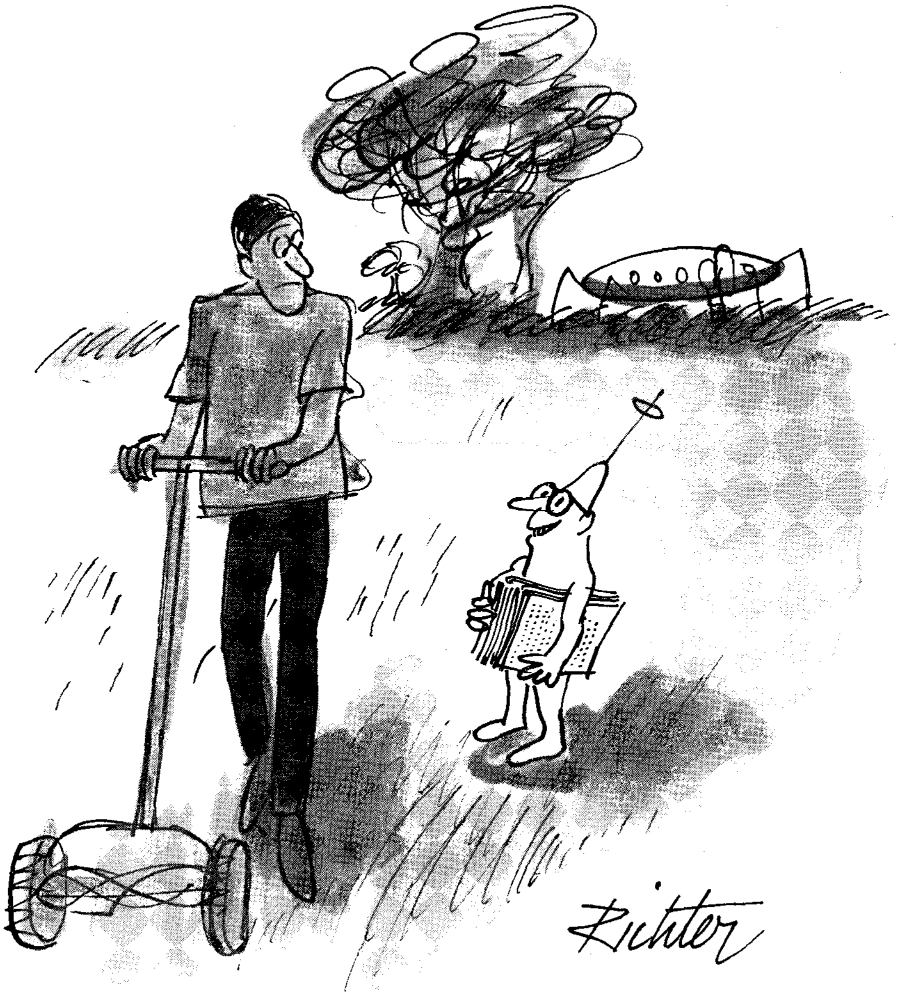
HAVING heard that the Asian Gallery, on East Eightieth Street, was exhibiting the work of a man who paints pictures of nothing but bamboo, we recently stopped by to talk with the painter, Dr. Cheou-kang Sie, a buoyant gentleman of seventy, whom we found seated at a desk in a small, thickly carpeted room, surrounded by two seventh-century glazed terra-cotta T'ang horses, an eighteenth-century Tibetan temple hanging, a sixteenth-century lava Japanese Buddhist deity, a sixth-century limestone Chinese Buddha head, and a twelfth-century bronze Kuan Yin, goddess of compassion. In front of the desk was a large jade *pi*, the circular symbol of the universe.

Dr. Sie rose and bowed slightly—a short man in a dark-blue suit, with iron-gray hair, a long face, large, well-shaped ears, a low brow, and a wide, straight mouth. He was smoking a Kent and looking solemn. We asked him why he paints bamboo. He shrugged, lifted both hands in the air, and laughed. "Bamboo is noble plant," he said. "Straight, yet flexible. Symbolizes character. The interior is nothing. This means a virtue of modesty."

We sat down, and the Doctor handed us a catalogue containing a short biography, which recounted his studies in finance and economics at the École des Sciences Politiques, in Paris; the University of Brussels; and the University of Lausanne; and his positions as professor of Chinese culture at the Sino-French University, in Lyon; dean of humanities at the Central National University, in Nanking; professor of Greek theatre at the Drama School of Nanking; director of the Society of Arts and Letters of China from 1935 to 1937; and member of the National Academy of Peking. During the Sino-Japanese War, the biography continued, he served as chief of the Chinese Cultural Mission to France and Belgium, and attracted various honors while there, including membership in the Académie Royale de Langue et de Littérature Françaises de Belgique and the honorary presidency of the Centre Intellectuel de France, at Beaumont. After duty as chargé d'affaires in Brussels and Bern, he established the first Chinese Legation to the Holy See, in 1943. Ten years later, he went to the Vatican again, as Chinese Minister Plenipotentiary. He completed this mission last year, and is now passing through New York on his way to Taiwan. Although he has written books and plays in English as well as in French (he founded the International Theatre Institute—which is now a part of the United Nations



"It never ceases to amaze me how so many people can manage to stay on the outside."



"Can you direct me to Harper & Row?"

Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization—together with Jean-Louis Barrault and J. B. Priestley), his conversational English still has a happily tilted quality.

"I like very much bamboo," Dr. Sie said, leading us quickly to another room, where fifteen of his paintings, done in black ink on white rice paper, hung in narrow red frames. "Many sorts of bamboo. Bamboo in rain, young bamboo, broken bamboo, quiet bamboo, young bamboo on rocks, bamboo in sun, fantasy bamboo." The fantasy bamboo was laden with a luxuriant growth of leaves. "Wen Tung—ancient painter—has one like it. He is Bach of bamboo painting. I am amateur."

Dr. Sie told us that his father, who was a good calligrapher, began to teach him classical calligraphy at the age of thirteen, and his progress was so rapid that three years later his work was noticed by an artist named Lien Chen-pi, who guided him into bamboo. Lien, as it happened, was an austere classicist who directed his pupils to observe bamboo under all conditions, to fix their concentration upon it so as to grasp its essence, and then to paint it from memory while in a tranquil state of mind, holding the right arm suspended above the paper while working, and suspending breathing from the beginning to the end of each stroke. "Not a copy of nature," Dr. Sie said, "but spirit of bamboo."

We asked him what type of brush he used.

He pointed to his upper lip and said he couldn't think of the right word.

"Whiskers?" we asked.

"Yes! From rat, horse, cattle, and animal that eats chickens. . . . Fox!" Leading us back to the first room, he explained that bamboo painting is about nine centuries old, began as a scholars' pastime, and is the closest of all categories of Chinese painting to calligraphy, because the strokes are almost calligraphic. "Brush is like violin. You have to make many exercises to reach mastership," he said, adding that he had founded a style of bamboo painting named for his native province, Kiangsi.

Dr. Sie invited us to take a chair opposite him, behind the *pi*—which, by the way, is pronounced "be." We asked him what he thought of contemporary American painting. "To say truth, I have very little knowledge. Abstract painting, ah? It is from China. In ninth century, I think, we have a fantasist who sits in ink. Then he sits on paper five times. He calls it composition—'Five Peaches.'" Dr. Sie laughed, rocking back in his chair. "Americans are very free. You accept everything intellectually. You are very large that way. Indians are very sad. Chinese have endurance extraordinary. For instance, in Siberia there are Chinese. I am too nationalist. I think Chinese opera is more original than European opera. We imagine everything, even atomic bomb." He jumped up, snatched a piece of notepaper from the desk, and waved it above his head. "In Chinese opera, we take small paper, light it with match. Whrumm! Atomic bomb." He plopped down again, delighted. "In beginning, I hate Occidental music. Once, I was in concert where they played the march of 'Tannhäuser.' My heart was not there. Little by little, my spirit was captured by this music, and I like Wagner! Then, evolution to Debussy. Ah! At the end, there is no big chord—da da *dumm*." Dr. Sie raised his fists, beating the air like a conductor, then relaxed. "Debussy does it Chinese way," he said. An expression of amused serenity came over his face. "At the end, there is nothing."

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OVERHEARD in a corridor of the Political Science Department of Yale, one professor to another: "I have been thoroughly conceptualizing what I must do this week, but, to my chagrin, I find it simply is not operational."

Theatre Bus

THE opening night of the East Side theatre-bus service may have been our only chance to see Mayor Lindsay, a double-decker bus, and the all-girl band from "Cabaret" rolled, as it were, into one, but our theatre ticket was for a later night, so it wasn't until then that we found ourself hurrying toward the corner of Fifth Avenue and Ninety-sixth Street to catch the 7:40 downtown bus. As we approached the corner, we saw the bus, with a driver and three passengers inside, waiting by the curb. It was a regular green-and-silver Transit Authority bus, but the route sign above the windshield said "Theatre" in red letters. Below the windshield, a rectangular poster proclaimed, "Columbia Records Broadway Special." The first two words were red, the last two black. We recalled that Columbia Records had agreed to underwrite any loss incurred by the bus service, which had been dreamed up and sponsored by the League of New York Theatres. On the side of the bus that we could see were two more "Columbia Records Broadway Special" posters and a larger poster, reading, "Columbia Records, Broadway's Leading Record Company." The illuminated advertising panels on top advertised Columbia's original-cast recordings of "Sweet Charity" and "Mame." The route signs on the side, again in red letters, said "Theatre Express."

We climbed aboard. "This is a theatre bus," the driver warned us. "It's thirty cents." We deposited our money, and the driver handed us a sheet of paper, folded the long way, which proved, when we unfolded it, to be a mimeographed bus schedule. We sat down and checked the schedule. We already knew that our bus would travel down Fifth Avenue to Fifty-seventh Street, across Fifty-seventh to Broadway, then down Broadway to the theatre district. Another bus would leave at the same time from Ninety-sixth and Lexington, going down Lexington to Fifty-seventh and then across to Broadway and down. Two more buses would follow the same routes at 7:50. After the theatre, two sets of buses would make the return trips, up Madison and Third. The schedule said that our bus would reach Forty-second Street at 8:10. Without the blare of a single trumpet, we pulled away from the curb. Our fellow-passengers were checking their schedules.

A pretty young woman with brown bangs, wearing a gray fur-collared coat and two strands of pearls, pointed to the return schedule and said, "I'd like to know how they're going to get from Forty-second Street to Forty-fifth Street in one minute."

"They must mean a helicopter, not a bus," suggested a middle-aged woman in an orange coat, who was sitting beside a man wearing dark-framed glasses and a gray herringbone coat. Then she added, "Isn't this marvellous? Especially for after the theatre. You can *never* find a taxi after the theatre."

"Yes," the young woman agreed. "But I went to the theatre three nights ago, and I asked three different cops where to catch this bus going home, and not one of them knew."

When we passed the Metropolitan Museum, there were still only eight people aboard, but after that business picked up. Every time a passenger got on, the driver warned him, "This is a theatre bus," and gave him a schedule.

"Isn't this exciting?" asked another middle-aged woman, a member of a party of six, as she made her way down the aisle.

When we reached Fifty-seventh Street, the man in the gray herringbone coat glanced at his watch and said, "We're making good time."

The woman in the orange coat surveyed the bus and said, "Now what they need is a coffee counter or a bar."

By that time, the bus was about half full. We noted an attractive, excited-looking young woman with prominent cheekbones, wearing a polka-dotted bandanna and a tan coat; a young man with a reddish-brown mustache, a V-neck sweater, and a checked sports jacket, accompanied by a thin girl wearing big sunglasses, a very short skirt, and harsh-yellow tights; two short, neat-looking men, one wearing a navy-blue three-piece suit with gray pinstripes, the other a brown-and-green tweed jacket, who were seriously discussing ballets and operas they had either seen or missed this season.

As soon as we passed Sixth Avenue, the driver bellowed, "First stop, Fifty-seventh Street and Seventh Avenue—Carnegie Hall!"

We couldn't remember the last time we had heard a bus driver call out a stop. Neither, apparently, could the rest of the passengers, for they seemed pleasantly surprised. "Well, it's the Miracle on Fifty-seventh Street," a man in the back of the bus said loudly.

When the bus turned left onto Broadway, people began to alight. The gray-herringbone- and orange-coated couple departed at Fiftieth Street. As the bus approached Forty-seventh Street, the party of six got ready to leave. A tall, bald man in a brown coat stood up. "Do we shake the driver's hand?" he asked, grinning self-consciously. At the same time, the young man with the mustache and the young woman in yellow tights moved toward the front of the bus. The party of six departed silently through the rear door. The young man and young woman quietly thanked the driver as they left through the front.

Then only the young woman in the bandanna and the two men we had heard discussing operas and ballets remained. They all got off at Forty-fifth Street. So did we. We thanked the driver as we left, then looked at our watch. The time was exactly 8:07.

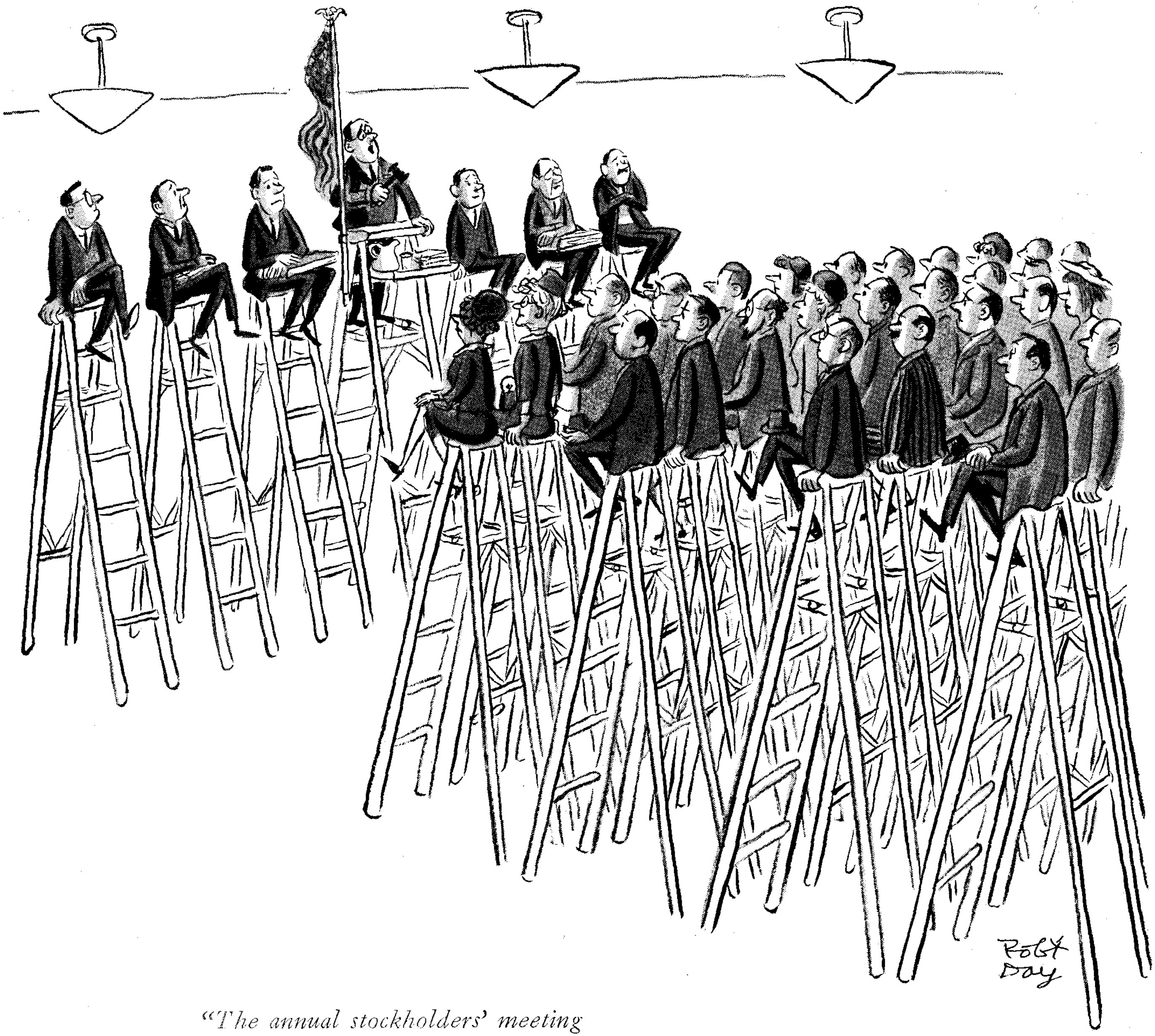
Vittles

THE sumptuous and erratic American way of life is brought home vividly to persons who pass an outdoor *trattoria* across the street from Rome's central railroad terminal. In front of it is a sign reading:

AMERICAN BREAKFAST
Tea
Hot Dogs
Toast
Peach Melba
Pineapple Sundae

Percy

AT ten o'clock on Monday morning last week, a few hours after the United States had announced its latest escalation—the bombing of MIG bases in North Vietnam—Senator Charles H. Percy, just in from an inspection tour of tornado damage in his home state of Illinois, walked rapidly into the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria, where several hundred newspaper executives were gathering for the eighty-first convention of the American Newspaper Publishers Association. Mr. Percy, a short, youthful man with neatly parted blond hair, was wearing a blue button-down shirt, a black-and-yellow tie, and a dark suit, and to us he looked as though he might very well have been president of Bell & Howell at twenty-nine (which he was), or a former college shortstop (which he wasn't; he was captain of the 1941 University of Chicago water-polo team), or be a Republican candidate for President (which he might). With a friendly greeting here ("Good to see *you*"), an enthusiastic handshake there, an arm around someone's



"The annual stockholders' meeting of the Biltwell Ladder Corporation will now come to order."

• •

shoulder ("How are *you*?"), he entered the Sert Room, just off the lobby, where he was to join Senator Harry F. Byrd, Jr., in a forum on Vietnam before a general meeting of the Associated Press. By the door of the crowded room was a large brown box, with a slot in the top, marked "Questions for General William Westmoreland." The General was scheduled to speak in the Grand Ballroom at noon.

Before Percy could settle down on the rostrum—the general manager of the A.P. was addressing the membership on the problems of relaying copy, and on "the callous indifference of A.T. & T. and the F.C.C."—he was hustled back out into the lobby for a television interview. A camera and lights had been set up next to a tall statue of the goddess Diana (by Giovanni Maria Benzoni), but some nearby teletype machines were making a racket, so the television crew suggested moving a short distance away. "I think this is a rather nice background," Percy said, smiling at the marble huntress, but he complied, and a moment later he was in front of the lights, saying, "My position has been opposition to the bombing. It may force the Vietnamese to use airfields in Red China, and takes us one step nearer to war with China. In the last three or four years, every escalation we've taken has caused a counter-escalation. There's no question the action taken today is the exact opposite of what the Defense Department said last week; they told my office that in two years of bombing only eleven of our aircraft had been shot down by MIGs, and they asserted that it was *not* their policy to bomb airfields in North Vietnam. . . . The United States Senate simply cannot get adequate information from the Administration on which to base its position."

The television camera suddenly went on the blink, making a slapping noise, and one of the crew apologized, saying, "It's not a Bell & Howell."

Percy laughed. "I was not going to make such a cruel comment as that," he said. When the camera was restored to operation, Percy resumed, answering questions rapidly: "I cannot foresee a total military victory—unconditional surrender. . . . We have to hold out some degree of hope to the enemy. . . . An all-Asian conference—including Communists and non-Communists, and excluding the United States and Russia—must be called to find an Asian solution."

Percy hurried back into the Sert Room as the forum began, and Senator Byrd, speaking first, proposed fewer restrictions on vital targets, no more

THE MOD SHOP

"You look great."

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pauses in military operations without guarantees, and more aid from other Asian nations. Percy followed with a short speech in which he said, "We have had sixty-three thousand casualties so far. A hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty of our men are being killed each week. Are we prepared to continue this bloodletting for an interminable number of years? The enemy has countered every escalation. Our bombing of North Vietnam has apparently heartened the enemy's will to win. Escalation will further stiffen resistance, further increase casualties, and further alienate our allies." On Hanoi's rejection of peace offers, he said, "The Administration has asked Hanoi to abandon its force in the South before we would stop the bombing. These proposals are unrealistic and have little chance of acceptance." He again suggested an all-Asian conference. "A large part of the initiative for peace must come from Asia," he said. "We must search for a negotiated peace in Vietnam."

Senator Byrd was questioned by an editor from New Kensington, Pennsylvania. "Senator Hartke said recently that it is costing us an estimated eight hundred thousand dollars to kill one Vietcong," the editor said. "Do you consider that a bargain?"

Byrd agreed that the cost was unfortunate but said, "So long as we have such a tremendous number of Americans there . . . I plan to vote whatever equipment and supplies they need."

Percy added that he had warmly supported attaching a rider to the recent twelve-billion-dollar Vietnam appropriation that would have stated that the United States' purpose was a negotiated settlement. Then he said, "President Johnson indicated on five separate occasions last year—on August 12th, August 29th, September 15th, September 28th, and October 21st—that he did not intend to increase the number of our men in Vietnam. *I* want to find out whether we'll continue to escalate."

At two-thirty in the afternoon, in the ballroom of the Waldorf, which was jammed and smoky, Percy was seated at a table on the second dais of the stage, crouched forward and listening intently as General Westmoreland—tall, straight, gray-haired, black-browed—stood on the rostrum below, answering the questions that had been dropped into the brown box. Dissent on the home front aided the enemy, Westmoreland had said a few minutes before, and he was "delighted" with the raid on the MIG bases. Now he was saying, "I do not see any end of the war in sight. . . . Grind him down . . . A war of attrition . . ."

When the General finished, to heavy applause, Percy stepped down and chatted with him briefly, and then descended to the floor of the ballroom, where he was greeted by a number of people—acquaintances from out of town (Percy: "I'll see you. I'll be out in Kansas one of these days"), strangers with projects (Percy: "Why don't you draft that up and send it to me?"), a young group from Washington (Percy: "I've been interested in that for a number of years. You know, we have a kind of discussion group on Wednesday mornings, and . . ."), a lady who had taught Percy's son in nursery school years before (Lady: "I hear he's growing")—and then finally he was free, and he trotted downstairs to the lobby. "I'd rather do this than *anything*," he said. "I love politics." In the lobby, he was stopped for two more television interviews, to which he consented willingly. On camera, he said, "We're divorcing ourselves from the rest of the world," and spoke of "our gentle yielding to the ever-increasing demands of the military," continuing, "No end in sight. It's a matter of equating the risk and the gain." During a break, a young TV interviewer confessed to Percy that he had been working for the network for only six days. Percy laughed and clapped him on the back. "I'm a veteran of a hundred and three days, and you're a veteran of six!" he exclaimed, and stepped before the lights again. When the interview ended, several people surged in and vied for his attention, and he listened carefully to each in turn. Then, alone for a moment, he whistled to Mrs. Percy, a very pretty brunette, who was at the far side of the lobby. She joined him, and together they went down the steps to Park Avenue. A reporter caught up with them and asked Percy whether he felt that his dissent could make a dent in the Administration position. For an instant, Percy seemed almost taken aback. Then he said, "Absolutely! Absolutely!" And a moment afterward the Senator and Mrs. Percy were out on the street—late for the next appointment but moving fast.

PAINT ME A PINION IMMORTAL, LIMNER DEAR

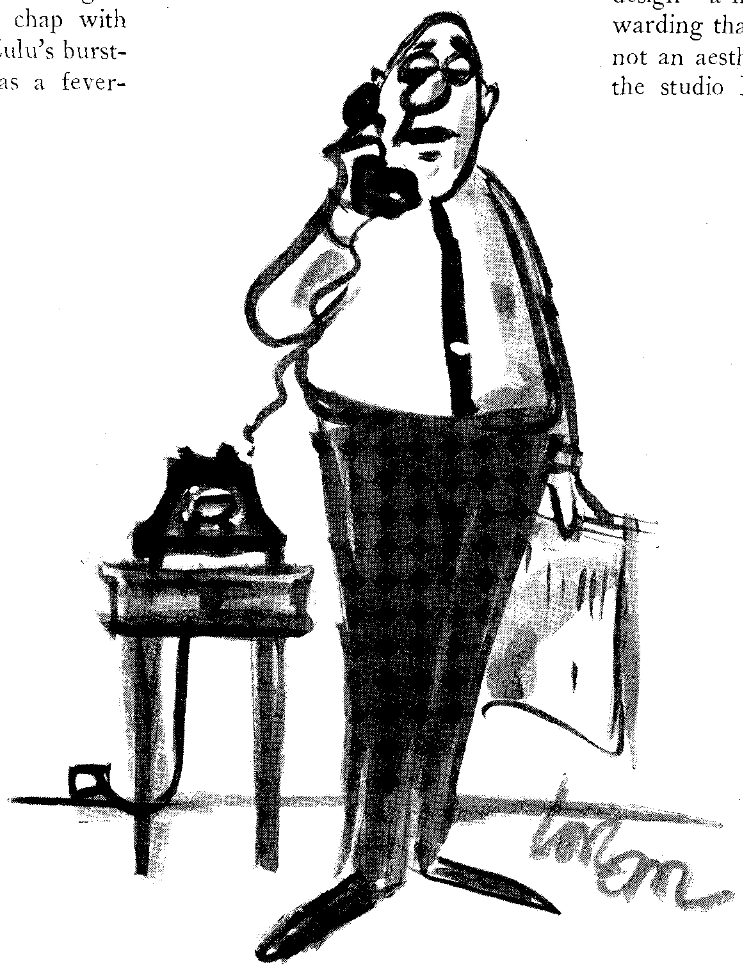
THE first time I met Bertram Spitalny was in a life class at the Art Students League in the autumn of 1928. I joined it in the strange delusion that my stature as a comic artist would somehow be enhanced if I sketched the undraped female figure, and since the two scrawny typists I knew screamed the house down when I asked them to disrobe, I had to look elsewhere. The evening group I enrolled in was conducted by a distinguished teacher named Bridgman, most of whose precepts were lost on me except for his sonorous dictum "Ladies and gentlemen, the breast is a cage." Whatever its anatomical significance, I took this to mean that matrimony was a trap. Bridgman was the exponent of a system he called "dynamic symmetry" that I was far too obtuse to understand, and our sessions were a curious half trance in which I gaped at the model nonplussed or strove to capture her curves with sticks of charcoal that crumbled maddeningly between my fingers.

Spitalny, whose easel adjoined mine, was a commercial artist specializing in posters—a pale, wraithlike chap with an explosion of hair like a Zulu's bursting from his head. He was a feverish and, I saw at once, accomplished draftsman, and he went out of his way to encourage and assist me. As the realization sank home that I was not destined to be another Ingres or Delacroix, however, my enthusiasm waned, I skipped a class or two, and ultimately abandoned the course. Living in the Village, as we did, Spitalny and I would run into each other now and then, chiefly in a barbershop where he must have gone to read the magazines, for his hair never showed evidence of contact with scissors. He was assiduous in his attempts to make me resume at the League, but I exuded such inertia that he finally gave up. His own career in poster work, I gathered, was flourishing; film companies sought him out with regularity to portray five thousand Apaches ambushing a wagon train, five thousand Crusaders besieging Acre, five thousand Fuzzy-Wuzzies storming a Sudanese fort, and similar panoramas. "I'm a pretty good crowd man," he admitted modestly. "I get a kick out of people milling around."

They were milling in earnest when next I saw him, about four years later, and under grievous circumstances. A fat, needle-nosed dilettante of my acquaintance, a Yugoslav importer, was married to a lady so sumptuously endowed that men clung to lampposts and sobbed as she passed. At that time, before columnists had begun listing female proportions, there were no accurate statistics to go by, but all agreed that Luba Pneumatiç was a lollapalooza, the Eighth Wonder of the World. It seemed outrageous that such treasure should be lavished on a single fat foreigner, and, fancying myself in the role of Robin Hood, I set out to make him share the wealth. What with orchids, perfume, bonbons, and costly lunches, I was reduced to virtual beggary by the time I learned that Madame was a trifler, cold as marble, and, furthermore, stupidly enamored of her husband. My last shred of illusion vanished at a soirée she held for what she archly described as a few intimates. The sight of one woman holding court for thirty-seven men sickened me, and as I flung out I barged into Spitalny, his arms heaped with roses. We stared at each other aghast.

"You—you, too?" he croaked. "But she gave me to understand . . ."

I gripped his shoulder wordlessly in the gesture beloved of fighter pilots in Warner-First National productions, and left. At intervals over the years, I caught sight of him across concert halls or theatre lobbies, and once in a mob greeting an incoming liner, but we never managed to speak. Then, a few days ago, in a dusty bookshop on Fourth Avenue where every prospect sneezes and only Mann, the owner, is vile, our paths again crossed. Springing from its catacomb with a hoard of Kate Greenaway prints he had unearthed came Spitalny, hair as tumultuous as ever but powdered with silver. We exchanged the ritual falsities about each other's youthfulness and adjourned to a nearby coffeepot. Spitalny's métier nowadays, it emerged, was industrial design—a field he had found more rewarding than posters in a monetary, if not an aesthetic, sense. "You must see the studio I own on West Eleventh Street someday," he said animatedly. "Used to belong to Daniel Chester French, the sculptor. Eighty feet long, panelled in walnut, four huge skylights—it's fantastic. And the way I came to buy it—well, you've heard Hollywood stories, I know, but this one's a daisy."



"You'll have to speak more slowly. The number you have reached is a human being."

THE saga had begun one morning in the early forties, he recounted, with a pressing summons from a large advertising agency. The executive who interviewed him dispensed with nuances. Hailing my friend as the Toulouse-Lautrec of the screen world, he offered him a six-week engagement on the Coast at four thousand dollars a week, round-trip transportation, and all living expenses. The nature of the assignment, he told his stunned listener, was undisclosed, but he pledged that it did not involve homicide, theft, or bodily risk. As to the client, a promise of the utmost secrecy was vital, for Stephen Surreptici's horror of publicity was a byword. At the mention of the name, bells of purest gold rang in Spitalny's head. Surreptici was a legendary figure, a young billionaire industrialist whose fortune derived from machine patents, airlines, and oil wells, and who dabbled in movie-making on a spendthrift scale.

"Your salary starts right now—this minute," the adman's honeyed voice went on. "Here's your flight ticket and hotel reservation. Check in there and sit tight—he'll contact you. Above all, remember—mum's the word."

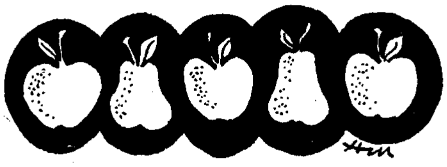
The scene Spitalny found himself confronting forty-eight hours later from the fifth floor of the Hotel Oriflamme in downtown Hollywood was scarcely what he had envisioned. No glamorous personalities like Paul Henreid and Vera Hruba Ralston tripped past, no pert starlets in halters or directors wielding megaphones. He saw instead a bootblack stand, a bankrupt night club, and a health-food shop with a trickle of patrons overdue at the embalmer's. The possibilities inherent in the view were limited, and in the weekend that dragged by without word his reason teetered close to the brink. Eventually, at ten-thirty one evening, a taciturn chauffeur appeared and drove him to a motel in the outlying district of Sherman Oaks, in a room of which he was enjoined to wait. On the stroke of twelve, a tall, unshaven individual in a slouch hat and upturned coat collar descended from an ancient Buick sedan. He did not bother to identify himself; like Garbo, he assumed, not incorrectly, that the world knew who he was. "Here's the problem," he said abruptly. "My new Western, 'Hot in the Saddle,' is ready for release, but the poster they've designed for me has a serious flaw." He extracted a thick wad of paper from his pocket and unfolded it. "See if you can spot it."

The lithograph Surreptici held up before Spitalny depicted two figures, a cowhand and a girl of dimensions shaming Luba Pneumatiç's, struggling in the doorway of a barn. If the theme of the composition created any doubt, it was dispelled by the concupiscent grin on the *vaquero's* face and the haymow in the background.

The artist scanned it, perplexed. "It's a good workmanlike job," he said. "What bothers you exactly?"

"The way he's clutching her wrist, man," Surreptici said with distaste. "There's no *oomph* in the goddam thing. It's tame, pussyfoot, timid—like they were in dancing school. I want a grip that'll radiate desire—the blinding urgency of a sex-hungry wanderer of the plains!"

The repair seemed trivial enough to one who in his time had portrayed five thousand naked Visigoths, and Spitalny agreed to undertake it. The next morning, in a fully equipped studio prepared for him in the Wilshire Medical Building, he fell to work. Anxious to extend himself for so princely a fee, he decided on a multiplicity of studies—the entire axis of impetuous hand encircling reluctant wrist, with almost microscopic variations. Over the ensuing month, therefore, he executed an impressive anatomical chart that showed forty separate renderings of the subject in painstaking detail. His solitude, save for the rustle of the weekly four-thousand-dollar check slipped under the door, was undisturbed. The job complete, he phoned Surreptici and was bidden to rendezvous, again at midnight, in a roadside diner near Laguna Beach. Perspiration began mantling his forehead as the producer examined each drawing minutely without any reaction. At length, the latter broke the silence. "A true professional never resents criticism," he said, voicing the maxim that ever precedes the swish of the headsman's axe, "so I won't pull my punches. None of these is right. They're good, mind you, but not quite on the nose. However," he continued on a more sanguine note, "I . . . think . . . I've got a solution. I have, by cracky. If you could combine the elements of—let me see—Numbers 19, 26, and 37 there, we'd have exactly the clutch I visualized."



Spitalny was momentarily downcast. However, he had met perfectionists before, and while this one was exceptional, he reflected, so was the *quid pro quo*. Accordingly, he retired to his atelier and, after ten days of prodigious labor, evolved a grasp he felt would tickle the most lascivious fancy. He unveiled his handiwork, so to speak, at still another meeting place calculated to throw Nosy Parkers off the scent—the back room of a Mexican social club in San Clemente. From the way Surreptici's lips tightened as he surveyed the drawing, Spitalny knew the verdict was foreordained. "My friend, I hate to say this," Surreptici said. "It's too photographic—too real. All the rapture's drained out of it, the wild ecstasy, the tortuous yearning to commune with a voluptuous body symbolized in that grab. We'll have to start in again from scratch. Let me explain the psychology of these two stormy petrels to you."

His discourse on the libidinal drive lasted fifty minutes, ending with Spitalny's promise to sleep on it and formulate a fresh approach. Instead, he hastened to the bank after breakfast, drew out his earnings, and caught the next plane East. By coincidence, the studio of his dreams, which he had long hungered to possess, had just come on

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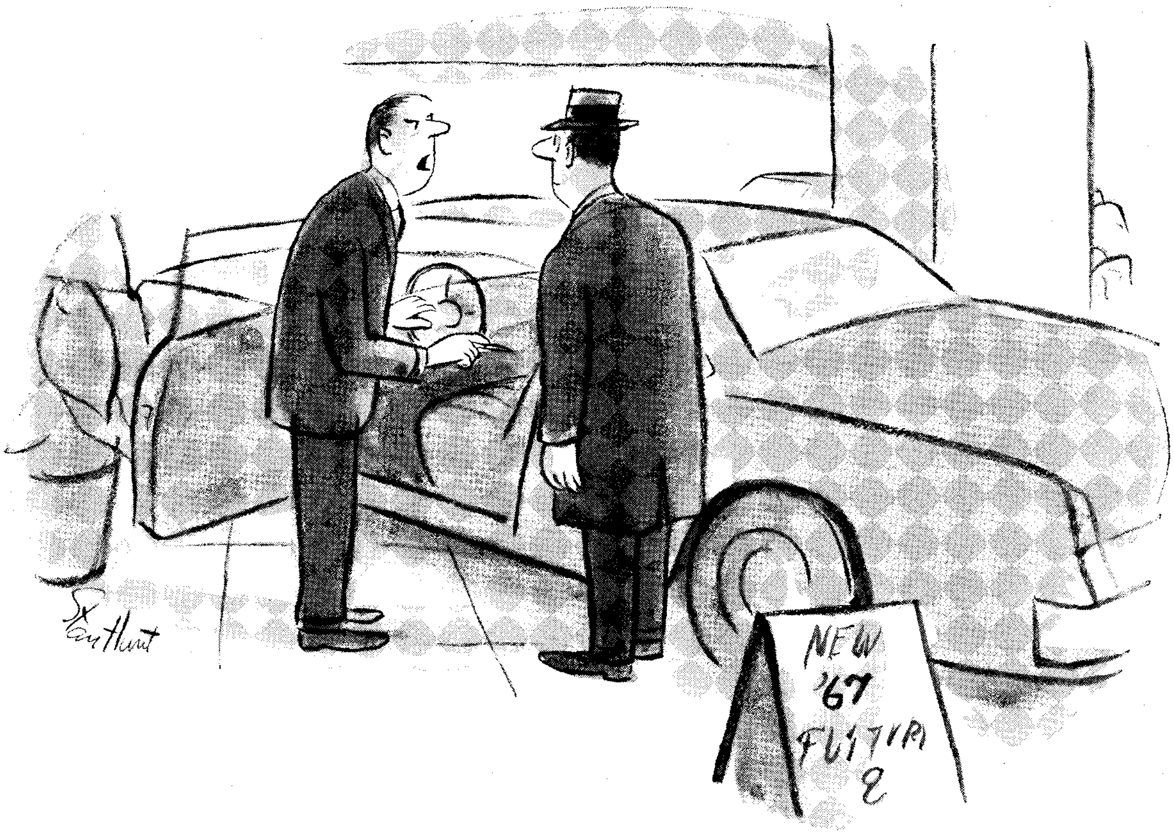
A WOOD

Some would distinguish nothing here but oaks,
Proud heads conversant with the power and glory
Of heaven's rays or heaven's thunderstrokes
And adumbrators to the understory,
Where, in their shade, small trees of modest leanings
Contend for light and are content with gleanings.

And yet here's dogwood; overshadowed, small,
But not inclined to droop and count its losses,
It cranes its way to sunlight after all,
And signs the air of May with Maltese crosses.
And here's witch hazel, that from underneath
Great vacant boughs will bloom in winter's teeth.

Given a source of light so far away
That nothing, short or tall, comes very near it,
Would it not take a proper fool to say
That any tree has not the proper spirit?
Air, water, earth and fire are to be blended,
But no one style, I think, is recommended.

—Richard Wilbur



"Now, when you hit something head on, this steering column will collapse and the padded dash will tend to cushion your impact as you hurtle forward. And whenever you're hit from behind, this seat back is designed to limit the effect of the snapback, which could break your neck. . . ."

the market, and, in a whirlwind of joyous solvency, he consummated the purchase on the spot. He was immersed in redecorating it a fortnight later, his ordeal half forgotten, when the advertising genie who engaged him telephoned.

He was beside himself. "What the hell is this, walking off the job?" he barked. "Mr. Big's almost in tears—he's afraid you had a nervous breakdown. Was it the money? If so, he'll up the ante to five thousand, six—"

"No, no," Spitalny pleaded. "Look, I'm only a hack, but I know my limitations. I washed out, I *failed* him—do you understand? I was a flop."

"You're demented, Jack!" the other cried. "He thinks you're a genius—a modern da Vinci. He's crazy for you. All he wants is two weeks of your time—three at most. Now, cut the cackle and start packing—there'll be a limo there in an hour to put you on the noon flight to L.A."

The idea was abhorrent, but as Spitalny gazed around his studio there danced in his head visions of the sugarplums an added eight thousand dollars would buy—armor, tapestries, rich carpets—and his resistance buckled. At their reunion a couple of nights afterward, in an orange warehouse in Azusa, Surreptici welcomed him like a prodigal son. Avoiding any hint of reproach, he shouldered full blame for impinging his wishes on him. The artistic temperament, he declared, in a burst of metaphor, was porcelain-fragile, a shy wild flower that wilted at the merest breath. Henceforth, Spitalny's brush was to follow its own bent without let or hindrance. All he asked was that should some cataclysm erase Hollywood, obliterating everything but the masterpiece he foresaw, it might be a Rosetta stone wherewith archeologists could decipher the sexual mores of the age.

Spitalny brooded over his chart of forty drawings for a day. He discarded five, and from the remainder evolved a dozen combinations at random, twisting the importunate fingers into tentacles resembling those of an octopus. He then procured from Surreptici a blowup of the film clip the poster was based on, and from it traced the ravisher's actual grip, which he treated, unlike the others, with unsparing realism. When he placed the sum total of his work before Surreptici for judgment, the latter betrayed enthusiasm for the first time. "Aha!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands. "We're getting close at last—very close. That is, except for this one, of course." He indicated the tracing. "That's just plain distorted, kid—nobody's got a mitt like that. As for the rest, you want my honest opinion? They tease me, but they don't send me—know what I mean? Now, if you could manage to blend together the components of—hmm—Number 4, Number 7, and Number 11— *Hey*, what's the matter?"

"Nothing . . . nothing," said Spitalny faintly, and slid to the floor.

THE smoke of midday hamburgers coiled up about us like altar fires, and the cashier's scowl plainly indicated we were *de trop*, as my friend concluded his recital. "Well, that's it," he said. "It was weeks before I could pick up a pencil, and even now it bugs me when someone fondles a woman's wrist. You know that TV commercial 'Would you hold hands with a cactus?' I have to leave the room."

"So do I, and I never laid eyes on Surreptici," I said. "Which version did he finally use, by the way?"

"Oh, the one on the original poster, naturally. But then, to top it off, they cut the haymow sequence out of the movie. Go figure."

"Ah, well," I consoled him. "You've a lovely studio to show for it, haven't you?"

"Yes, but I can't work there, damn it," he said. "I just use it to impress clients. And also, Luba loves it. . . . You remember her, don't you—Luba Pneumatiç that was?"

I did, and I got out of there real fast. After all, flesh and blood can bear only so much anguish in one day.

—S. J. PERELMAN

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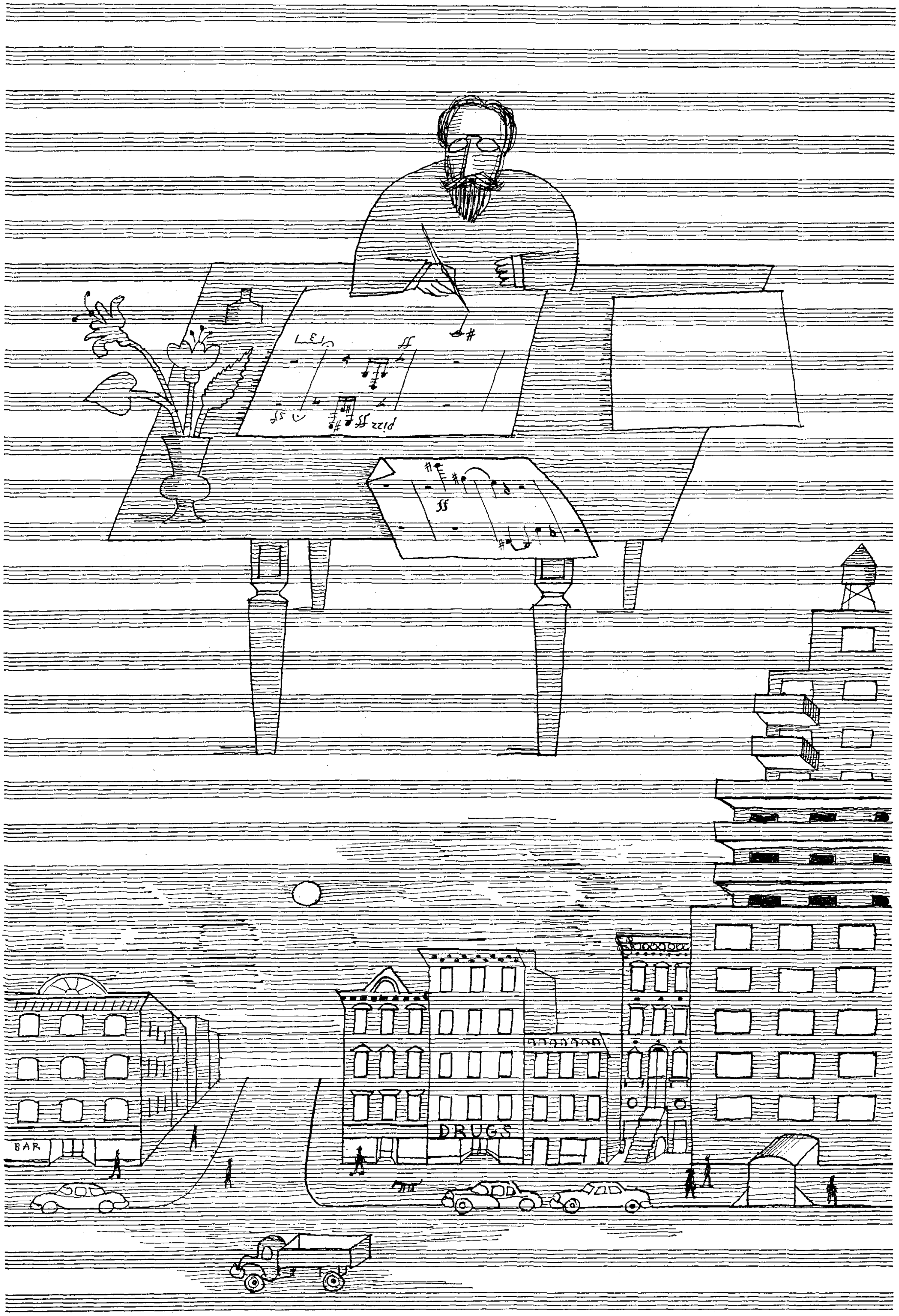
CHICAGO (AP)—Rooms with wall-to-wall carpeting, a sauna bath, outdoor barbecue, lace tablecloths and China are available to a patient occupying Lake Michigan.—*The Times.*

He'll *need* a few comforts.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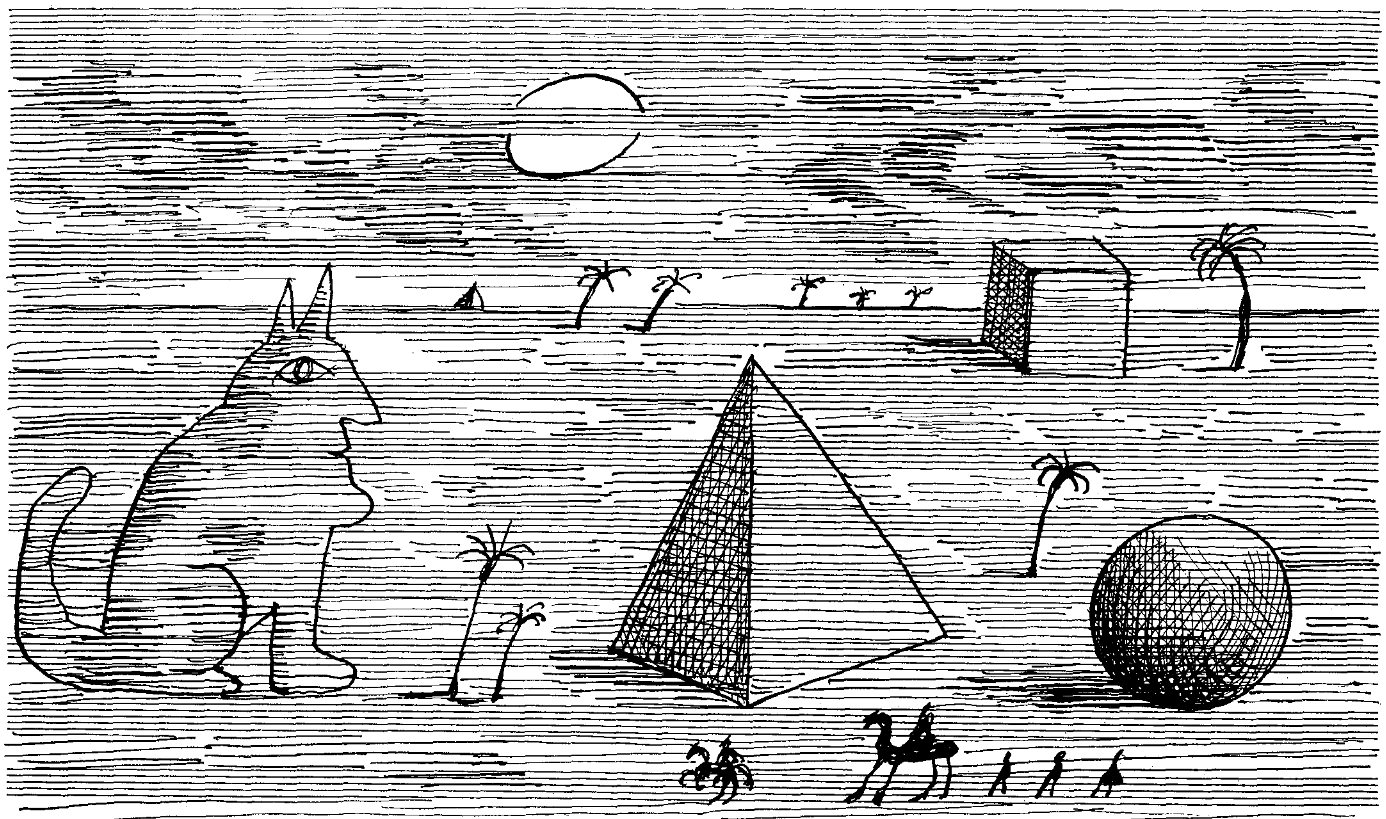

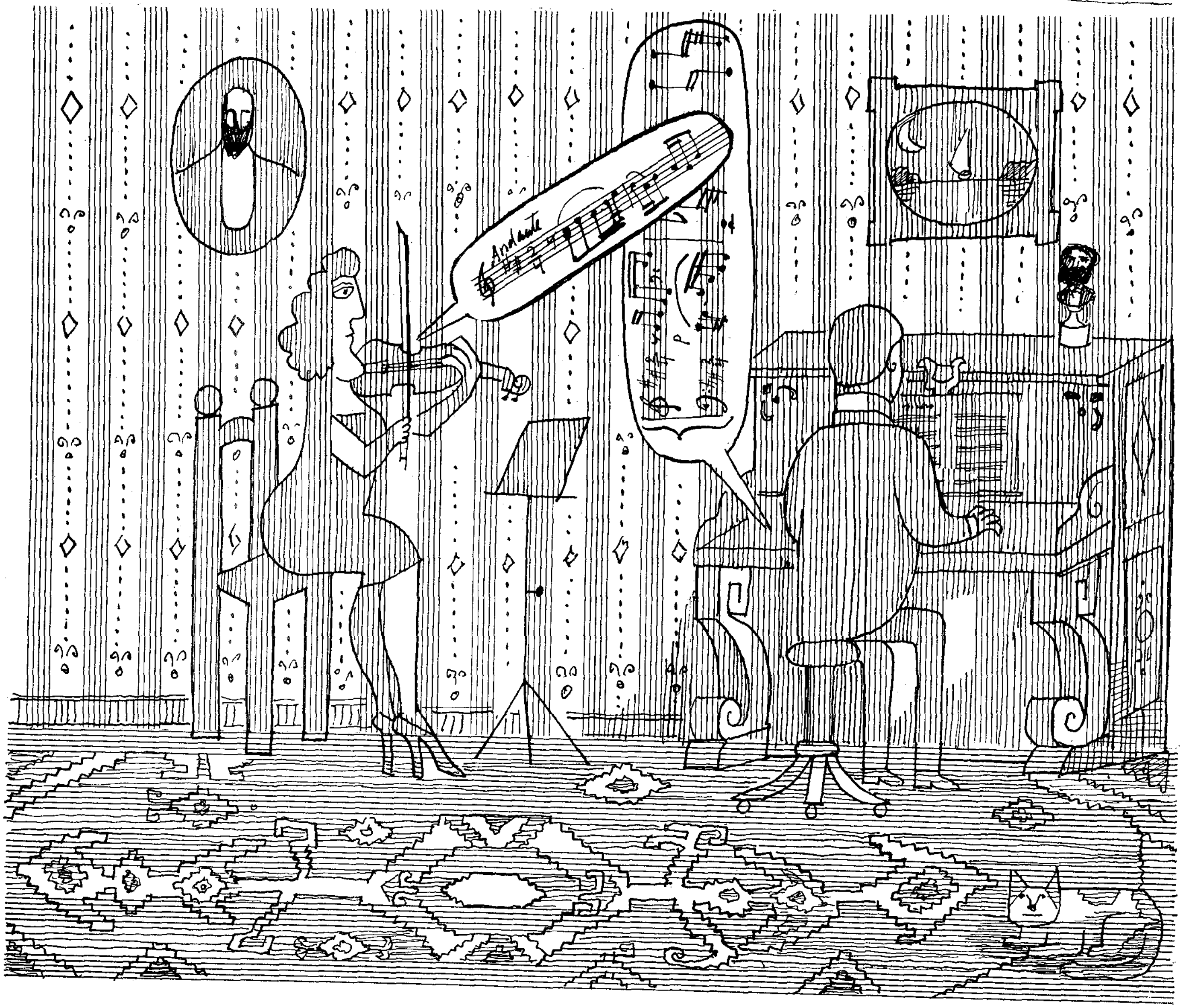
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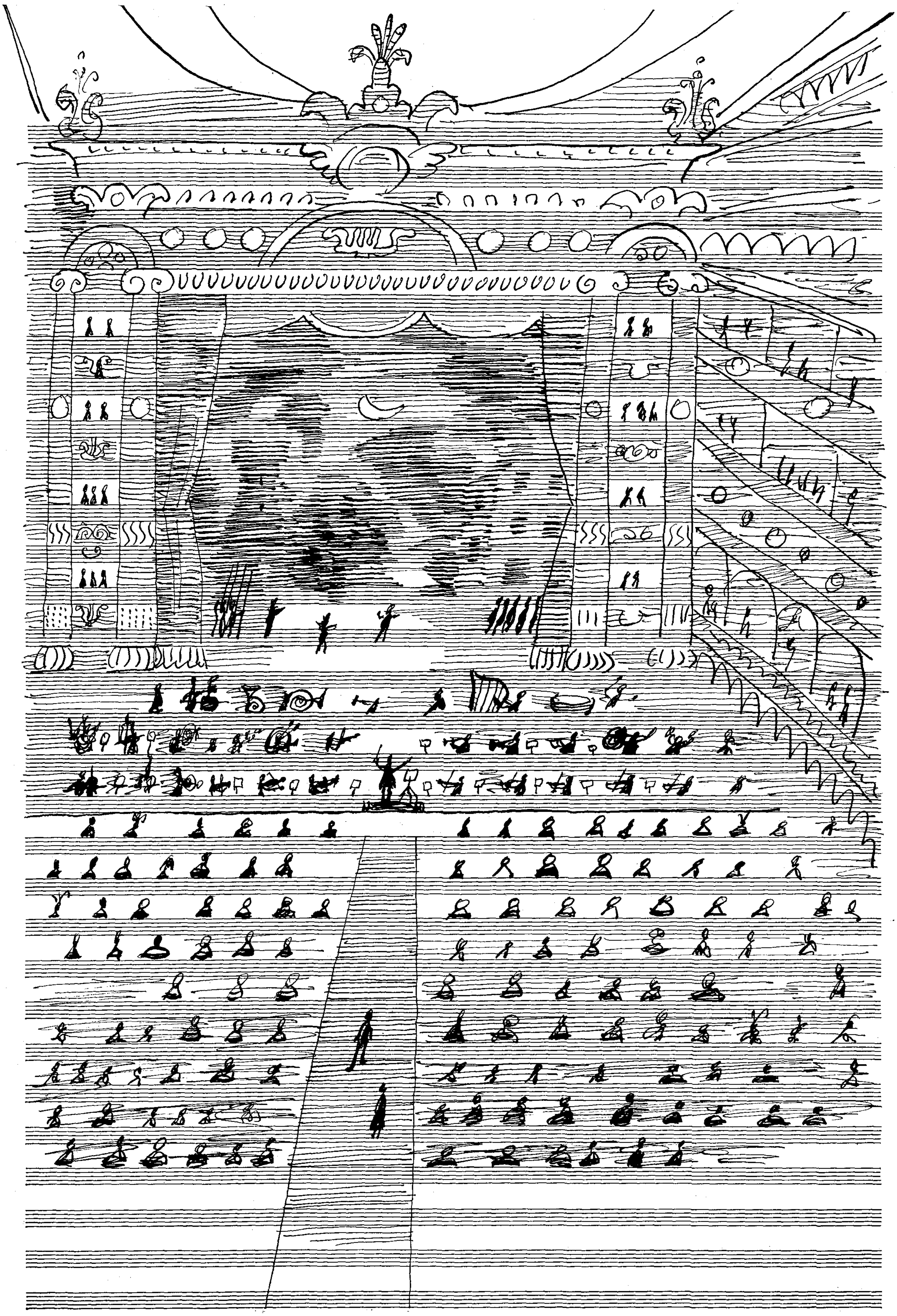
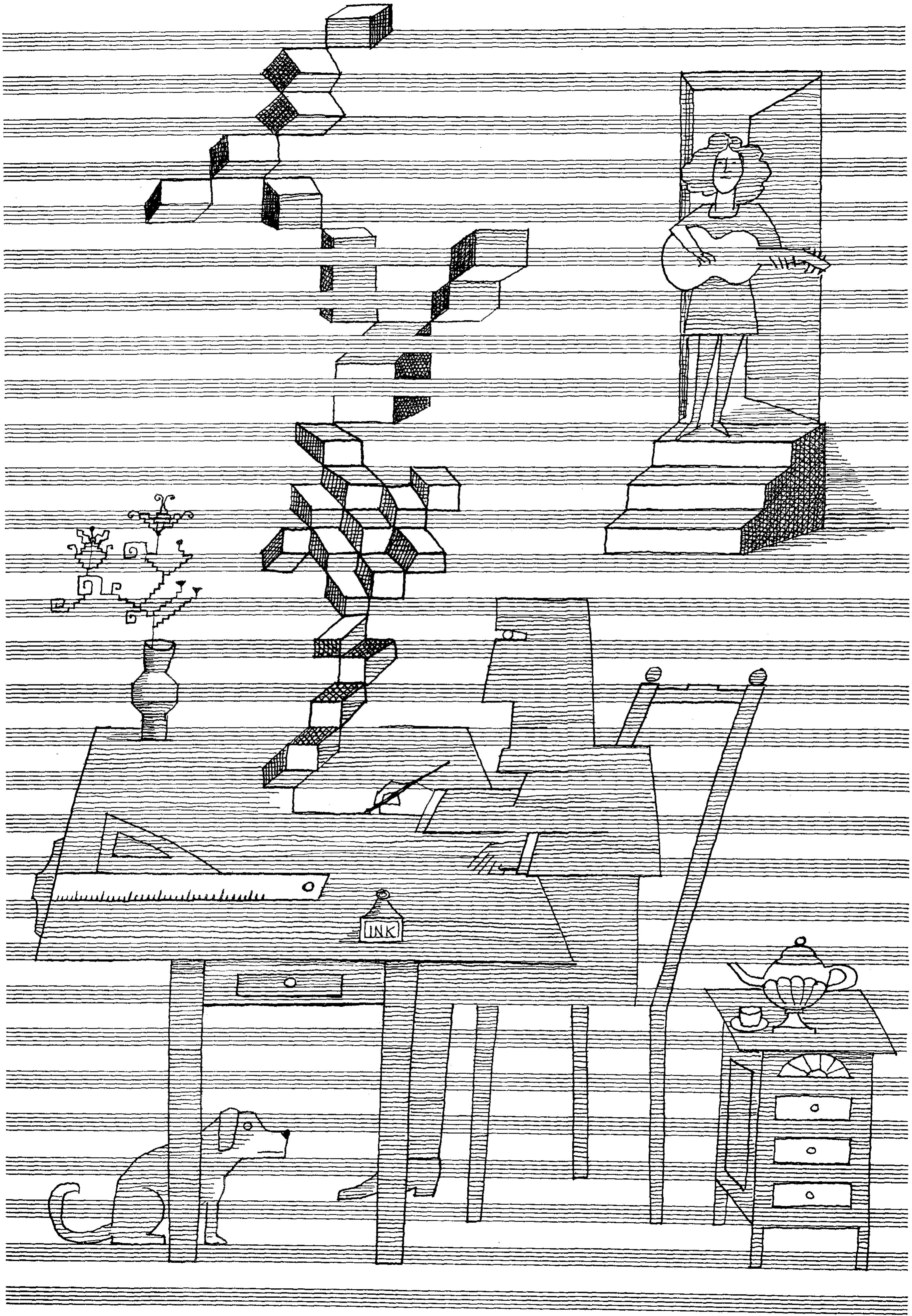




STEINBERG

AN ACT OF CHARITY

THE parish priest, Father Maginnis, did not like the second curate, Father Galvin, and Father Fogarty could see why. It was the dislike of the professional for the amateur, no matter how talented, and nobody could have said that Father Galvin had much in the way of talent. Maginnis was a professional to his fingertips. He drove the right car, knew the right people, and could suit his conversation to any company, even that of women. He even varied his accent to make people feel at home. With Deasy, the owner of the garage, he talked about “the caw,” but to Lavin, the garage hand, he said “the cyarr,” smiling benignly at the homeliness of his touch.

Galvin was thin, pale, irritable, and intense. When he should have kept a straight face he made some stupid joke that stopped the conversation dead; and when he laughed in the proper place at someone else’s joke, it was with a slight air of vexation, as though he found it hard to put up with people who made him laugh at all. He worried himself over little embarrassments and what people would think of them, till Fogarty asked bluntly, “What the hell difference does it make what they think?” Then Galvin looked away sadly and said, “I suppose you’re right.” But Fogarty didn’t mind his visits so much except when he had asked other curates in for a drink and a game of cards. Then he took a glass of sherry or something equally harmless and twiddled it awkwardly for half an hour as though it were some sort of patent device for keeping his hands occupied. When one of the curates made a harmless dirty joke, Galvin pretended to be looking at a picture so that he didn’t have to comment. Fogarty, who loved giving people nicknames, called him Father Mother’s Boy. He called Maginnis the Old Pro, but when that nickname got back, as everything a priest says gets back, it did Fogarty no harm at all. Maginnis was glad he had a curate with so much sense.

He sometimes asked Fogarty to Sunday dinner, but he soon gave up on asking Galvin, and again Fogarty sympathized with him. Maginnis was a professional, even to his dinners. He basted his meat with one sort of wine and his chickens with another, and he liked a guest who could tell the difference. He also liked him to drink two large whiskeys before dinner and to make sensible remarks about the wine; and when he had exhausted the secrets of his kitchen he sat back, smoked his cigar, and told funny stories. They were very good stories, mostly about priests.

“Did I ever tell you the one about Canon Murphy, Father?” he would bellow, his fat face beaming. “Ah, that’s damn good. Canon Murphy went on a pilgrimage to Rome, and when he came back he preached a sermon on it. ‘So I had a special audience with His Holiness, dearly beloved brethren, and he asked me, “Canon Murphy, where are you now?” “I’m in Dromod, Your Holiness,” said I. “What sort of a parish is it, Canon Murphy?” says he. “Ah, ’tis a nice, snug little parish, Your Holiness,” says I. “Are they a good class of people?” says he. “Well, they’re not bad, Your Holiness,” said I. “Are they good-living people?” says he. “Well, they’re as good as the next, Your Holiness,” says I. “Except when they’d have a drop taken.” “Tell me, Canon Murphy,” says he, “do they pay their dues?” And like that, I was nearly struck dumb. “There you have me, Your Holiness!” says I. “There you have me!” ’ ”

“I suppose you could *call me an intellectual. I always keep asking myself* why*.”*

At heart Fogarty thought Maginnis was a bit of a sham and that most of his stories were fabrications; but he never made the mistake of underestimating him, and he enjoyed the feeling Maginnis gave him of belonging to a group, and that of the best kind—well balanced, humane, and necessary.

At meals in the curates’ house, Galvin had a tendency to chatter brightly and aimlessly that irritated Fogarty. He was full of scraps of undigested knowledge, picked up from newspapers and magazines, about new plays and books that he would never either see or read. Fogarty was a moody young man who preferred either to keep silent or engage in long emotional discussions about local scandals that grew murkier and more romantic the more he described them. About such things he was hopelessly indiscreet. “And that fellow notoriously killed his own father,” he said once, and Galvin looked at him in distress. “You mean he really killed him?” he asked—as though Fogarty did not really mean everything at the moment he was saying it—and then, to make things worse, added, “It’s not something I’d care to repeat—not without evidence, I mean.”

“The Romans used eunuchs for civil servants, but we’re more enlightened,” Fogarty said once to Maginnis. “We prefer the natural ones.” Maginnis gave a hearty laugh; it was the sort of remark he liked to repeat. And when Galvin returned after lunching austerely with some maiden ladies and offered half-baked suggestions, Maginnis crushed him, and Fogarty watched with malicious amusement. He knew it was turning into persecution, but he wasn't quite sure which of the two men suffered more.

WHEN he heard the explosion in the middle of the night, he waited for some further noise to interpret it, and then rose and put on the light. The housekeeper was standing outside her bedroom door in a raincoat, her hands joined. She was a widow woman with a history of tragedy behind her, and Fogarty did not like her; for some reason he felt she had the evil eye, and he always addressed her in his most commanding tone.

"What was that, Mary?" he asked.

"I don't know, Father," she said in a whisper. "It sounded as if it was in Father Galvin's room."

Fogarty listened again. There was no sound from Galvin's room, and he knocked and pushed in the door. He closed the door again immediately.

"Get Dr. Carmody quick!" he said brusquely.

"What is it, Father?" she asked. "An accident?"

"Yes, a bad one. And when you're finished, run out and ask Father Maginnis to come in."

"Oh, that old gun!" she moaned softly. "I dreaded it. I'll ring Dr. Carmody." She went hastily down the stairs.

Fogarty followed her and went into the living room to pick up the sacred oils from the cupboard where they were kept. "I don't know, Doctor," he heard Mary moaning. "Father Fogarty said it was an accident." He returned upstairs and lifted the gun from the bed before anointing the dead man. He had just concluded when the door opened and he saw the parish priest come in, wearing a blue flowered dressing gown.

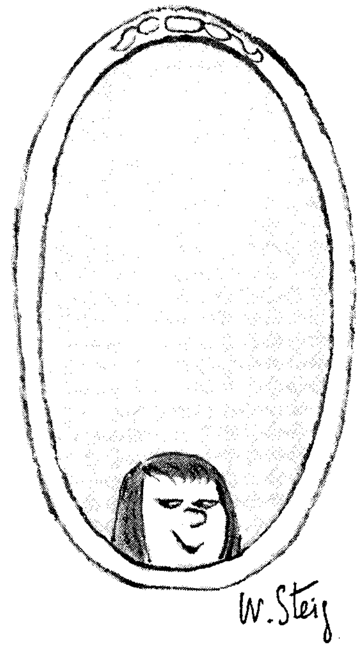
Maginnis went over to the bed and stared down at the figure on it. Then he looked at Fogarty over his glasses, his face almost expressionless. "I was afraid of something like this," he said knowingly. "I knew he was a bit unstable."

"You don't think it could be an accident?" Fogarty asked, though he knew the question sounded ridiculous.

"No," Maginnis said, giving him a downward look through the spectacles. "Do you?"

"But how could he bring himself to do a thing like that?" Fogarty asked incredulously.

"Oh, who knows?" said Maginnis, almost impatiently. "With weak characters it's hard to tell. He doesn't seem to have left any message."



"Not that I can see."

"I'm sorry 'twas Carmody you sent for."

"But he was Galvin's doctor."

"I know, I know, but all the same he's young and a bit immature. I'd have preferred an older man. Make no mistake about it, Father, we have a problem on our hands," he added with sudden resolution. "A very serious problem."

Fogarty did not need to have the problem spelled out for him. The worst thing a priest could do was to commit suicide, since it seemed to deny everything that gave his vocation meaning—Divine Providence and Mercy, forgiveness, Heaven, Hell. That one of God's anointed could come to such a state of despair was something the Church could not admit. It would give too much scandal. It was simply an unacceptable act.

"That's his car now, I fancy," Maginnis said.

Carmody came quickly up the stairs with his bag in his hand and his pink pajamas showing under his tweed jacket. He was a tall, spectacled young man with a long, humorous clown's face, and in ordinary life adopted a manner that went with his face, but Fogarty knew he was both competent and conscientious. He had worked for some years in an English hospital and developed a bluntness of speech that Fogarty found refreshing.

"Christ!" he said as he took in the scene. Then he went over and looked closely at the body. "Poor Peter!" he added. Then he took the shotgun from the bedside table where Fogarty had put it and examined it. "I should have kept a closer eye on him," he said with chagrin. "There isn't much I can do for him now."

"On the contrary, Doctor," Maginnis said. "There was never a time when you could do more for him." Then he gave Fogarty a meaningful glance. "I wonder if you'd mind getting Jack Fitzgerald for me, Father? Talk to himself, and I needn't warn you to be careful what you say."

"Oh, I'll be careful," Fogarty said with gloomy determination. There was something in his nature that always responded to the touch of melodrama, and he knew Maginnis wanted to talk to Carmody alone. He telephoned to Fitzgerald, the undertaker, and then went back upstairs to dress. It was clear he wasn't going to get any more sleep that night.

He heard himself called and returned to Galvin's room. This time he really felt the full shock of it: the big bald parish priest in his dressing gown and the gaunt young doctor with his pajama top open under the jacket. He could see the two men had been arguing.

"Perhaps you'd talk to Dr. Carmody, Father?" Maginnis suggested benignly.

"There's nothing to talk about, Father Fogarty," Carmody said, adopting the formal title he ignored when they were among friends. "I can't sign a certificate saying this was a natural death. You know I can't. It's too unprofessional."

"Professional or not, Dr. Carmody, someone will have to do it," Maginnis said. "I am the priest of this parish. In a manner of speaking I'm a professional man too, you know. And this unfortunate occurrence is something that doesn't concern only me and you. It has consequences that affect the whole parish."

"Your profession doesn't require you to sign your name to a lie, Father," Carmody said angrily. "That's what you want me to do."

"Oh, I wouldn't call that a lie, Dr. Carmody," Maginnis said with dignity. "In considering the nature of a lie we have to take account of its good and bad effects. I can see no possible good effect that might result from a scandal about the death of this poor boy. Not one! In fact, I can see unlimited harm."

"So can I," Fogarty burst out. His voice sounded too loud, too confident, even to his own ears.

"I see," Carmody said sarcastically. "And you think we should keep on denouncing the Swedes and Danes for their suicide statistics, just because they don't fake them the way we do. Ah, for God's sake, man, I'd never be able to respect myself again."

Fogarty saw that Maginnis was right. In some ways Carmody was too immature. "That's all very well, Jim, but Christian charity comes before statistics," he said appealingly. "Forget about the damn statistics, can't you? Father Galvin wasn't only a statistic. He was a human being—somebody we both knew. And what about his family?"

"What about his mother?" Maginnis asked with real pathos. "I gather you have a mother yourself, Dr. Carmody?"

"And you expect me to meet Mrs. Galvin tomorrow and tell her her son was a suicide and can't be buried in consecrated ground?" Fogarty went on emotionally. "Would you like us to do that to your mother if it was your case?"

"A doctor has unpleasant things to do as well, Jerry," said Carmody.

"To tell a mother that her child is dying?" Fogarty asked. "A priest has to do that too, remember. Not to tell her that her child is damned."

But the very word that Fogarty knew had impressed Carmody made the parish priest uncomfortable. "Fortunately, Father, that is in better hands than yours or mine," he said curtly. And at once his manner changed. It was as though he was a little bit tired of them both. "Dr. Carmody," he said, "I think I hear Mr. Fitzgerald. You'd better make up your mind quick. If you're not prepared to sign the death certificate, I'll soon find another doctor who will. That is my simple duty, and I'm going to do it. But as an elderly man who knows a little more about this town than you or Father Fogarty here, I'd advise you not to compel me to bring in another doctor. If word got round that I was forced to do such a thing, it might have very serious effects on your career."

There was no mistaking the threat, and there was something almost admirable about the way it was made. At the same time, it roused the sleeping rebel in Fogarty. Bluff, he thought angrily. Damn bluff! If Carmody walked out on them at that moment, there was very little the parish priest or anyone else could do to him. Of course, any of the other doctors would sign the certificate, but it wouldn't do them any good either. When people really felt the need for a doctor, they didn't necessarily want the doctor the parish priest approved of. But as he looked at Carmody's sullen, resentful face, he realized that Carmody didn't know his own strength in the way that Maginnis knew his. After all, what had he behind him but a few years in a London hospital, while behind Maginnis was that whole vast, historic organization that he was rightly so proud of.

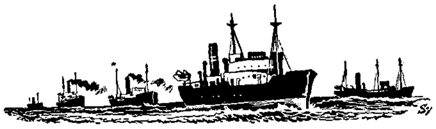
"I *can't* sign a certificate that death was due to natural causes," Carmody said stubbornly. "Accident, maybe—I don't know. I wasn't here. I'll agree to accident."

"Accident?" Maginnis said contemptuously, and this time he did not even trouble to use Carmody's title. It was as though he were stripping him of any little dignity he had. "Young man, accidents with shotguns do not happen to priests at three o'clock in the morning. Try to talk sense!"

And just as Fogarty realized that the doctor had allowed himself to be crushed, they heard Mary let Fitzgerald in. He came briskly up the stairs. He was a small, spare man, built like a jockey. The parish priest nodded in the direction of the bed and Fitzgerald's brows went up mechanically. He was a man who said little, but he had a face and figure too expressive for his character. It was as though all the opinions he suppressed in life found relief in violent physical movements.

"Naturally, we don't want it talked about, Mr. Fitzgerald," said Maginnis. "Do you think you could handle it yourself?"

The undertaker's eyes popped again, and he glanced swiftly from Maginnis to Carmody and then to Fogarty. He was a great man for efficiency, though; if you had asked him to supply the corpse as well as the coffin, he might have responded automatically, "Male or female?"



"Dr. Carmody will give the certificate, of course?" he asked shrewdly. He hadn't missed much of what was going on.

"It seems I don't have much choice," Carmody replied bitterly.

"Oh, purely as an act of charity, of course," Fitz said hastily. "We all have to do this sort of thing from time to time. The poor relatives have enough to worry them without inquests and things like that. What was the age, Father Maginnis, do you know?" he added, taking out a notebook. A clever little man, thought Fogarty. He had put it all at once upon a normal, businesslike footing.

"Twenty-eight," said Maginnis.

"God help us!" Fitz said perfunctorily, and made a note. After that he took out a rule.

"I'd better get ready and go to see the Bishop myself," Maginnis said. "We'll need his permission, of course, but I haven't much doubt about that. I know he has the reputation for being on the strict side, but I always found him very considerate. I'll send Nora over to help your housekeeper, Father. In the meantime, maybe you'd be good enough to get in touch with the family."

"I'll see to that, Father," Fogarty said. He and Carmody followed Maginnis downstairs. He said goodbye and left, and Fogarty's manner changed abruptly. "Come in and have a drink, Jim," he said.

"I'd rather not, Jerry," Carmody said gloomily.

"Come on! Come on! You need one, man! I need one myself and I can't have it." He shut the door of the living room behind him. "Great God,

COME BACK

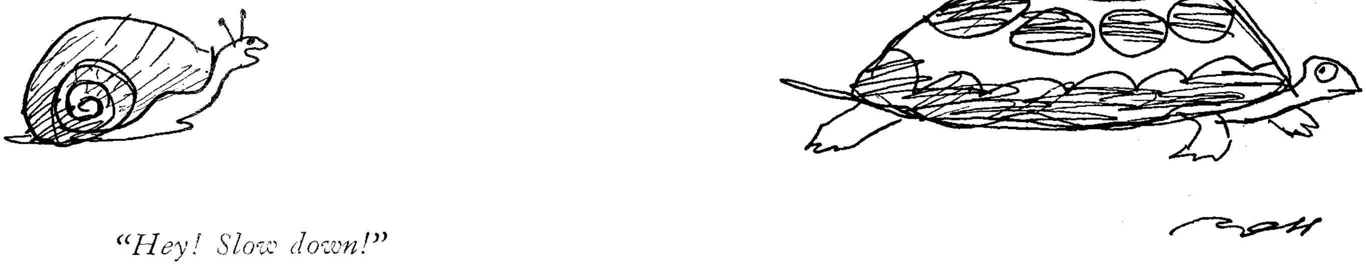
You came back to us in a dream and we were not here
In a light dress laughing you ran down the slope
To the door
And knocked for a long time thinking it strange

Oh come back we were watching all the time
With the delight choking us and the piled
Grief scrambling like guilt to leave us
At the sight of you
Looking well
And besides our questions our news
All of it paralyzed until you were gone

Is it the same way there

—W. S. Merwin

* *



"Hey! Slow down!"

* * *

Jim, who could have suspected it?"

"I suppose I should have," said Carmody. "I got hints enough if only I might have understood them."

"But you couldn't, Jim," Fogarty said excitedly, taking the whiskey from the big cupboard. "Nobody could. Do you think I ever expected it, and I lived closer to him than you did."

The front door opened and they heard the slippers of Nora, Maginnis' housekeeper, in the hall. There was a low mumble of talk outside the door, and then the clank of a bucket as the women went up the stairs. Fitzgerald was coming down at the same time, and Fogarty opened the door a little.

"Well, Jack?"

"Well, Father. I'll do the best I can."

"You wouldn't join us for a—?"

"No, Father. I'll have my hands full for the next couple of hours."

"Good night, Jack. And I'm sorry for the disturbance."

"Ah, 'twas none of your doing. Good night, Father."

The Doctor finished his whiskey in a gulp, and his long, battered face had a bitter smile. "And so this is how it's done!" he said.

"This is how it's done, Jim, and believe me, it's the best way for everybody in the long run," Fogarty replied with real gravity.

But, looking at Carmody's face, he knew the Doctor did not believe it, and he wondered then if he really believed it himself.

When the Doctor had gone, Fogarty got on the telephone to a provincial town fifty miles away. The exchange was closed down, so he had to give his message to the police. In ten minutes or so a guard would set out along the sleeping streets to the house where the Galvins lived. That was one responsibility he was glad to evade.

While he was speaking, he heard the parish priest's car set off and knew he was on his way to the Bishop's palace. Then he shaved, and, about eight, Fitzgerald drove up with the coffin in his van. Silently they carried it between them up the stairs. The body was lying decently composed with a simple bandage about the head. Between them they lifted it into the coffin. Fitzgerald looked questioningly at Fogarty and went on his knees. As he said the brief prayer, Fogarty found his voice unsteady and his eyes full of tears. Fitzgerald gave him a pitying look and then rose and dusted his knees.

"All the same there'll be talk, Father," he said.

"Maybe not as much as there should be, Jack," Fogarty said moodily.

"We'll take him to the chapel, of course?" Fitzgerald went on.

"Everything in order, Jack. Father Maginnis is gone to see the Bishop."

"He couldn't trust the telephone, of course," Fitzgerald said, stroking his unshaven chin. "No fear the Bishop will interfere, though. Father Maginnis is a smart man. You saw him?"

"I saw him."

"No nerves, no hysterics. I saw other people in the same situation. 'Oh, Mr. Fitzgerald, what am I going to do?' His mind on essential things the whole time. He's an object lesson to us all, Father."

"You're right, Jack, he is," Fogarty said despondently.

Suddenly the undertaker's hand shot out and caught him by the upper arm. "Forget about it, boy! Forget about it! What else can you do? Why the hell should you break your heart over it?"

Fogarty still had to meet the family. Later that morning, they drove up to the curates' house. The mother was an actressy type and wept a good deal. She wanted somebody to give her a last message, which Fogarty couldn't think up. The sister, a pretty, intense girl, wept a little too, but quietly, with her back turned, while the brother, a young man with a great resemblance to Galvin, said little. Mother and brother accepted without protest the ruling that the coffin was not to be opened, but the sister looked at Fogarty and asked, "You don't think I could see him? Alone? I wouldn't be afraid." When he said the doctor had forbidden it, she turned her back again, and he had an impression that there was a closer link between her and Galvin than between the others and him.

That evening, they brought the body to lie before the altar of the church, and Maginnis received it and said the prayers. The church was crowded, and Fogarty knew with a strange mixture of rejoicing and mortification that the worst was over. Maginnis' master stroke was the new curate, Rowlands, who had arrived within a couple of hours after his own return. He was a tall, thin, ascetic-looking young man, slow-moving and slow-speaking, and Fogarty knew that all eyes were on him.

Everything went with perfect propriety at the Requiem Mass next morning, and after the funeral Fogarty attended the lunch given by Maginnis to the visiting clergy. He almost laughed out loud when he heard Maginnis ask in a low voice, "Father Healy, did I ever tell you the story of Canon Murphy and the Pope?" All that would follow would be the mourning card with the picture of Galvin and the Gothic lettering that said *"Ecce Sacerdos Magnus."* There was no danger of a scandal any longer. Carmody would not talk. Fitzgerald would not talk either. None of the five people involved would. Father Galvin might have spared himself the trouble.

As they returned from the church together, Fogarty tried to talk to the new curate about what had happened, but he soon realized that the whole significance of it had escaped Rowlands, and that Rowlands thought he was only overdramatizing it all. Anybody would think he was overdramatizing it, except Carmody. After his supper he would go to the Doctor's house, and they would talk about it. Only Carmody would really understand what it was they had done between them. No one else would.

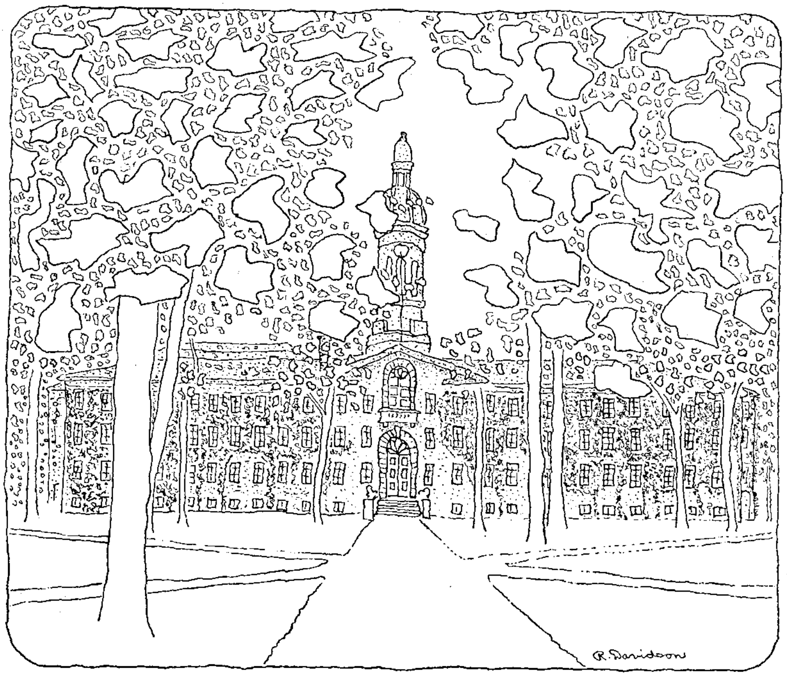
What lonely lives we live, he thought unhappily.

—Frank O'Connor

PROFILES

A PRELUDE—II

LANDSCAPES, CHARACTERS, AND CONVERSATIONS FROM THE EARLIER YEARS OF MY LIFE



EDITORS' NOTE: This is the second of three autobiographical articles by Edmund Wilson.

PRINCETON

1912—1916

[In the summer of 1914, at the end of my sophomore year at college, I spent a summer in England, with four of my friends—Stanley Dell and Noel Robinson from Princeton and Larry Noyes and David Hamilton from Yale. John and Bill Brown were with us in Scotland and turned up from time to time in the course of our travels. The arrival of the ship in the mouth of the Mersey was for me a great event. We all looked to England then; it was the era of the Anglophile expatriate. "England!" I thought, in awed ecstasy. We bicycled from Edinburgh to Tintagel. We saw the Scotch and the English lakes, and in the evenings I read Wordsworth's "Prelude." Since Larry, who was to be an architect, was much preoccupied with cathedrals, we visited a great many cathedral towns. I got rather fed up with cathedrals, which did not interest me as much as they did him. We only cheated, as a party, by taking a train through the industrial part of Wales, but I did a little cheating on my own by going off for two nights to London in order to see Shaw's "Pygmalion," with Beerbohm Tree and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. I think that I eventually saw "Pygmalion" three times, and I practically knew it by heart. I still remember lines that do not appear in the printed text. It was the only Shaw production I ever saw in which he allowed star actors to run away with their parts. He had usually employed merely able actors and, in directing, kept them firmly in their place—that is, firmly subordinate to the author. The combats between Shaw and Tree have several times been described, and Shaw finally walked out of the theatre. Both Tree and Mrs. Campbell were badly miscast; the latter was much too old and stout and the former too lisping and vague. I have never seen a really good Higgins. But the production was none the less most amusing. I felt, when I rejoined my companions at Bideford, that I had rather disgracefully let them down, and I long felt somewhat guilty about it.

In London, we stayed at the Langham Hotel. I then began keeping another notebook, in which the first entry records a pilgrimage to Meredith's house in Surrey. He was a great admiration of mine. I asked the way of a countryman, who walked along with me to show me. He said that he had often met Meredith taking a walk by himself. He would be talking to himself—I assumed reciting his poetry: "You'd think he was a mad farmer!"]

MEREDITH'S HOUSE

IT stands at the foot of a long low hill, whose pines make a dark screen of verdure for the bright square little cottage, itself green with ivy and other creepers, which allow only the brass-knobbed door and the five six-paned windows to be seen. Each of these latter is decorated with a window box full of red and pink geraniums, and a border of red ones almost reaches to the windows of the first floor. Two huge crescents of smooth round box surround the small lawn with more geraniums and large sweeps of gravel drive which the house commands, but from the road these hedges are hidden by the trees and shrubs which come down on either side to square brick gateposts and a white gate. The whole place has something of Meredithian cleanness, neatness, and vivid, complex beauty.

The chalet, where half a dozen great novels were written, stands higher up on the hill and some distance to the right of the house—tiny and brown, but relieved by the white woodwork of windows and flowers of pink and white geraniums.

BOX HILL, SURREY

[When England, on August 4th, declared war on Germany, I paid little attention to it. It annoyed us because it prevented us from going to France. There was great excitement in London of a rather frivolous kind. It must have been the same sort of enthusiasm as had been manifested over the Boer War; the great popular song of the Boer War, "Soldiers of the Queen," was sung in the music halls. Bank Holiday was prolonged for I think two more days, and people rode on the tops of taxis. At night, a crowd would congregate outside Buckingham Palace and insist that the King and Queen appear on the balcony again and again: "Mary, Mary, we're wyting!" The Americans were mainly concerned to have their travellers' checks cashed—a number of banks had closed—and get passages back to the States. After long struggles in the Atlantic Transport office, Larry and I got a cabin on the little American liner Minnehaha. It was later torpedoed by the Germans.

When I got back, my father was

shocked that I had not visited Parliament, but pretended to take an interest in my bibliophile exploits in provincial old bookshops.]

Ruysdael, Steen, Teniers, de Hooch, Maes.

The stifled heart of Strassburg stirs.

[In Oxford, we had found Frank MacDonald, of the Princeton English Department. We saw a good deal of him in London, and Larry and I came back on the boat with him. The following is evidently an anecdote of some interview he had had, as an undergraduate, with the big shots of the Princeton faculty.]

West and Westcott
A Comedy of Character
Messrs. West, Fine, Thompson, Westcott, and MacDonald

"Do you read much?"

"No."

"Do you play cards much?"

"No."

"Do you study much?"

"No."

"Well, what do you do with yourself?"

"Oh—nothing much!"

"Have you a sense of humor?"

"No."

"Well, how would you like to take a year out of college?"

"Wouldn't like it!"

"Why not?"

"Shouldn't get back again."

"Oh, afraid of your father!"

"No." (A long pause.)

"Who are you most afraid of in the world?"

"Professor Fine." (Loud laughter.)

"Has anybody got anything to say for him?"

Mr. Westcott (hitherto silent): "He was the only man in my class who knew who wrote 'Empedocles on Aetna.'"

Mr. West: "Oh, Matthew Arnold." (Heavily jocose—at his worst) "Well, if you can come to me tomorrow morning and pass an examination on 'Culture and Anarchy,' I'll let you through. Will you take me up?"

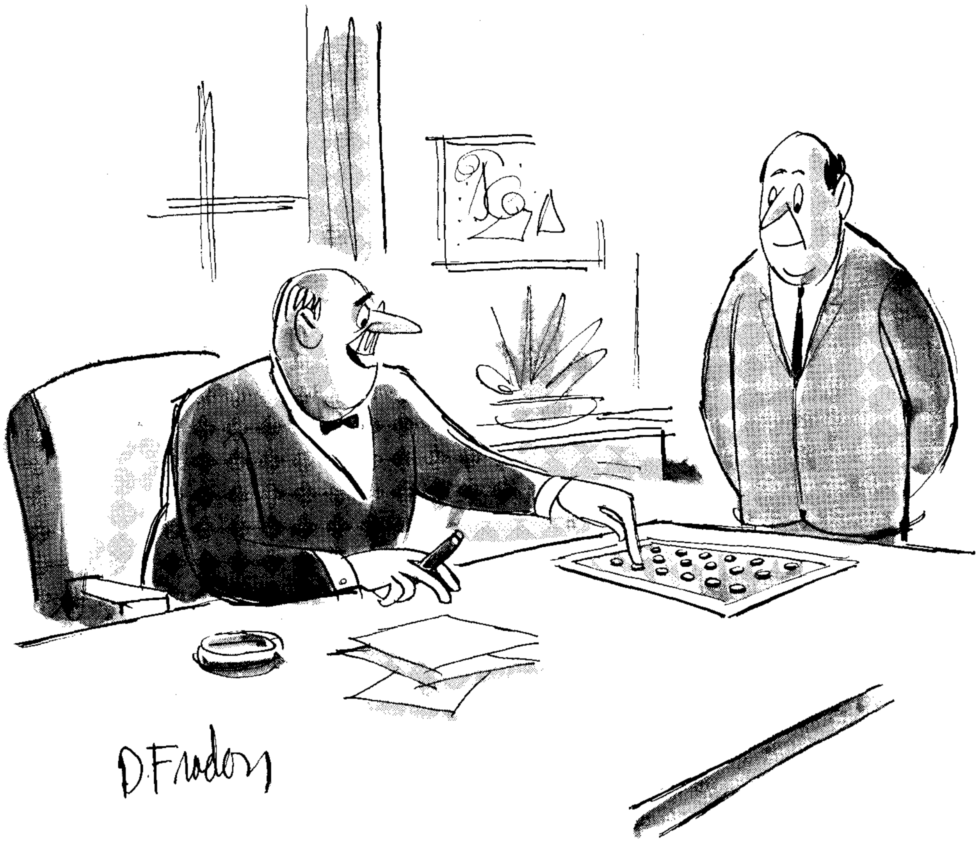
"No! I've never read 'Culture and Anarchy' and I don't intend to!"

Mr. Westcott, to the departing MacDonald: "All right, my boy, it isn't so bad as it seems."

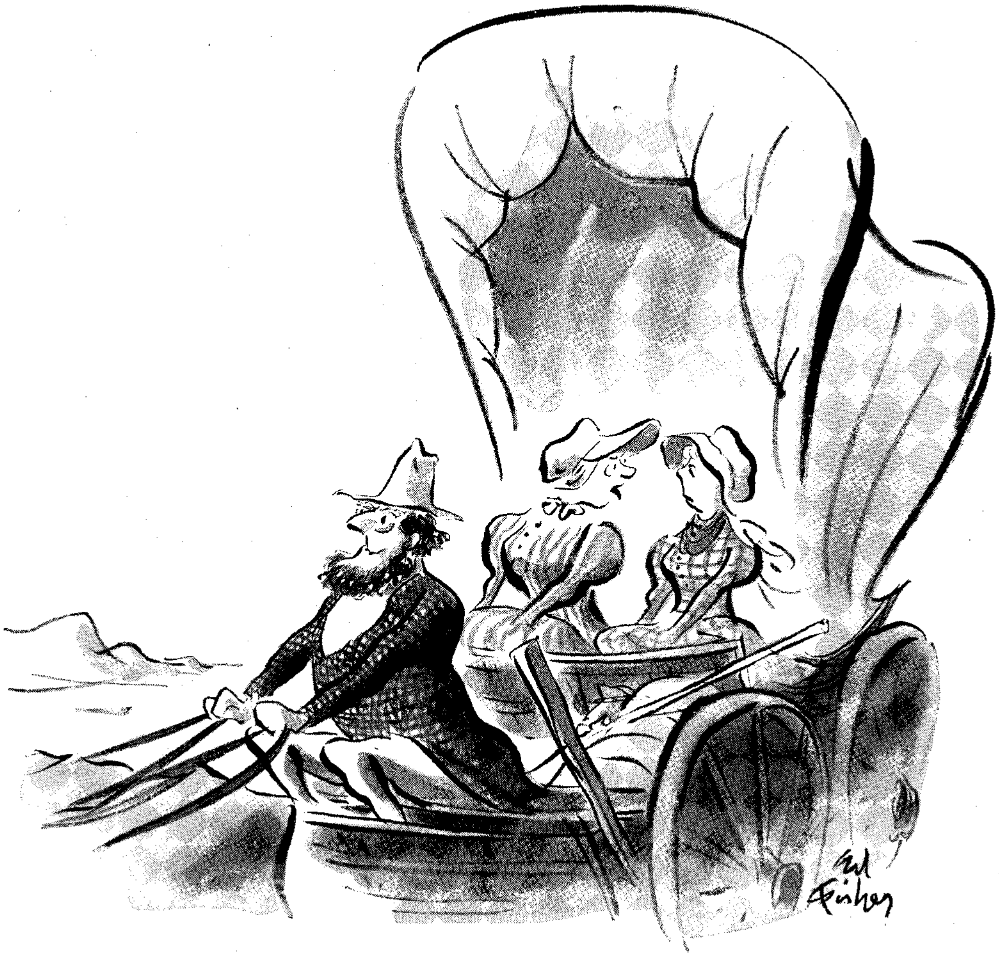
[John H. Westcott was called Livy on account of his devotion to that author. I had been in one of his classes, and though I did not do at all well in it I always found his dry humor delightful. Against Andrew West, who by my time in college had become Dean of the Graduate School, I had a very strong prejudice. He had been Woodrow Wilson's chief opponent, and their critical great battle had been over the location of the Graduate School. West had won and was now ensconced in this luxurious mock-English, mock-Gothic affair, located, as Wilson had not wanted it to be, aloof on a hill and at a distance from the college. Woodrow Wilson was a hero of mine, and my father—though he did not much like Wilson—did not like West, either. He would tell me of West's rapacity in sitting at the deathbeds of millionaires in order to get bequests for his projects for Princeton. And this prejudice was increased by my contacts with him. He was one of those tiresome snob humanists who put on airs about Greek and Latin and always are ramming them down people's throats. It was a feature of the Horace and Catullus course, compulsory in sophomore year, that West should appear about once a month and take all the sections together in one of the big lecture rooms. He would have himself hauled down from the Graduate School in a kind of open hack, in which one would see his great round paunch protruding above his long thin legs, as if it were a watermelon resting on his lap. He would then address the class in an arrogantly patronizing tone. He would pick out some name at random and make the student stand up and attempt to translate an ode. When he had made a fool of this student by interrupting him and holding up to ridicule the ineptitudes of his rendering, he would announce, "Now I'll give you an example of the *art* of translation." What followed would be something almost equally awkward. He would stumble, try word after word, and never arrive at any very great felicity. We would all be extremely glad when he got back in his hack and departed.]

Religious Revival at Princeton, circa 1894 [another anecdote of Frank MacDonald's]:

The unregenerate soul cornered by inspired friends: "No, I don't want to see you and I'll give you just



"And this button is to keep me humble. When I press it, nothing happens."



“He has this thing *about the course of empire.”*

about two weeks to get over this rot.”

At this period, college was closed for two days on account of religious meetings, which were held at all hours.

“There is one continual scream of laughter throughout the entire play.”

“Told him what transpired between he and I.”

“Yes, social prejudice stands between us like a brick wall thirty feet high with broken glass and barbed wire on top.” [This was evidently a line from some bad play.]

A lady at a performance of “The Pillars of Society” by the E.D.A. [Elizabethan Dramatic Association]: “Yes, it’s all written and acted by the students. Ibsen is a sophomore down there now.”

The Roman Catholic youth to Mr. Mac, who has just told him of someone’s conversion: “Gee, Mr. MacDonald, I don’t see how anybody not brought up to it could swallow it!”

Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams, aside to Mr. M., the only one of her guests who has not complained in detail of ailments: “After this, I feel so disgustingly healthy; there’s never been anything the matter with me, you know, except babies.”

The Abbé to Mrs. C. [Adelaide Champollion], who has been laughing: “How can you laugh at such a time, when France is fighting for her life?”

Mrs. C.: “I’ve given my husband to the war and you’ve given nothing, but now you grumble at me for cheerfulness.”

[André had enlisted in the French Army, and at the time he was training in barracks. Adelaide had gone over to be near him.]

Sky and water of pale clear blue; for horizon, a yellow sand-strip with its row of summer houses. Across the river the dark green hills of the Highlands [the Atlantic Highlands, on the Jersey Coast], whose forests, mysterious and inviting from our shore, conceal only more summer houses and dusty motor roads. Behind us, the fresh green of swamp rushes. Three or four rowboats, from which men patiently sink crab bait, hang motionless on the surface of the river. A woman from the isolated little community watches a man painting his weatherbeaten house from a ladder, evidently giving him occasional advice. A train slides along the distant sandbar, like a train in a child’s picture book. Laden with passengers to the city, a squat white steamboat shoves into view and, in passing, sends waves which splash surprisingly against the row of piles and lap at the shore where we lie. We wave and the unknown people on the steamboat wave. The crabbers gaze at them. The helpful woman steps to the side of the house for a better view. Our humble river swan disappears; the men resume contemplation of their taut lines. The painter has his counsellor again, and on the water the lines of those unwonted waves grow fainter until the images of the boats and piles reassemble disintegrated atoms and, quivering only slightly, regain their solidity in that smooth blue mirror.

That state of affairs so nicely symbolized by our football-clad statue, whose academic gown is slipping off. [The statue of the Christian Athlete, given to Princeton in honor of one of the Dodges. It was so much ridiculed and so often desecrated that it was eventually removed from the campus.]

Crème de menthe as a restorative for one in a swoon.

The gentleman ran an egg farm with great profit. He was a combination of New England shrewdness and a very artistic temperament, so that he would send in the egg boxes favorite quotations from Plato, the Bible, and other great books—“And they shall go on from strength to strength” being

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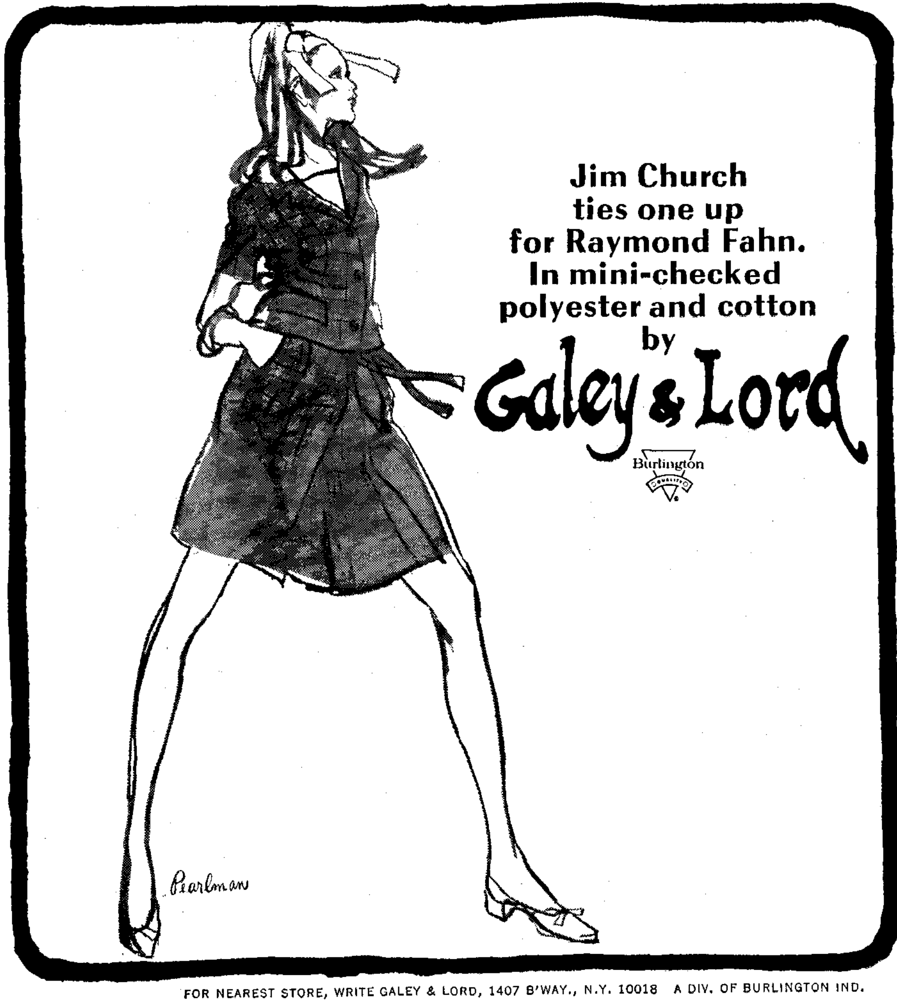
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particularly apposite. On one occasion he read Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" to the hired man, who, when the gentleman, overcome by emotion, burst into tears, counselled him not to take it so hard, sir; perhaps it wasn't all true, after all.

Some nocturnal band whooping it up for old something or other, obviously no mere tyro freshmen, since they all insist on singing second part and thereby produce a rather weird effect.

Playing chemistry in the Lab.

[The system of teaching chemistry then in practice suffered from the same defects that A. N. Whitehead complains of in another field in his "Introduction to Mathematics": the unnecessary multiplication for students who are not going in for the sciences of problems that represent principles which the student ought to understand but should not be obliged to see illustrated over and over again. I was interested in the basic conceptions, but the formulas and experiments bored me. Our laboratory work was a farce. You had to work in pairs, and I worked with Bill Mackie. When we failed, as we usually did, to produce from the prescribed ingredients something like sulphuric acid, we simply got the sulphuric-acid jar and poured some into our retort. I was always attaching the Bunsen burner to the water pipe instead of the gas pipe and getting a fountain of water in the face. Bill had alarming spasms when he would madly mix the contents of the jars at random to see what the results would be.]

"Oh, she's a lady! When she's drunk she can go home in a hack."

"Τὸ γὰρ δίκαιον οἶδε καὶ τραγῳδία.
ἐγὼ δὲ λέξω δεινὰ μὲν δίκαια δέ."

ARISTOPHANES: motto for G. B. Shaw.

The sky was pink at the horizon, shading into blue above, like a piece of litmus paper dipped in acid.

". . . the West didn't inspire me with as many poems as I had expected it would—directly, that is. I wrote quite a lot, but, oddly enough, they

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weren't most of them about the West at all." [*This must be John Peale Bishop.*]

Supplement to Blake's "Auguries of Innocence":

> Who doth disturb the harmless roach
> On Hell's gridiron shall surely poach.

[This was improvised by my friend Bill Mackie, who in my early years at college was one of my favorite companions. He came from Philadelphia, was an orphan brought up by an aunt. I have never known anyone droller or more sensitive to literature. He and I and one other were, I think, the only people in our class who cared enough about reading the classics to continue with Greek and Latin beyond the early requirements. Bill and I did Tibullus together in the evenings. When I came to his rooms, in which he lived alone, he would hide, and when I found him would say, "Instinct of self-preservation!" In the later years of college, I saw much less of him. We belonged to different clubs, and his life became increasingly convivial, whereas I did not drink at all. He now lived in '79 Hall, at the other end of the campus, instead of just across the way in Campbell. I remember once going to his rooms when he was not there and seeing on the floor his piles of books—Greek, Latin, French, and English. I felt a distinct disapproval of his greedy and purposeless miscellaneous reading. I thought there was something immoral in reading without system or aim. I had myself often yielded to this kind of temptation. Bill loved Restoration comedy and the literature of the eighteenth century. He once wrote me, in vacation, a huge epistle with long *ſ*'s, dated 1775. He had just read Henry James's "A Small Boy and Others," "parts of Charles Eliot Norton's letters, which were mightily entertaining," "large quantities of Rossetti, Swinburne, who rather bored me, and Austin Dobson," "Alice Through the Looking-Glass," "'Lady Windermere's Fan,' which I found quite tedious," "'Tristan and Iseult,' done into English by H. Belloc, which I do protest is the most moving and sad tale ever writ," "Aucassin and Nicolette," Percy's "Reliques," Pater's "Greek Studies" and "Appreciations," and Max Nordau's "Degeneration." He told me further that he had just bought Boswell's "Johnson," the "Morte d'Arthur," the "Anatomy of Melancholy," Shelley's poems, Pepys' Diary, "and sundry other works." This letter was addressed to me as "The

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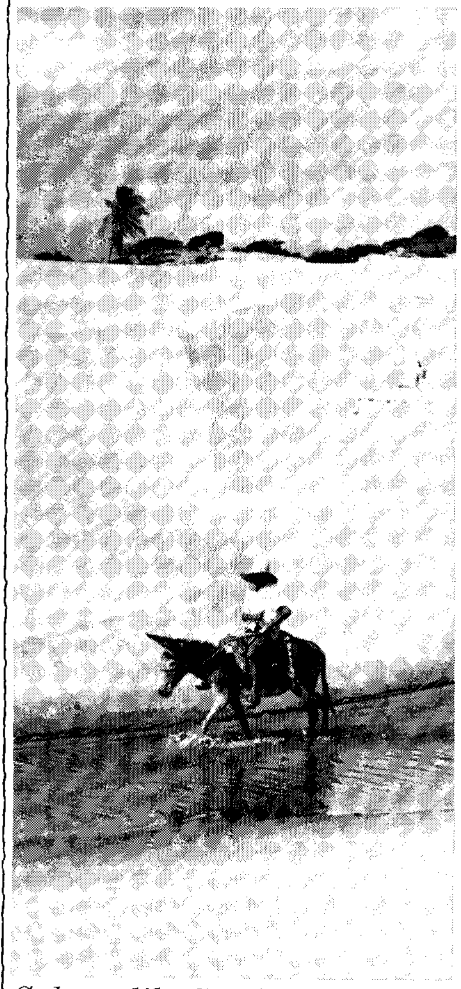

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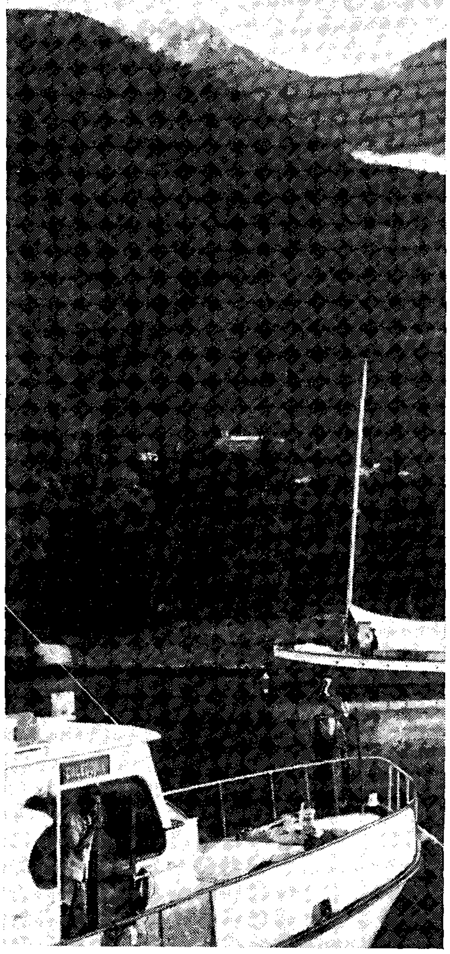

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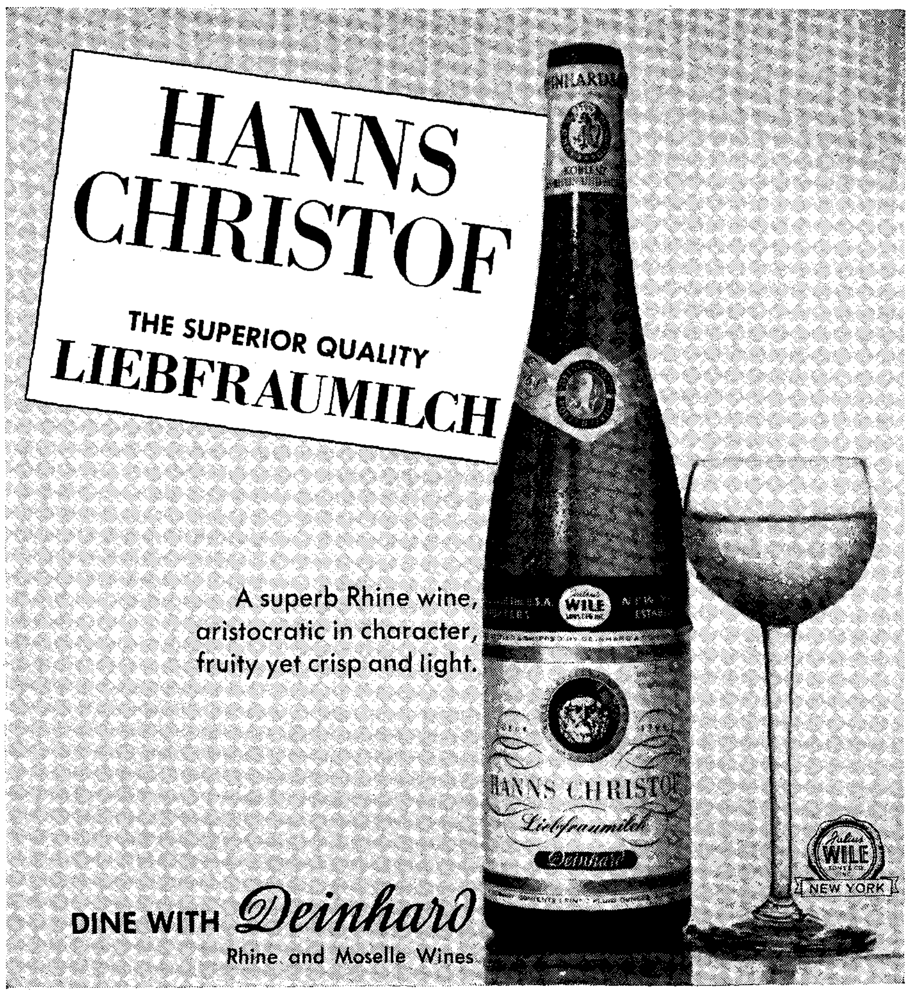
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Honorable," and it was delivered to my father's office, since he was often given this meaningless title. He evidently did not approve of it.]

"... your friend gives a little cough and disappears."

The autumn perspective of Prospect Street, with its gray leaf-strewn pavement under the pale dull gold of the trees—all dimmed by little lines of rain.

Fritz Barbour: "I came back a month early this fall, with two conditions resulting directly from drunkenness, and, since college opened, I haven't touched so much as a single gill of fermented barley."

[The Barbours, who lived in Rumson, were immense and genial people. Fritz had a kind of humor which reminded me of De Wolf Hopper. It depended on a combination of formidable physique, perfect dignity, and meticulous pronunciation.]

The brown puddles in front of Alexander Hall shine with surfaces like mahogany.

Miss [Ruth] Pickering to F. P. A. [Franklin P. Adams], who has taken her to lunch, upon meeting her at Cornell: "Now, Mr. Adams, by publishing that poem of mine, you've spoiled all my chances of getting the jobs I wanted. You've no idea how far a thing like that goes." [This poem, innocent as it would seem today, was then considered an indiscretion.] The whole thing was an example of the instinctive caddishness of newspapermen and college students, with no small touch of the meanness and false prudery of girls. When the "poetesses" of our exchanges [magazines of other colleges, with which we exchanged the *Lit*] approach love, they are virginal with a demure dewiness, and everybody thinks that it is quite proper, but let any undergraduate maiden—undergraduate youths, of course, can go as far as they like—express desire howsoever frankly and, as it were, purely, and all your young men will make asses of themselves. An elderly lady in Princeton once confessed her nicest sensibilities outraged by Mrs. Katharine Fuller Gerould's "Vain Oblations." "Think of a *woman* writing such a thing!" she exclaimed. "And, do you

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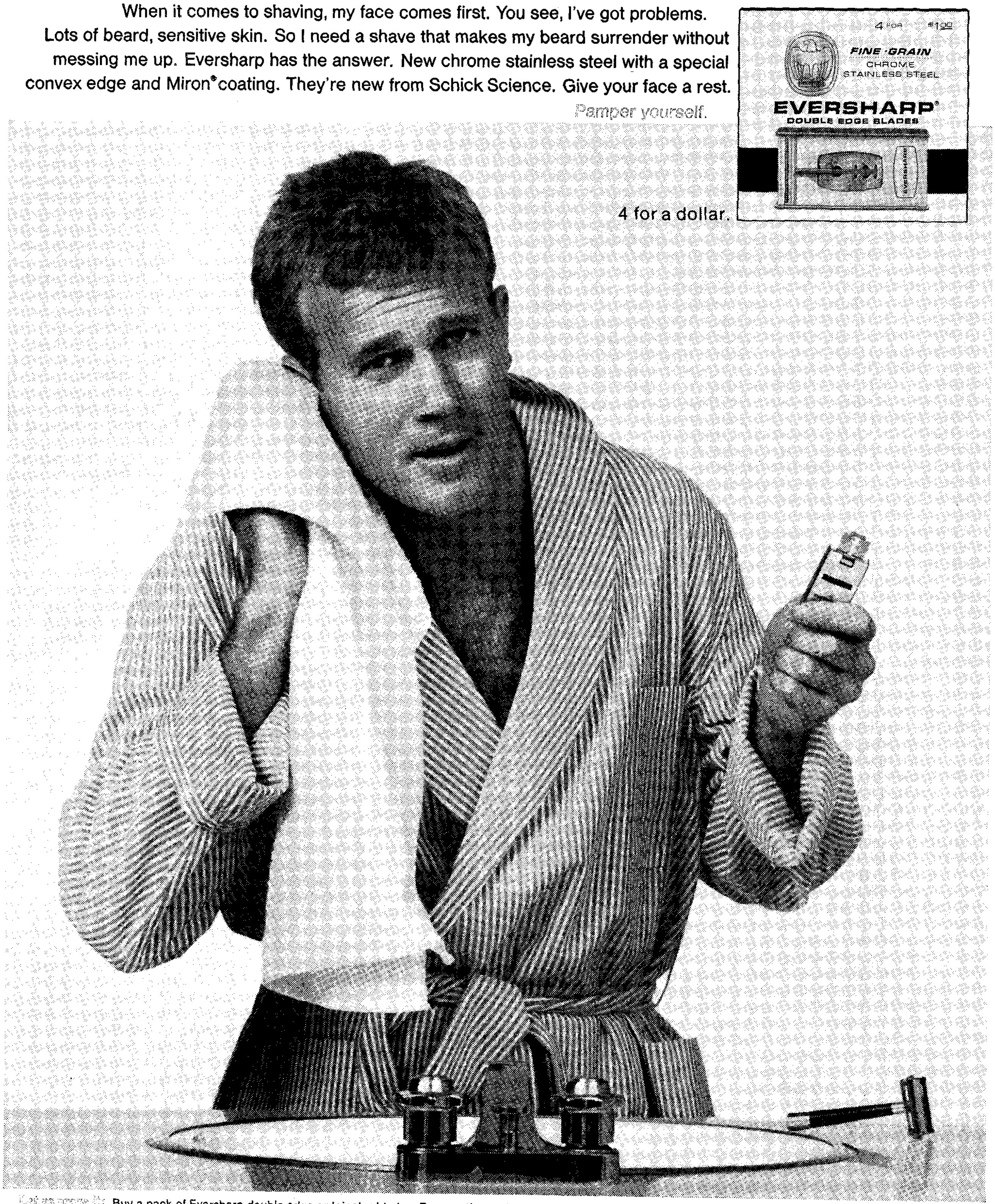
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know, they say that she actually wrote it before she was married!" (As a matter of fact, she wrote it in college, like poor Miss Pickering.)

H. W.'s town girl, upon his proposing marriage and her deliberating upon it: "I think the town boys are much steadier."

"Princeton Verse" [an anthology, published by the University Press]: During the final years of the last century, the attitude of college students toward girls in general seems to have been markedly different from the present one. This volume is full of sentimental trifles of the Dobson-Bunner school—triolets on a kiss, rondeaux on an "arch look." There seems to have been a delicate sort of gallantry about the whole thing. Nowadays, verse of that kind is absolutely unknown in college. The only example of *vers de société* published lately in the *Lit* is Ham Armstrong's "Propose?," which is harsh satire altogether characteristic of the time. "Going to dances" and "having girls down to games" couldn't have been so coarse as they are now when Mr. V. L. Collins, Mr. J. L. Williams, and Mr. Booth Tarkington went to college. How can coquettish courtliness exist at a tango tea?

Bill Osborn to Stanley Dell, protesting against the youth of the girls at the dances to which he is invited: "But really you ought to go, they're just about the right age; they're a nice bunch to know. When you're older, they'll be just the right age to marry—you really ought to go."

McCosh lecture room: Upon the lowered yellow shade are outlined distinctly the mullioned windows and, more dimly, the all but stripped autumn branches with their few waving leaves. Another window reveals a silver morning sky behind gray trees. The lecturer [Norman Kemp Smith], swaying from side to side and regarding us from under that solemn brow, explains, in his full deep Scotch, the closely linked chain of philosophic thought through the centuries.

[My most interesting professors at Princeton were Norman Kemp Smith and Christian Gauss. Both had been brought there by Woodrow Wilson, whose installation of a first-rate faculty was one of his really fine achievements. I have already written a memoir of Gauss, and I have briefly mentioned Kemp Smith at the end of "Europe Without Baedeker," but I have not fully done him justice. He was a Scot from Dundee, and after leaving Princeton—he returned to Britain at the time of the war—held the chair of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh. He was one of the most admirable men I have ever known and one of the most rewarding. He had written on Descartes and Kant and was a master of technical philosophy, but philosophy meant for Kemp Smith the study of everything that men had thought about themselves and their world, so that he was interested to talk about anything. He used to invite me for Sunday dinner, and afterward we would go for a country walk. He was not a talkative man, but what he said was always to the point. In his lectures he did not trust the random taking of notes, but at the close of some discussion would dictate a few formulations which he had been at pains to make clear and compact. His technique was very similar in conversation, and this made it rather difficult for the other person, for when you put a question to him or tried to introduce a topic he would dispose of it in a very few words, and afterward remain silent. One had then to think of something new. At the time when it was a question of whether or not to invite Billy Sunday to speak at Princeton, I asked him what he thought about it: "What Meredith said applies: 'The grossness of the disease may be gauged by the grossness of the cure.' " His wife was a great women's-rights woman, and I once asked if he believed in woman suffrage: "Yes, but I don't care to hear about it." One day a little pig crossed our path on its way to its mother, who was nursing her litter, and he volunteered a remark: "Strange the univairsal attractiveness of the young! Even little pigs are dainty." It must not be thought from this that Kemp Smith was gruff or blighting. He was much liked in both Princeton and Edinburgh, and I felt I had a friend in him all my life. I always went to see him when I visited England. He surprised me on one of these visits by what I felt as a lapse of language. "You were never," he asked me, "bitten by the epistemological bug?" In his lectures at Princeton, he had made very clear the problems of epistemology and had asked at the end of one of them, "Is there

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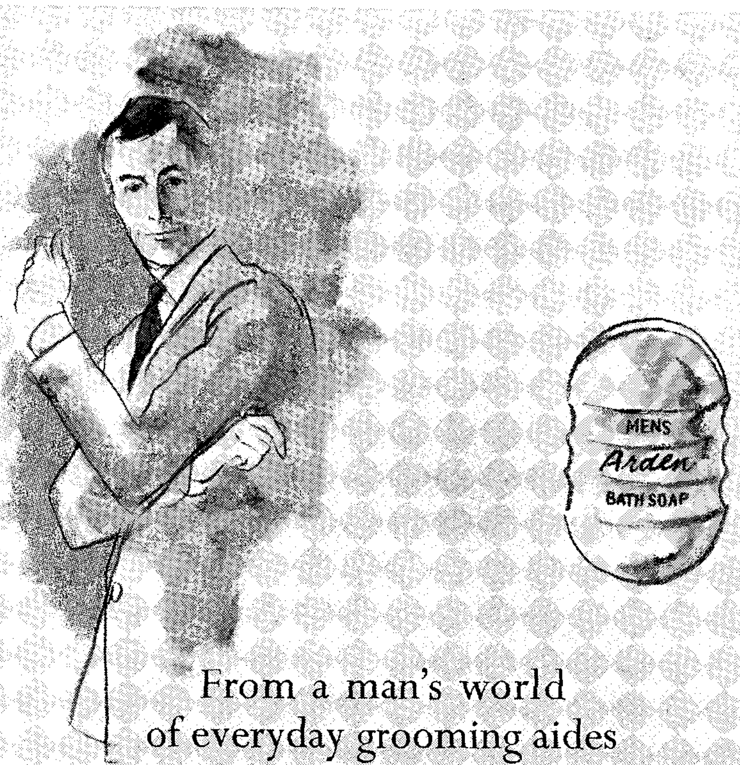

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anybody now who thinks that he can know the extairnal world?"

Stanley Dell has supplied me with another anecdote about Kemp Smith: "I remember him, on a Sunday visit at his house, dandling his new baby (some months old) on his knee, staring into the little vague eyes and murmuring, 'Just to think that only in such a little head can we expect to find *pure* sensations!' "]

It is said that the astronomy professor [Henry Russell] used to work himself into an ecstasy about the sun: "Oo, gentlemen, it's enormous!"

Mr. Robert De Forest wrote a genealogy of the De Forest family ($7.50, 2 vol.), but, for fear of offending the present generation, refrained from putting in the dates of their births.

Mr. De Forest: "I see scarcely anyone down here, except when I have girls down to visit me. I often have girls down." [I noted this remark because it seemed so incongruous. Henry De Forest was an elderly man of the utmost sobriety and dignity, and it seemed to me surprising that he should like young girls.]

At Cold Spring Harbor, in November, the forests on the hills were as bare and discolored as if they had been burnt out by fire. A white flock of gulls had gathered on the sandspit and stood out sharply against a great patch of green slime.

Meredith was more successful, it seems to me, than any other novelist in extracting and bottling the quintessence of life—which is the real soul of the novel, without which the thing lies dead. In the case of Meredith, one's attention is not, as it is so often with Henry James and others, drawn chiefly to the beautiful symmetry of the bottle; it is absorbed by the liberal draught of his effervescent and stimulating essence.

There was a time when it was not allowed to teach French and German in Princeton, "because of the atheistic writings in those languages."

The icehouse door held a little rectangle of winter: infinitely pale sky above the pale dry brown of hills and the gray roofs and towers of the town.

March: The rain had stopped, but we still walked in galoshes, for the pavements were covered with melting snow and the roads were turned to mud, which looked like corrugated lead in the twilight and reflected the street lights dully. A ramshackle delivery wagon, driven by a colored boy, turned idly from the curb and rattled off, starring the darkness with its red rear lamp.

New York young girls are not allowed to go alone with young men to matinees in winter, because, although in the spring it is perfectly proper, since the sun sets late, it isn't to be thought of that they should come back together through the dark.

"Is she all right?"

"No, of course she's not all right, or I shouldn't bother about her."

As the Greeks so nicely phrased it, ἐκπετήσιμος [*fledgling*, used by Aristophanes as a metaphor for marriageable daughters].

See Frogs 89-97 for passage on minor poets: χελιδόνων μουσεῖα, the chirpy *school of poetry*.

"The Treasury of Human Abnormalities."

Fifth Avenue from the bus top: Just below is seen moving between those high stratified banks the double tide of motor tops, beneath whose uniform glossiness we can guess at the derbies, silk hats, and flowered bowls of a variety of life. In the private limousines, grave successful moneymakers are on their way to particular places which they must reach for particular business at particular hours; they are hardly less naïve than their dear aristocratic little girls, who are just as gravely out for the ride. You may know the little girls at a later stage in the fatuous faces of marriageable daughters, whose whole scope of life has perhaps been no more wide or stimulating or beautiful than the inside of these limousines; who, it may be, have never even enjoyed the marvellous Olympian purview obtainable

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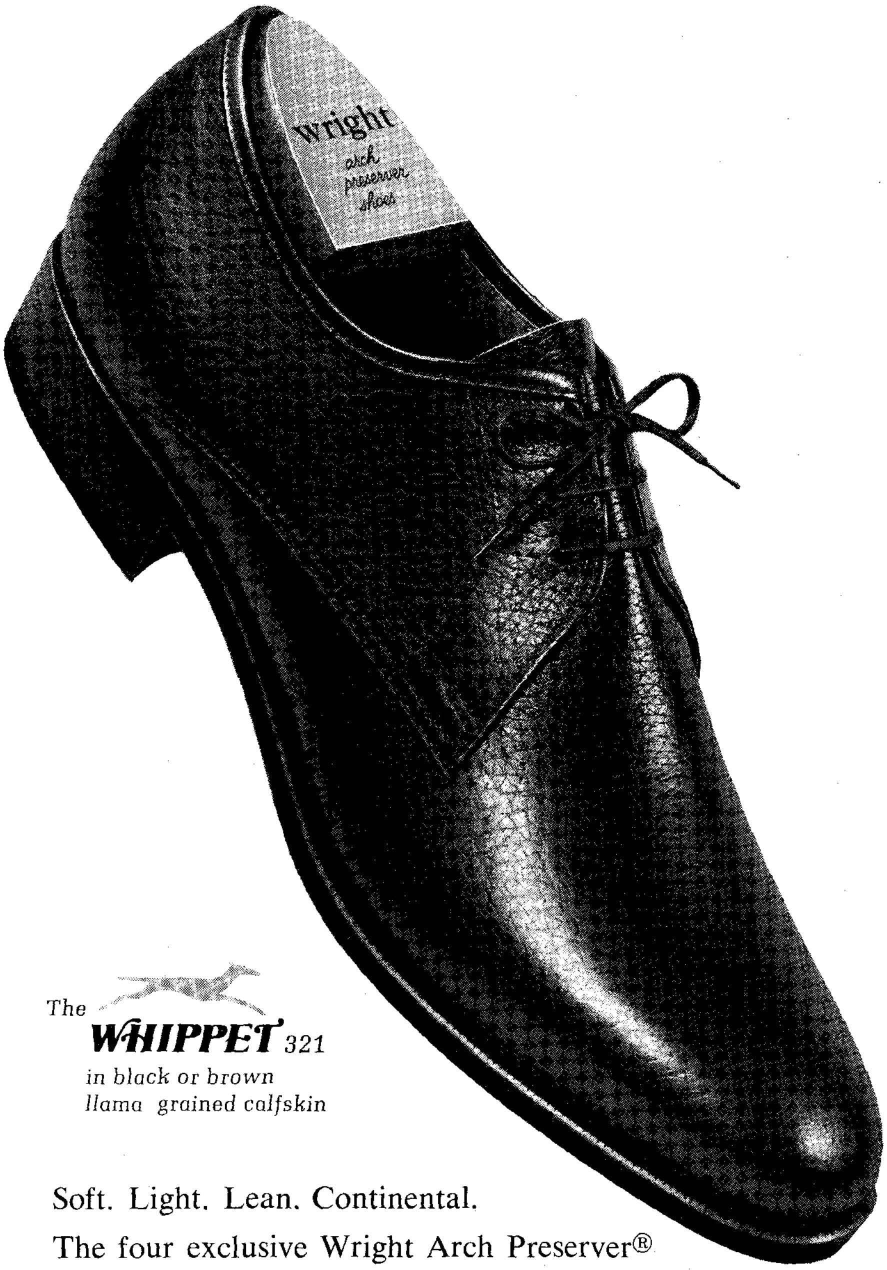

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from the top of this bus. . . . And the motor roofs which catch the confused light with a special smoothness and shininess cover the rich Jews whose countenances have so little human meaning for us.

In the taxis are a more miscellaneous class: almost anyone, it seems, may ride in a taxi, and most of them are curiously torn by the pleasure of the exhilarating ride and the increasing pain which the thumbscrew of a taximeter administers. We may gauge the quality of the taxi-riders by their various appreciations of the artificial flowers in little glass vases before them.

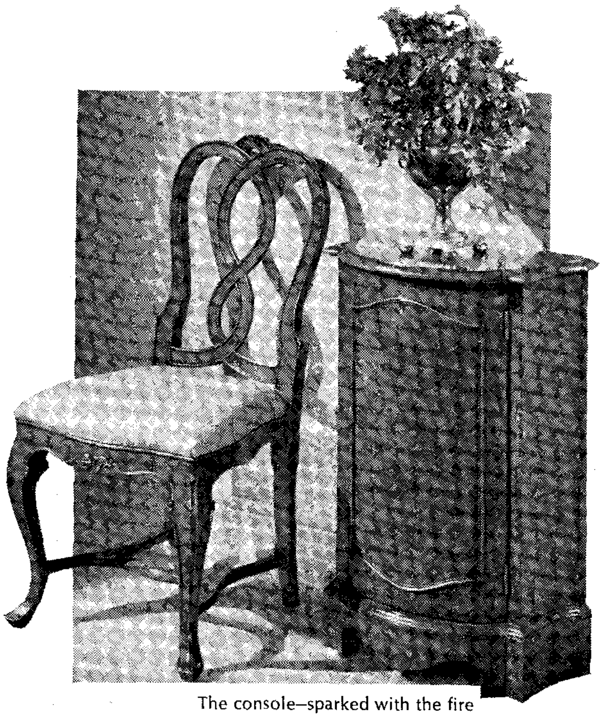
[I used to skate with Bill Osborn on Stony Brook at night.] Behind the bridge and tower were the smoky gray of the clouds and the faded roses of the sunset, which the white ice caught in a fainter pink. When the sky grew darker, I could just make out his loose figure dancing and gliding in the dusk and hear the dim scrape of his skates. At last, when the shadows crowded close around us, we jumped on shore, gropingly put on our shoes, and left the lake to night.

"German short stories are terribly gloomy. A man goes out and is eaten by a bear, you know, and that sort of thing."

"It must be nice to live in New York, where there's a fire every day."

At the Graduate School [Howard C. Butler was Master in Residence at the Graduate School]: Butler, of a Persian cat: "Ah, Miriam's an expensive luxury; aren't you, dear child? Yesterday she bit the largest pearl out of my scarf pin, and very nearly swallowed it. I've been calling her Cleopatra ever since." Miriam went off eventually in the limousine which her owners sent for her.

Mr. Mac [Frank MacDonald]: "I remember when we used to hold the English Faculty meetings in Axson's rooms (over the grocery store). Spaeth would get up and lecture for an hour on the comparative merits of 'Fra Lippo Lippi' and 'Andrea del Sarto;' somebody else would insist that 'Sesame and Lilies' wasn't so good for the freshmen as 'Unto this Last,' because 'by the



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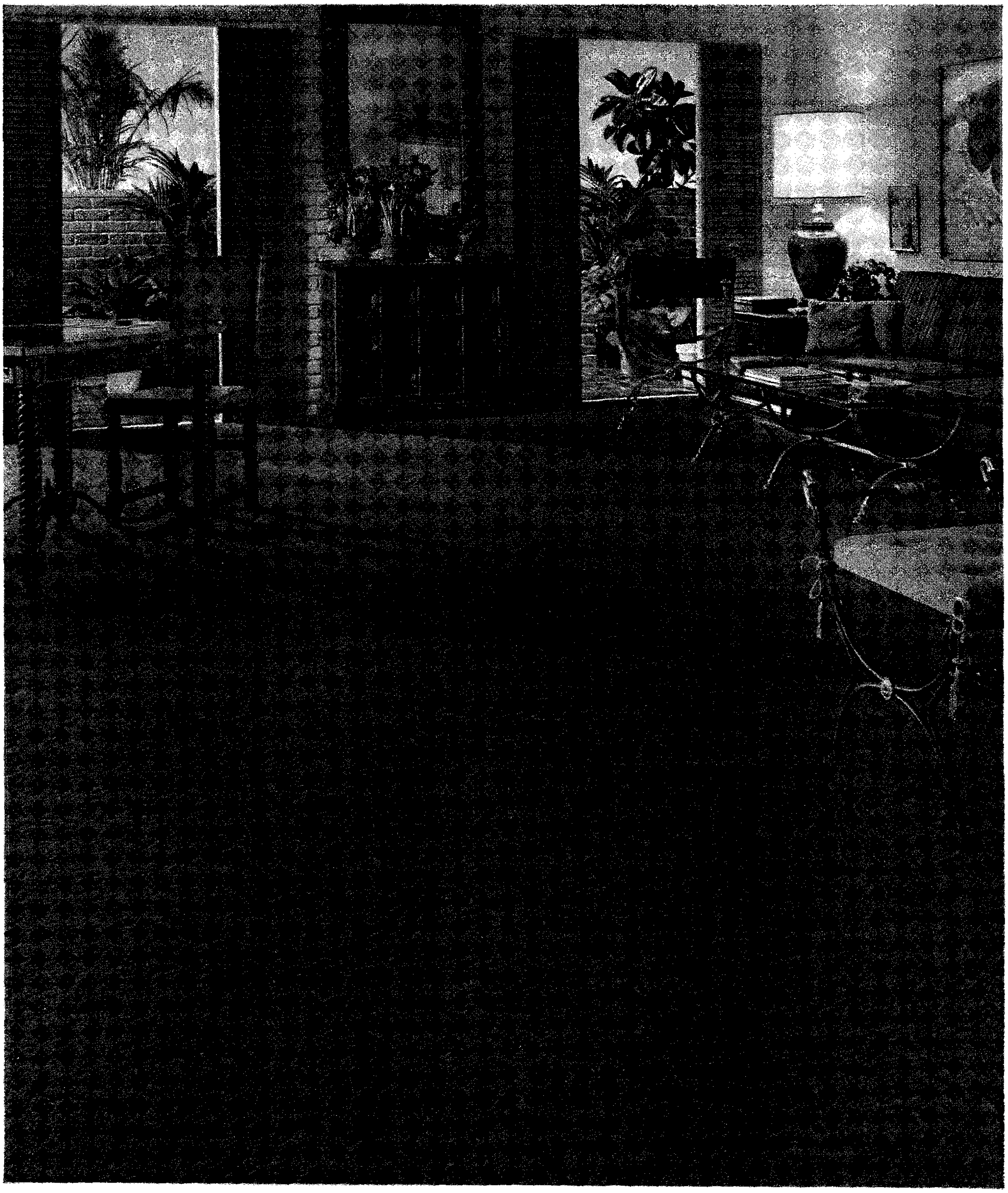

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time they get to the end of freshman year, there's a certain maturity.' We'd debate for hours about the cultural value of four or five sonnets of Keats in the curriculum, and then, all of a sudden, we'd hear a bunch of students coming down from the Inn—the Inn was open in those days—singing 'Going back to Nassau Hall,' and gosh! the futility of the whole thing, don't you know!"

[Frank MacDonald had grown in the Princeton soil and clung to the Princeton walls like some odd but rather attractive plant. All large colleges, I think, have such characters, but MacDonald belonged to a species which could only have been indigenous to Princeton. His scholarship was non-existent, and he made no pretentions to any; his usefulness, though real, was peculiar, but he was so much a part of the Princeton scene that no one could have thought of uprooting him. He had returned to Princeton after a spell in New York, with which he was unable to cope, almost immediately after graduation, and had been there ever since, first for years an instructor, then at last an assistant professor. He was in some way a protégé of his classmate Roland Morris, a rich trustee, who always seemed to be coming to his rescue and guaranteeing his permanence. MacDonald was a most entertaining man, a great raconteur and gossip—I have recorded here many of his anecdotes—and he loved to dine out in the houses of the rich Princeton families who lived outside the University and to whom he always referred as "the good and the great." His provenance was somewhat exotic, for he had been born and spent a part of his youth in Siam, the son of a missionary, a confidant and adviser of the King, who—MacDonald was later to tell me—was an agreeable and cultivated gentleman, quite unlike the ignorant boor presented in "The King and I," and the begetter of innumerable children. The young Crown Prince, however, he said, had so worn himself out in this exercise that he could hardly have proved a worthy successor to his father. Frank liked in his vacations to go to the East, and he was never really at home in America anywhere except at Princeton. He always remained a bachelor, and, although he had many times to change his lodgings with great labor in moving his library, had for a long time his most commodious quarters in rooms above the Nassau Inn. He imagined he had been in love with a Princeton lady who had married someone else, but I never

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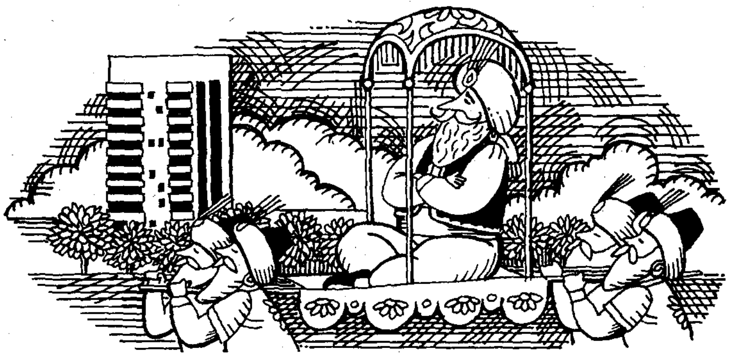

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could see any evidence on Frank MacDonald's part of anything more than a social interest in women; he liked to converse with the clever ones, such as Katharine Fuller Gerould, but his affections were mainly engaged in sentimental friendships with students and others. He had large blue eyes with shaggy eyebrows, a disproportionately large head with a high, squarish, boxlike forehead, and a rubbery kind of body that drooped and sagged and bent.

I saw a good deal of Frank and usually enjoyed talking to him, though he sometimes exasperated me, but it would never have occurred to me to take his course. I believe that he was very successful in communicating an appreciation of poetry to boys who might not otherwise have been touched by it, but aside from this love of English poetry—he knew nothing about any other kind—he had really no serious interests of a literary or intellectual sort. His library grew and grew, but it contained, besides his collection of books on Siam, which he had built up with assiduity, the complete works, lovingly assembled, of a number of minor English novelists, which seemed to constitute his favorite reading. He was ignorant of many, if not most, of the classics, for he did not really like to read anything that made upon him any demands. It did not matter in the least to him—as I discovered in the case of Stendhal—that a writer who seemed to make such demands had an impressive reputation. He might have about such a writer ideas of only the vaguest kind; he had no curiosity whatever. He bristled against the reputations of such writers as Ezra Pound, who were setting new standards in the United States and giving our literature new life. He resented the cockiness of Scott Fitzgerald, who sat in one of his classes and irritably "told him off." The habit of Frank MacDonald's that annoyed me most was his humming and swinging one foot when I was talking enthusiastically of some writer about whom he did not want to hear. But he had so much humor and charm and was so youthfully uninhibited in expressing his prejudices that—except for the serious people who could not like him because they could not take him seriously—he had a great many friends in Princeton. He had been a strong Wilson man, and when Wilson was defeated by West I think the passing of this wind of idealism left him feeling rather stranded. He liked to meet the students as friends, to put himself to some extent on a level with them—

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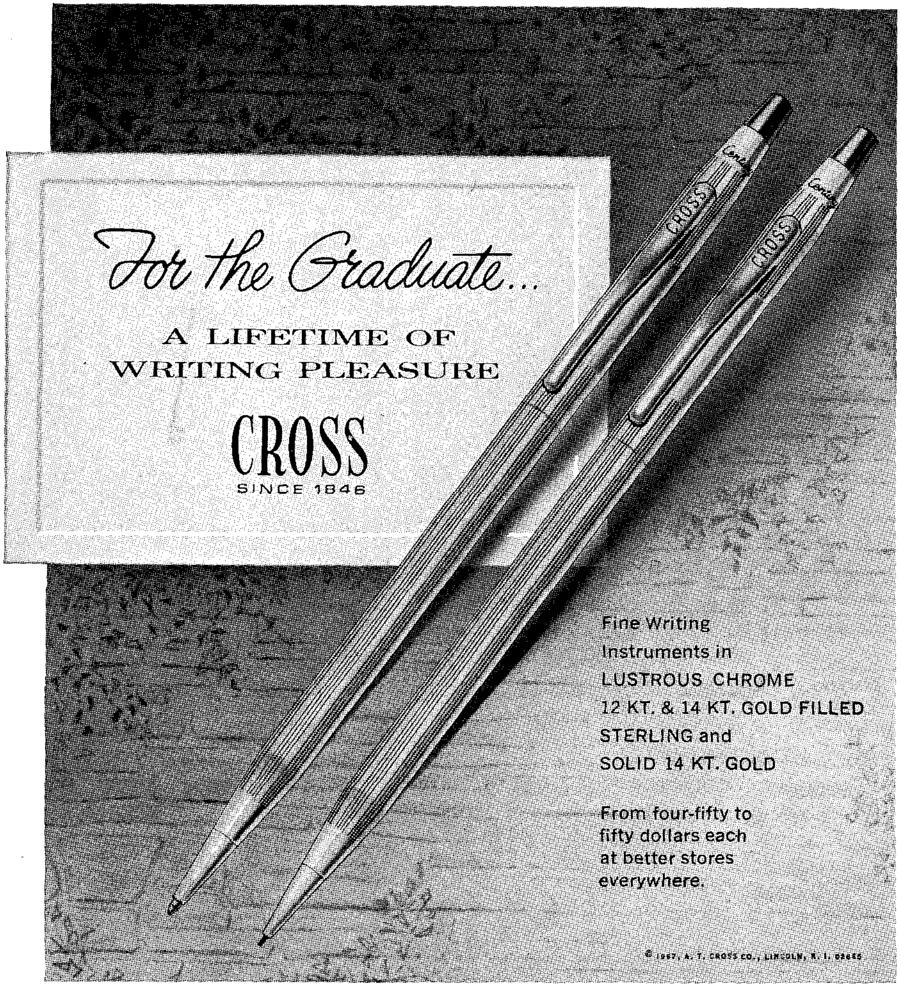
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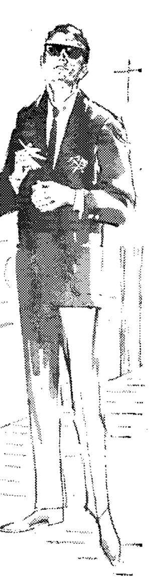

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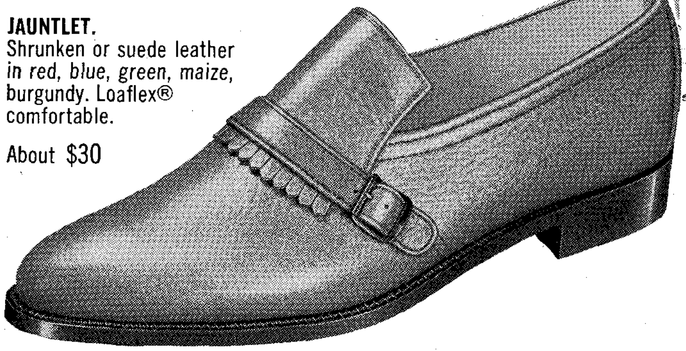

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though with occasional revindications of seniority and magisterial authority—as a first-rate teacher will rarely do, and I think he was very much gratified when he was made a member of the Ivy Club. He told me at least twice that the brilliant Greek professor William Kelly Prentice had once said to him, with his cutting arrogance, "You're the sloppiest man intellectually I've ever known," and this had apparently stung him. Kelly Prentice was in every respect the opposite of Frank MacDonald. No student would have thought for a moment that Prentice could be friendly with him, and I think few professors were. He had all the snobbery of Albany, a peculiar provincial brand, which is prepared to challenge any other snobbery. He was good-looking, elegant, slim, intellectually distinguished. His advanced courses in Greek literature, which he varied in subject from year to year in order not to bore himself, were among the best in Princeton, but he had the bad habit of insulting his students when he thought them deficient in literary taste or otherwise in some way inferior. This insolent sharpness, however, was preferable to the self-centered patronage of West. It surprised me to hear that Prentice had in his later years embraced Buchmanism. It seemed a comedown for a man so disdainful. His love of the classics was intense, and it made him, for all his acridity, something of a shining figure. But I suppose that this cultural light must have failed him in his later years. He was engaged in no great task of scholarship that would have carried him along to complete it. Frank MacDonald was in serious straits in the latter part of his life. I believe he had had to retire before the retirement age, and he always seemed behind on his rent—hence his necessity of moving into smaller apartments, always with a bigger library. But he finally made some deal with the University, which involved turning over his books to it. He had a stroke, and the last time I saw him he was propped in a chair in his room, still above the Nassau Inn, enjoying and sharing with me the one Martini that was allowed him at five o'clock, and to which he looked forward all day. He made no complaint of his helplessness but was as agreeable, though subdued, as ever.

Frank MacDonald, who was one of those people who leave college intending to write and then do not quite get around to it, hiding unfinished manuscripts for decades, did finally, late in life, actually publish a novel, a rather feeble detective story. But he also kept

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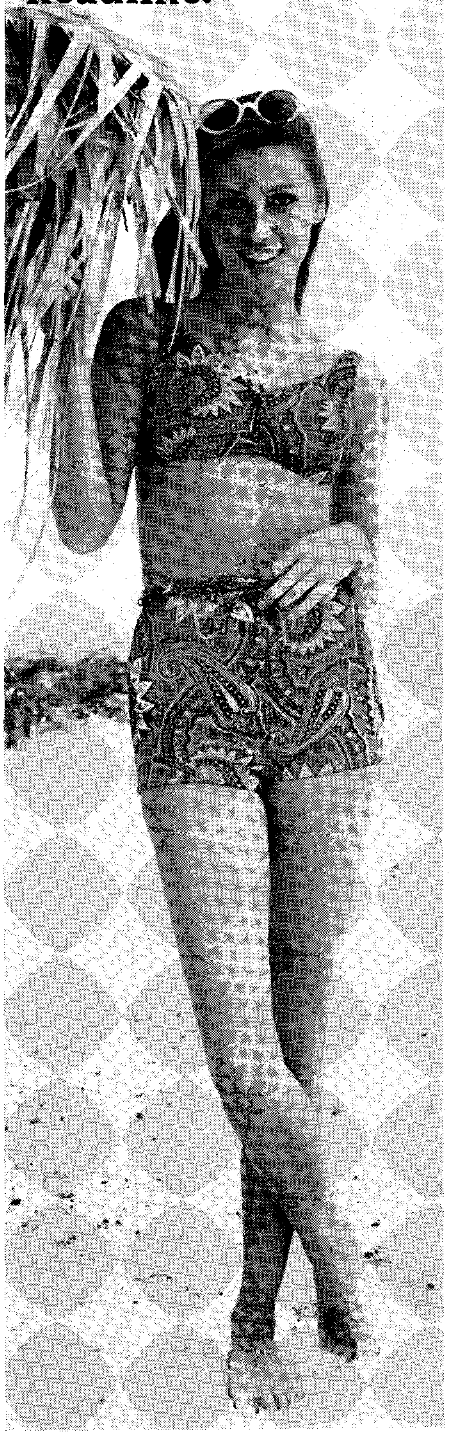

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a day-by-day diary, which he seemed to take very seriously and which I thought would surely be of interest. When I last saw him, he said he had destroyed it—which depressed me even more than his then half-paralyzed condition, for it showed what a low valuation he put upon his work and his life. In these later years, however, he also published a book of poems that I thought had some very moving things in it. The people who compile anthologies always stick to the same accepted poets, and I feel sometimes that I could make up an excellent one entirely composed of poems that had never appeared in any other. Here are two of Frank MacDonald's:

"THERE'S ROSEMARY"

Like a white flower afloat on deep
Mysterious waters of the night,
Heavy and odorous, half-asleep,
Between the stream and the moonlight:

Such, now I fancy, such thou art,
O, long-lost city of my birth,
Still the fair city of my heart,
One perfect city of the earth!

. . . *Could I from usual modes escape*
And of my love my skill inform,
Out of my memories I might shape
Temples and towers, white and warm,

With roofs resplendent in the sun;
And thatch a thousand cottages,
All bamboo-built, and every one
Embowered in richly blossomed trees;

And grow palm gardens by the flanks
Of many-branchèd, mighty streams,
Dark, languorous waters, by whose banks
A universe is lost in dreams;

And set a fleet of boats afloat,
Giving to each a lazy oar—
Fill them with mellow fruit and boat
My delicate cargoes, shore to shore;

And fix a firmament of stars
In constellations new, and gay
Bedeck with planets all the bars
And tangles of the milky way;

And for Orion's belt emboss
A new design to dazzle night;
And touch the symbol of the Cross
With deeper mysteries of light;

And show the way the Buddha went—
By more than footprints in the stone . . .
(Since the long way to His content,
To me, for ever is unknown . . .)

. . . Or nearer yet, of dearer days
And fonder memories far, I might
A broad-verandahed mansion raise,
And to its cordial rooms invite. . . .

Or to the lawns, beneath the shade
Of mango branches, low with fruit—
To many a flowery esplanade. . . .
And paradises, absolute!

There should magnolias be. The scent
Clings to my English fairy tales,
As if from out the Orient
Came argosies of English sails . . .

(O, could I listen once again!
There is a grave upon a hill,
Mournful in sunshine or in rain . . .
No more: the magic tones are still . . .)

Go, dreams and memories, go! I fain
Would waken, waken and forget;
Here are the gray skies and the rain,
Bare trees in windy gardens set;

And straight long streets where people pass,
Traffic and chatter, till they seem
Themselves but shadows in a glass,
Or figments of another dream.

Another dream! Ay, dreaming still!
. . . Gray towers upon an autumn sky;
Dream-locked on an enchanted hill,
While yonder all the world goes by!

O, flowerlike city of the past!
O, little town of towered halls!
Ye are the two where, first and last,
The day rose and the twilight falls . . .

The day rose on a sunny strand
Where joys at end were joy's increase;
The evening falls, and through the land
I hear the folding wings of peace.

THE VISITOR

The door is closed, yet in you come;
The clock strikes late, you do not go;

I shut my eyes, my lips are dumb—
I have no charity to show . . .

My eyes are shut, but you I see;
My lips are dumb, with you I speak;
My heart is yours for charity . . .
Go, go, now, for my soul is weak

With watching, and I fain would
sleep!
My bed is here, my prayers are said,
And must I still at midnight keep
This long communion with the dead?

Nay! Sleeping, I should dream of
you;
Should see the gladness in your face;
Should old acknowledgments renew
And hold you in the old embrace . . .

Then stay, friend! there is much to
say . . .
At best I can but think and rhyme
Of you, who died but yesterday
And have been dead so long a time!

B. H. [a faculty daughter]: "Well, I suppose we all have to come to a preceptor after all!" [Note added later]: And she did!

It is said that N. M. was once introduced to a girl in this remarkable fashion: "Get used to Miss ——." (Variation: "Shake hands with Miss ——.")

Conversation with Bill Mackie:
"Sir, you look very *recherché* today."
"Sir, I feel very *réchauffé*."
"Life is an imposition."
"Oh, it has its points."

The beautiful city of Boston,
The city of beans and of cod,
Where the Lowells speak only to
Cabots
And the Cabots speak only to God.

The beautiful town of New Haven,
The city of Truth and of Light,
Where God speaks to Jones in the very
same tones
That he uses for Hadley and Dwight.

From Cleveland Tower we saw, in the bare bright setting of a February afternoon, the strange miscellany of buildings which makes Princeton; the gray Gothic of Campbell, Little, Blair, and the rest was nearly lost among the

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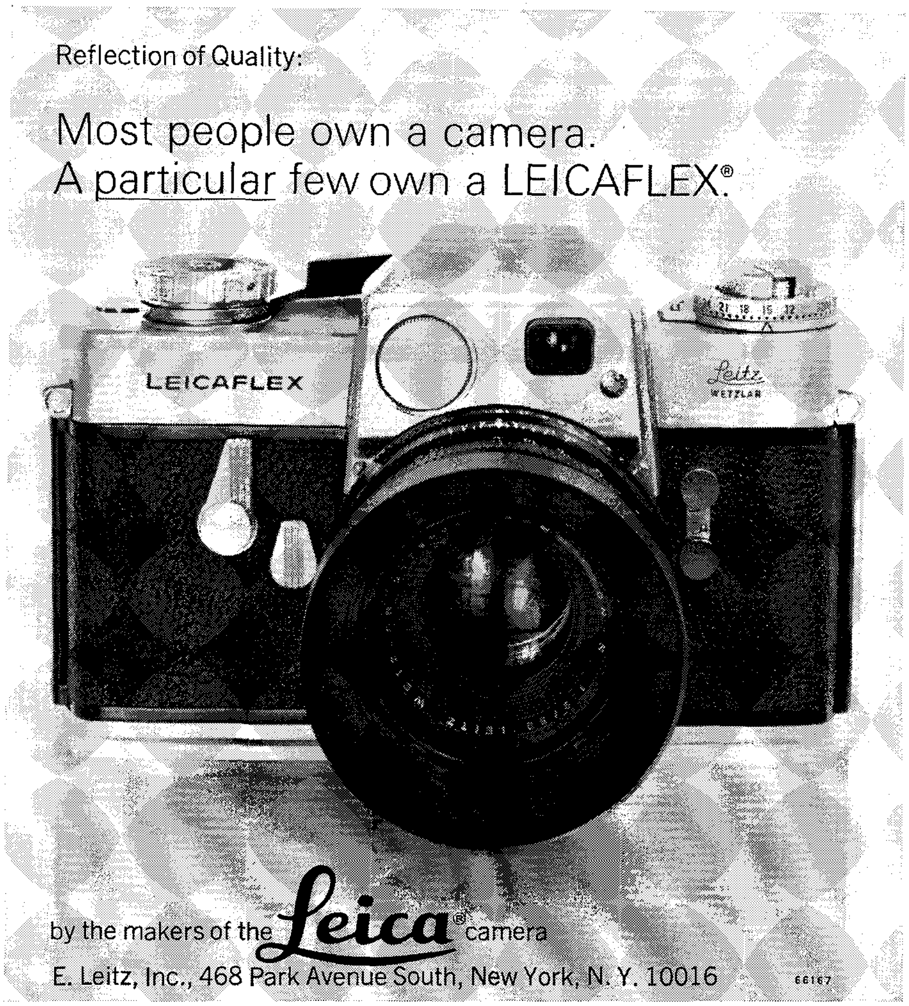
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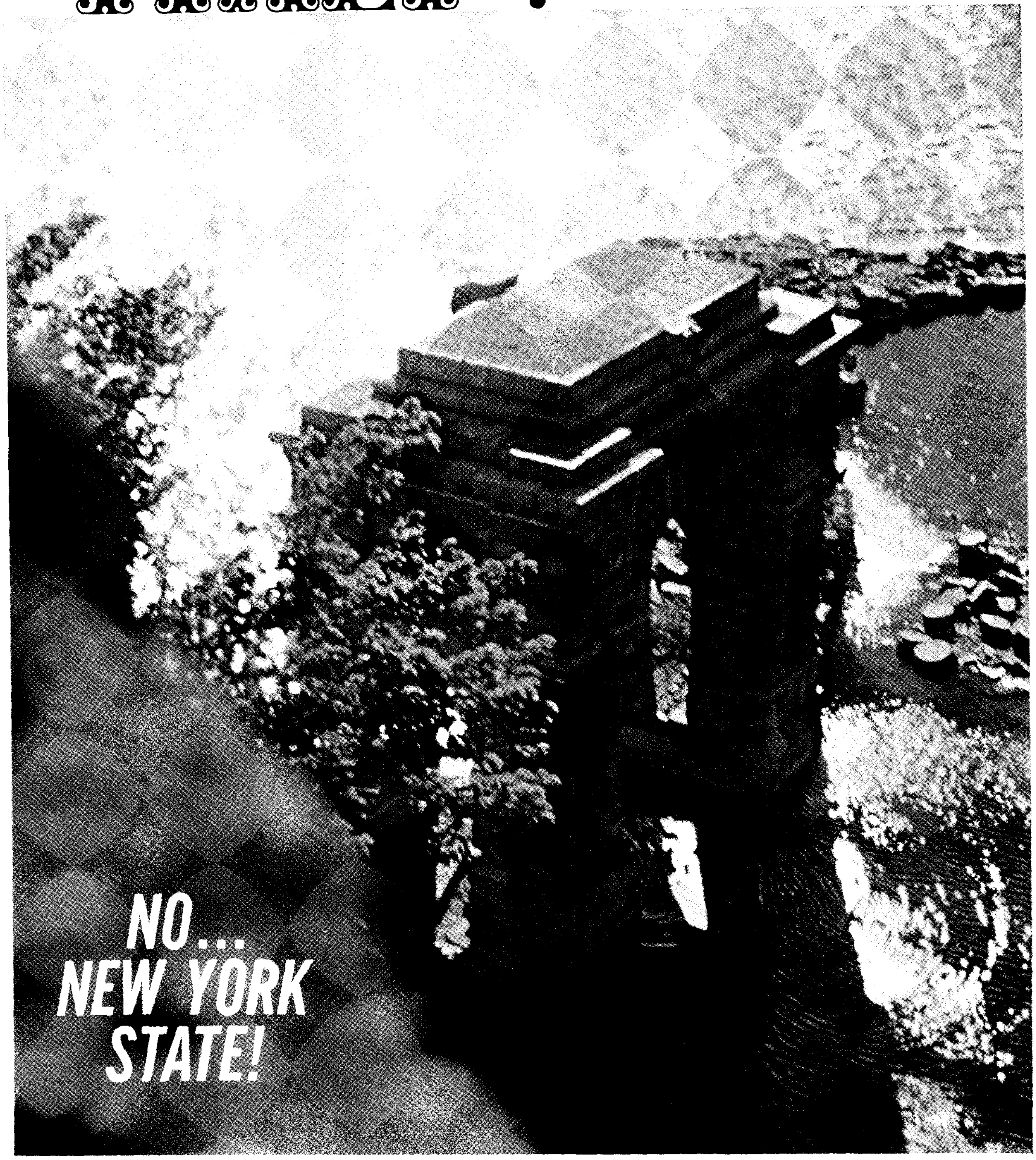
older and more obtrusive vagaries of our earliest architects, above which, none the less, Holder's slim spire redeemed the aimless peaks and clumsy protruded windows of Alexander Hall, and those classic irrelevancies, Whig and Clio, shone pleasantly beyond such examples of mere hideous planted bulk as Witherspoon and Brown. Nearer, the dingy Seminary buildings on the left and the dismal stretch of Alexander Street on the right, trailing along so far its dead, unpainted houses, which might have been bits of bleached sea wreckage left together in a chance line by some receding tide, presented the ugliest aspects, and nearest of all was the golf course, a meadow washed and yellowed by winter. Low, uninviting hills which spring had yet to touch enclosed the mélange of halls and houses, huddled or scattered, in no sort of order, fair or unsightly, with art, on the whole, in abeyance, just as our brave but uncertain career had left them: a record of our history.

Amenities of Club Bicker [negotiations which, toward the end of sophomore year, preceded the invitations to be members of the clubs]: P. H., after convincing with his matchless eloquence a band of sophomores that they should go Cottage, met B. L. on his way out and, with polished bravado, offered to introduce the other visitor to "the new Cottage section." He granted L.'s request to leave him alone with them. When he attempted to reënter, he was told that they had all gone Cap and Gown, and was asked to leave.

A Terrace member went around explaining to the sophomores that Charter imposed an initiation fee of $150 and dues of $25 extra per month, etc., etc.

The egregious Mercer [an evangelist; this is evidently a memory from my school days]: "And the old father, sitting in his office, takes his will out of his drawer, and adds a codicil to say that he disinherits his son. So Mercer was cut off from everybody: he was down in the depths. . . . Well, my picture appeared full-length on the front page of a New York paper, and when my father saw it, he came straight to New York and sent for me. I put on a silk hat and a frock coat—yes, Mercer put on a silk hat, and walked up the steps of one of the wealthiest hotels on Fifth Avenue. My father met me in the lobby and when he saw me dressed

ITALY?



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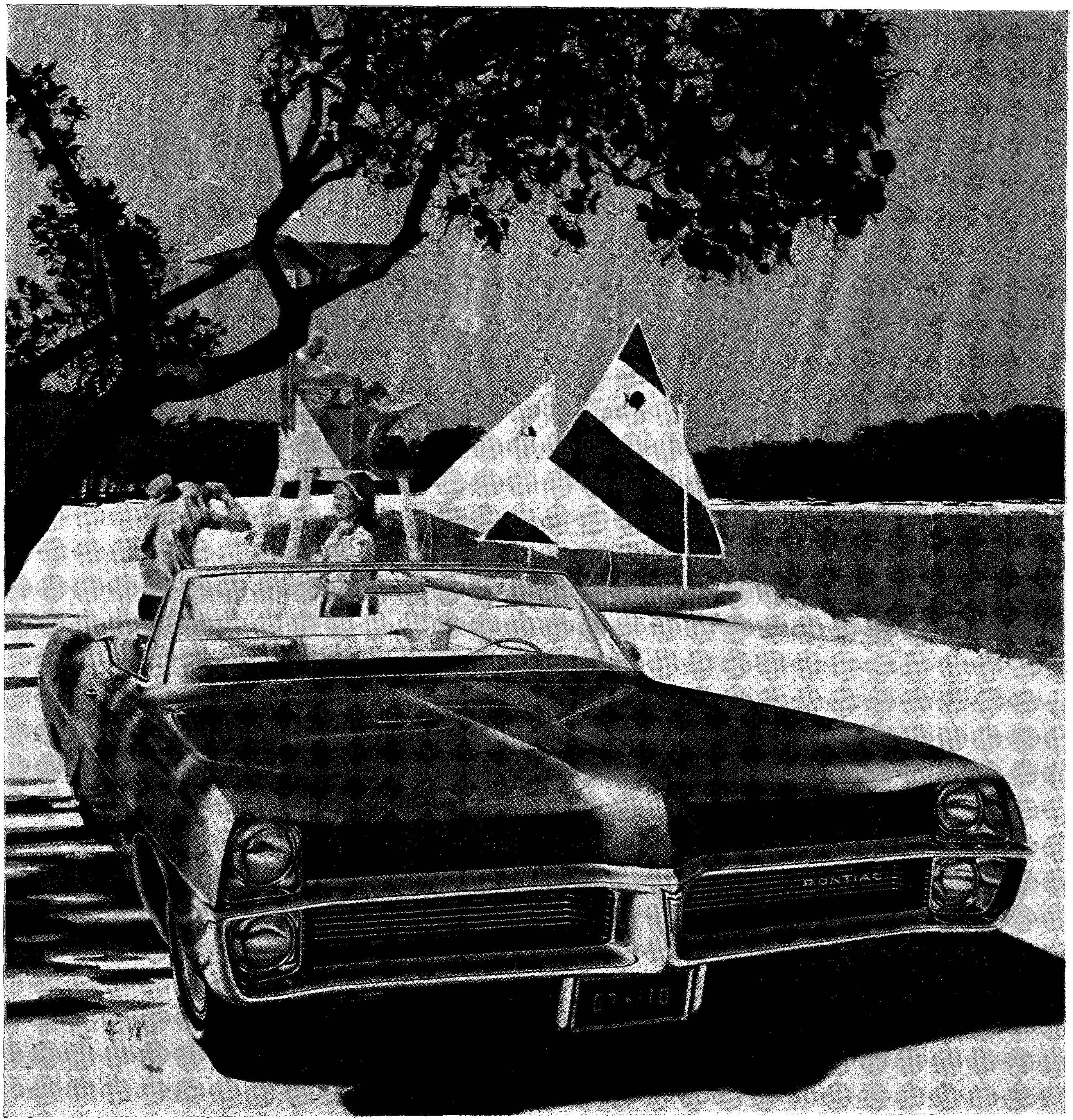

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like that, he said, 'My boy, my boy, my boy; my God, forgive me!' Is salvation real?"

Jim [he worked for Walter Hall, and was brought to one of his preceptorials as a sociological example]: "It began when we was settin' at home one night. I was there. . . . I was thinkin', see, all de time, what father was thinkin': 'Here I gotta support a lotta bums 'at can't do nuttin'.' So I went away the next mornin' on the trolley." [Jim later ran away with his benefactor's fur overcoat and was never seen again.]

Sam Shoemaker to Bill Osborn on the subject of Wilton Lloyd-Smith's mild heterodoxy: "But I can't understand how Wilton at this age can set himself up against a wonderful speaker and mature man like Dr. Fitch!" [Dr. Fitch, orotund and pear-shaped, was a great preacher at schools and colleges.]

Mr. Alfred Noyes: "This Indian fellow—a Brahmin he was—said he saw an English officer strike an Indian gentleman across the face with his whip. Awful liar the fellow must have been, you know! He couldn't really have seen it." And later he told a number of stories about German outrages which he had gotten from sources it had apparently never occurred to him to doubt.

"I was talking with a publisher when a man came into the office and said, 'Have you heard about Dick?' The publisher said, 'No,' and the other man said, 'Shot.' He just stopped a minute, you know, and drew a breath, and then went on talking business with me, as if nothing had happened. Afterward, I found out that it was his second son he had lost. The first had been shot some time before. And, you know, his life had been wrapped up in these two chaps. He had given them the best education and provided for them well, although he was shabbily dressed himself."

[Noyes was then teaching poetry at Princeton. He was a smug middle-class Englishman of the kind that Shaw liked to caricature and that the Sitwells lived to shock. I always thought his poetry a fake. He asserts quite untruly in his book of reminiscences, "Two Worlds for Memory," that I was one of "a small group of students" who "used to meet me once a week to discuss their own work in

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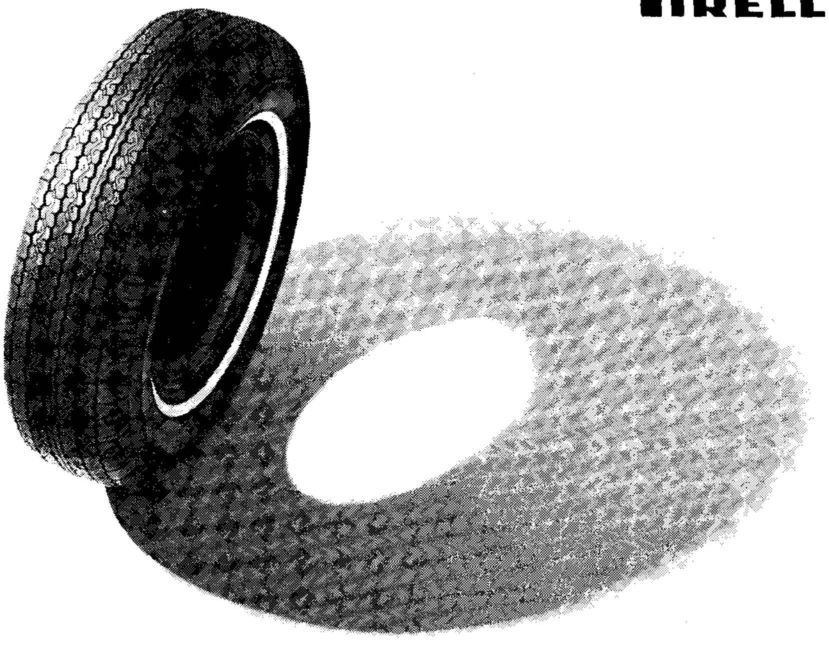

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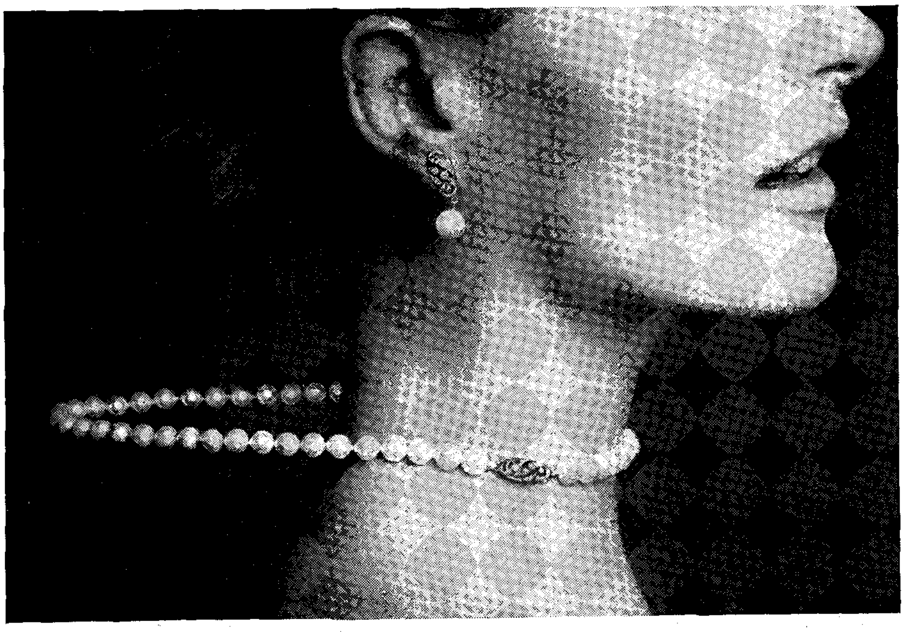

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prose and verse." I may have gone once out of curiosity. The only time I remember discussing literature with him was when Stanley Dell and I were invited to President Hibben's and found Alfred Noyes there. I had the impression that this occasion had been specially arranged by Noyes in order to "get at" Stanley and me. Unaware that Shaw and Wells were among my favorite contemporary writers, he exhorted us to lead a crusade against them. When Bernard Shaw wrote his pamphlet "Common Sense About the War," Noyes said he ought to be thrown into the Tower of London. An even greater provocation for the luxury of expressing a sense of outrage was given later by Joyce's "Ulysses." Noyes tells, in "Two Worlds for Memory," how he tried, by similar tactics to those he had tried with us at Princeton, to recruit, at "a little luncheon," a group of right-thinking influential figures for a campaign against an announced B.B.C. broadcast by someone who was said to think highly of Joyce. He later notified Lord Darling, the judge who had condemned the book, that a "sumptuously bound" copy of "Ulysses" in the library of the late Lord Chancellor was about to be sold at auction, with the result that Lord Darling immediately alerted Scotland Yard, and he announced to Hugh Walpole, a guest in his house, that it "was time that his bag should be packed" when Walpole—with mischievish intent, no doubt—recommended the book to "an innocent girl," one of Noyes's daughters.]

Bill Osborn: "But there is a certain pleasure in the mere expenditure of physical energy."

"He lives entirely on milk and graham crackers, it seems, because he has this great big family estate but hasn't money enough to keep it up. Oh, it's not so terribly big, but it's a vay respectable house, vay old—and he saves all the time to keep it going. He has two bachelor—uh—spinster sisters who live there, and he lives there himself in ve summer, I fink."

Bill Mackie, apostrophizing a pigeon: "Sir, I wot you will one day be made into a pie. . . . He remains mumchance."

John Peale Bishop: "My sense of humor is growing so that I am afraid

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I shan't be able to write any more poetry."

Bill Mackie (upon being asked to describe his missing slippers): "Sir, they had red morocco heels four inches high. The Birth of Venus was broidered on the toe of one and the Rape of Helen on the other."

Charles Walker, upon being asked what he intends to do upon graduating from Yale, invariably answers that he is going into the dry-goods business.

[Canoeing on Stony Brook]: The air was stifling: horribly dusty along the roads and heavy even on the water, which was itself almost tepid. All sharpness of color was toned from sky and lake and trees by a kind of gray haze, which changed greens and blues to soft new glaucous tints. The very sunlight, hot as it was, seemed somehow dusty and dimmed. On the shores, we saw men and sometimes women sitting on the grass. A kingfisher hovered about the bridge. In the Mill Pond, two or three men in rowboats were fishing for perch. From the lake, we heard the hoarse shouts of a coxswain exhorting his naked oarsmen in their needle of a shell, which pierced through under the bridge and disappeared.

The persistent and mechanical rasping of the guineafowls.

The sharp harsh gasps of the locomotive.

The Clubs: monuments to the mediocrity of human taste and ideals.

The canal was muddy and made the white clouds muddy in reflection.

The nasal clangor of the bell in Nassau Hall, ringing for a class. [I later included this phrase in a poem, and it was questioned by Alfred Noyes on the ground that it might lead the British reader to make a crack that in America even the bells had nasal voices.]

The First Presbyterian Church, that picturesque but inconvenient enclave.

"After the dance, he had a breath you could chin yourself on."

Mr. Preston, who had been hunted out from the guests at a party and introduced to a young girl whose "mother had known him years ago and

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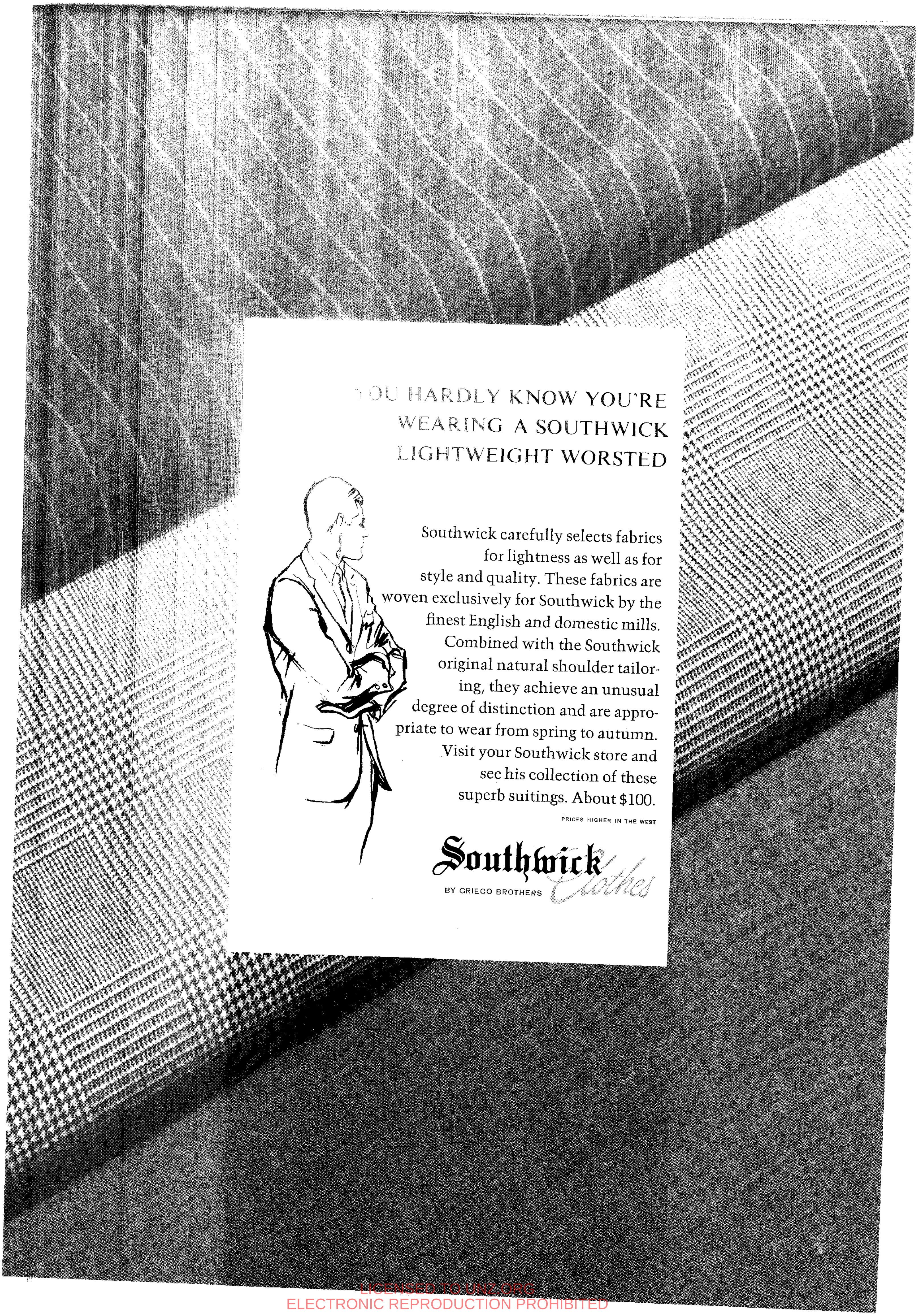

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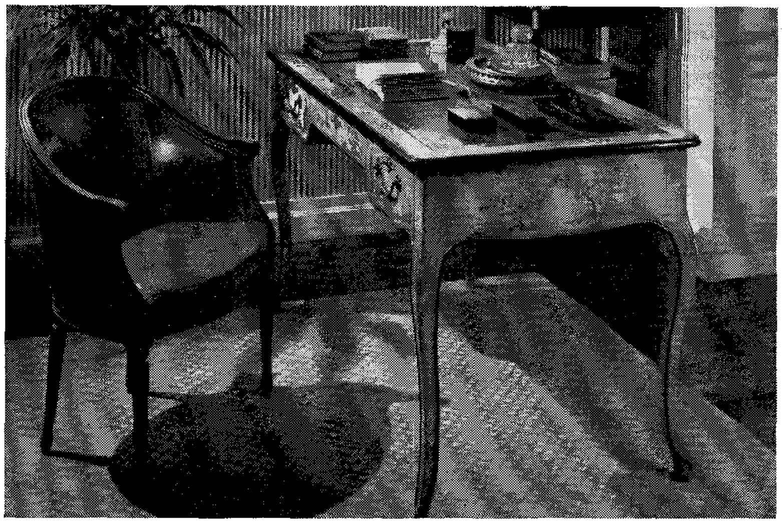
had wanted her particularly to meet him": "Well, now you've seen me, you can go back and tell her what I'm like." [This was the second husband of Mrs. Grover Cleveland. His bad manners were legendary.]

F. Scott Fitzgerald: "Why, I can go up to New York on a terrible party and then come back and go into the church and *pray*—and mean every word of it, too!"

[Scott was then a practicing Catholic, and though I sometimes used to kid him about it—he was the first educated Catholic I had ever known—I now think it was perhaps unfortunate that he lost his faith as he did. In his college days, the older men who were most interested in him and whom he most respected were Father Fay and Shane Leslie. I suppose it was inevitable that in an all-Protestant college (I do not remember in my time any other Catholic students, though there may have been a few), a college which had for him, a Westerner, the prestige of an acme of Eastern smartness, he should have imitated his companions in not taking religion seriously. But this left him with nothing at all to sustain his moral standards or to steady him in self-discipline. His desire to be a great writer only intermittently spurred him to effort. He had put on record before his death that he wanted to be buried in the Catholic cemetery in Baltimore with the other members of his family, but this was denied him by the Church, to which, after breaking away from it, he had never made his resubmission.]

Wilton Lloyd-Smith: "But the dances at Philadelphia and Washington and Baltimore are much worse than the New York ones. . . . Oh, *no*, *no*, *no*, the girls don't get drunk, but they get so *dizzy*, you know, that they can't dance any more and have to sit down. Although sometimes people can dance when they can't walk."

The Princeton crew race had a sort of near-festive quality. Crowds of townspeople who could hardly be described as "brightly dressed" and a few students with the girls they had invited to a recent club dance lined the banks. Canoes clustered about the judge's float. Dr. Spaeth, coaching from his official motorboat, maintained the only very partially holiday atmos-



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phere by roaring a message about an essay through his megaphone at "Lillian" Russell, who was some distance away, and thereby startling a number of intermediate persons who thought for a time that they were being savagely reprimanded. The finishes of the races evoked cheering of that semi-ironical kind for which Princeton seems always to be so ready. Even the rowers didn't take their proverbially overwhelming exertions as hard as usual, but recovered, after a momentary collapse of lowered heads and motionless oars, to return vigorously to the boathouse.

Nocturnal voices in a chanting chorus addressed to John Wyeth, who is playing Debussy and rapt in iridescent dreams when most people have gone to bed: "Cut out that goddam noise! Cut out that goddam noise!," etc.

[John Wyeth was the pure aesthete of the class of 1915. I had already known him before college; he had been one of my cousin Sandy Kimball's friends in New York, the son of a distinguished surgeon, and at Princeton we belonged to the same club, Charter. He had no "crowd" of his own. It was not merely that he was shy; he had, I think, no interest in making friends. He did have one companion, however, from whom he was almost inseparable—Bert Friend, who was already engaged in the studies that led later to his becoming an authority on Byzantine art. I rarely saw John save at meals, but he and I had certain things in common. We were, so far as I know, the only students then in college who had seriously read Henry James. Though I won an essay prize by a paper on James—based, however, on an incomplete knowledge of his work—I did not find him entirely satisfactory. I think there was too little "love interest"—that is, sex interest—in James for a young man of my age to appreciate him. I was used to Bennett and Wells, Meredith and Thomas Hardy, and James, after these, seemed rather pale. What led me on to read him was the discovery that he was sometimes "realistically" dealing with contemporary America. It was very much in the air that our writers should write about their own country, and the passages about Albany in "The Portrait of a Lady" were a good deal more interesting to me than all the rest, which takes place in Europe. It was not till I read "What Maisie Knew"—recommended in the *Smart Set* by Mencken as a "passionless masterpiece"—that I found

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a work of James that I could wholly admire, though it had nothing to do with the United States, and I still think the short novels of this middle period are much better than most of his longer ones, which are likely to start off invitingly but in the second volume to run into the sands. I was also rather worried by the way James's people talked. This was certainly not less artificial than the way George Meredith's talked, but the brilliance and electricity of Meredith kept me from minding this. It was John Wyeth who first explained to me, when I complained about James's conversations, that every artist establishes a convention, in his dialogue as in everything else, and that Henry James's convention was no further from actuality than that of many other writers.]

The distinctive Irish style: at once pugnacious and graceful.

Douglas Russell, introducing two little sisters to visiting friends of his: "They're my sisters—don't know 'em very well."

Joe's: That long desolate room of oilcloth and white woodwork and little tables covered with soiled tablecloths, with its dirty soda fountain at one end and its undisguised refrigerator at the other. [It was only a step from my rooms, and I would go there late at night, after I had finished working, to eat a hot fried-egg sandwich.]

[Canoeing on Stony Brook]: We went past the "Sheepwash" and the railway bridge and came to where the stream was narrow and difficult, because the thickets on the bank sprawled into the water and the rank clumps of pond-lily leaves clogged our passage. However, we fended off the branches and pulled ourselves along by the heavy lily stalks, till we found wider water and banks that were the edges of forests and meadows. Among these and in the turbid stream, which presented them again, crimped and reticulated and a little tarnished, we saw all the amazing details of color which even the commonest collection of living creatures displays: the bluejays and kingfishers, the full red of red-winged blackbirds and the vermilion of the cardinal bird, tiny summer yellow birds and flickering chimney swifts. They made an occasional robin seem bourgeois and ordinary. Wild pigeons, crows, song sparrows, and chickadees were less striking, and the little spindled sandpipers seemed as humble as the mud which they were made so nicely to match. Also, there was the lavender of a wild iris and even the yellow of the coarse round lily buds. Painted turtles with red-scalloped shells floated at one side, obliquely poised. And always we had blue and silver and green from sun and sky and trees and water. . . . We returned at last into the Millstone Pond by way of that wide and slightly dreary gate, where the water is always nearly black and there are always many trees whose branches are still quite bare.

. . . Which reminds one of the famous writer on nature who, upon stepping out one beautiful morning, remarked to a friend, "What a fine day for phrases!" [This was an invention of mine.]

Bill Mackie: "Come on, Mr. Mac, this is no nunnery!" [He had balked at telling some story.]

(Spring, 1914) after an exam: "My God, it's all over; I could sit down and cry like a child."

A balloon-monger on the curb with a bouquet of gas balloons, whose transparent globes of green and red and blue and orange bounced and rebounded together at a breath of wind.

The red and yellow ones are like monstrous currants.

Mr. Pomeroy [Ralph Pomeroy, the rector of the Episcopal church] to Mr. Mac: "You don't look at life as a narrative; you look at it as a series of dramatic episodes."

T. K. Whipple of Charlie Walker: "At Princeton he'd be an irresistible force moving in a vacuum." [I have written about Teek Whipple in "Classics and Commercials." At the time I entered college, he was a senior and the editor of the *Lit*, but he went on to the Graduate School and continued to contribute to the magazine and to take an active interest in it.]

If Henry James had written "The Reef," he would have begun with the

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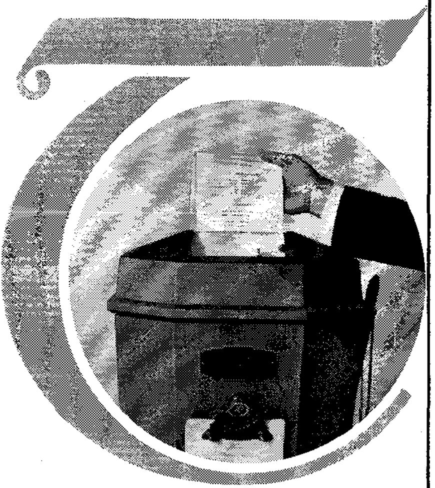

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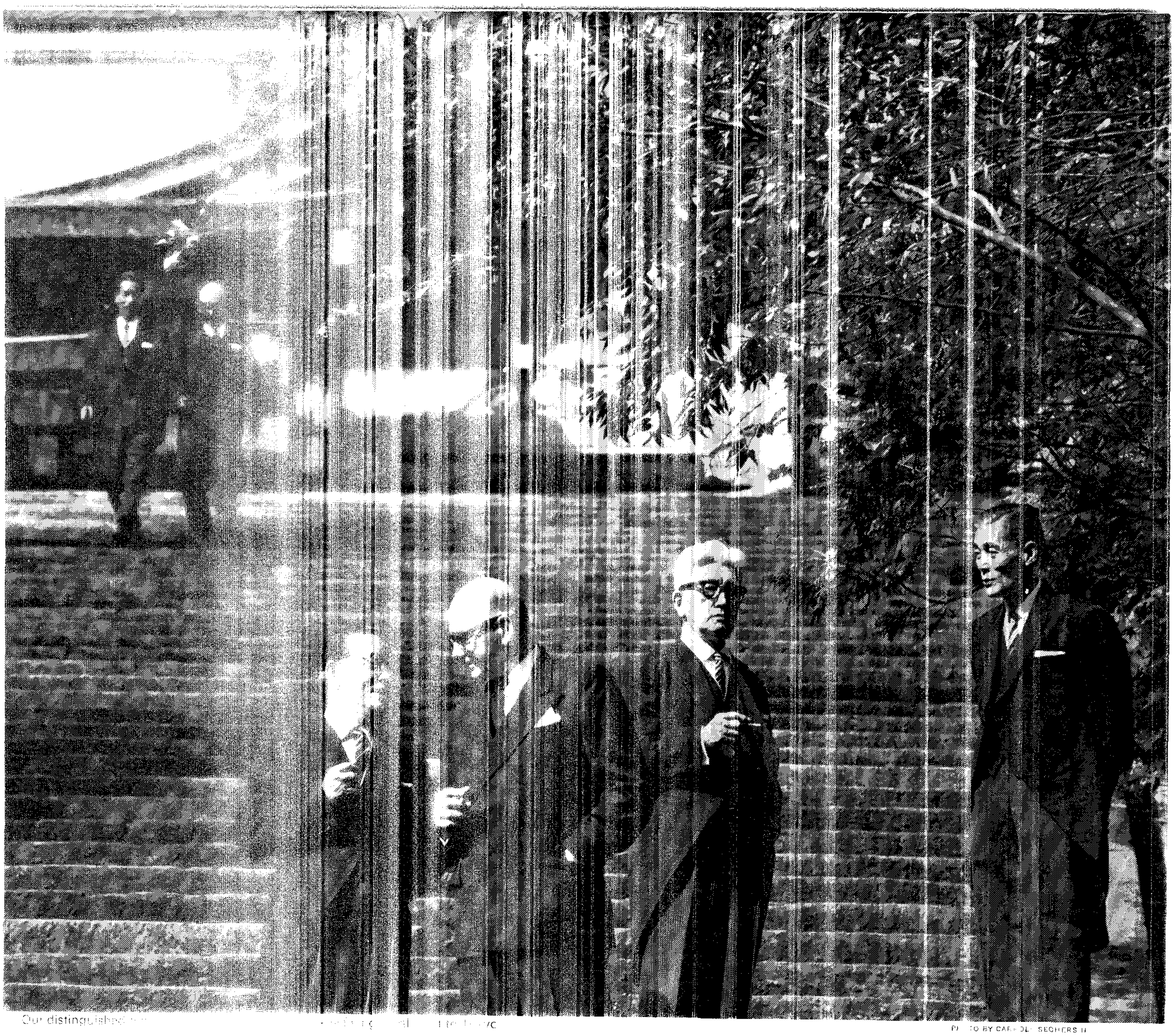

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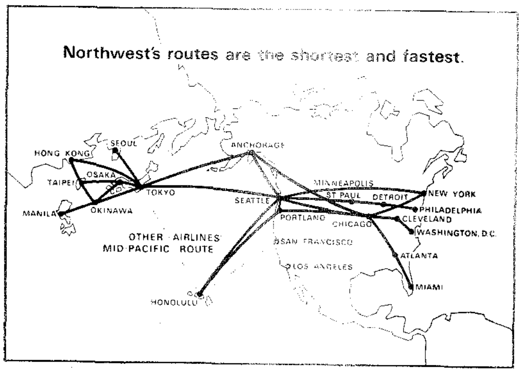

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second book and allowed the episode related in the first, the very best and most characteristic thing in the novel, to transpire through the subsequent conversation of the characters.

Earl Osborn [who had enlisted in the Ambulance Corps in France]: "I stahted off in a gweat fit of enthusiasm and fought it was going to be a gweat adventure, then, when I found out more about it, it didn't seem so pleasant, and ven, when I fought about it more, I wasn't vewy keen on it. . . . You'h going to be undeh military discipline all ve time, you know, and ve work's going to consist chiefly in running a Fawd night and day wif a load of poah fellows gwoaning in ve back. In ve füst place, you may come back a physical wreck, and ven you may get brutalized. . . . Oh, I don't know—seeing so many dead men, and seeing ve *human body mangled like vat* . . ." [I tried to reproduce the way that Bill and Earl Osborn talked, the reason for which I never understood. Their parents did not talk in that way. John Dos Passos, in his youth, had somewhat the same pronunciations. It has sometimes been a fashionable affectation not to pronounce *r*, but I don't know why these young men should have been influenced by this. I believe they all outgrew these habits.]

"It isn't the principle of the thing; it's the way it looks."

Bill Mackie, on being derided for his remissness in not securing a room: "Well, something usually happens for people who can't take care of themselves, I think. Don't you? I mean, they usually come out all right."

At the Sea Bright Beach Club, on some summer mornings, the very sea seems to have become merely pretty and lazy and trivial like the summer people who come to bathe in it and lie upon its sand under parasols of red and green silk.

Bill Mackie (summer of 1914), on beholding a cathedral spire at Bruges (?): "Wouldn't that just make you fall down before God Almighty!" [This was reported to me by Sam Shoemaker, with whom Bill had been travelling on the Continent. Sam, who

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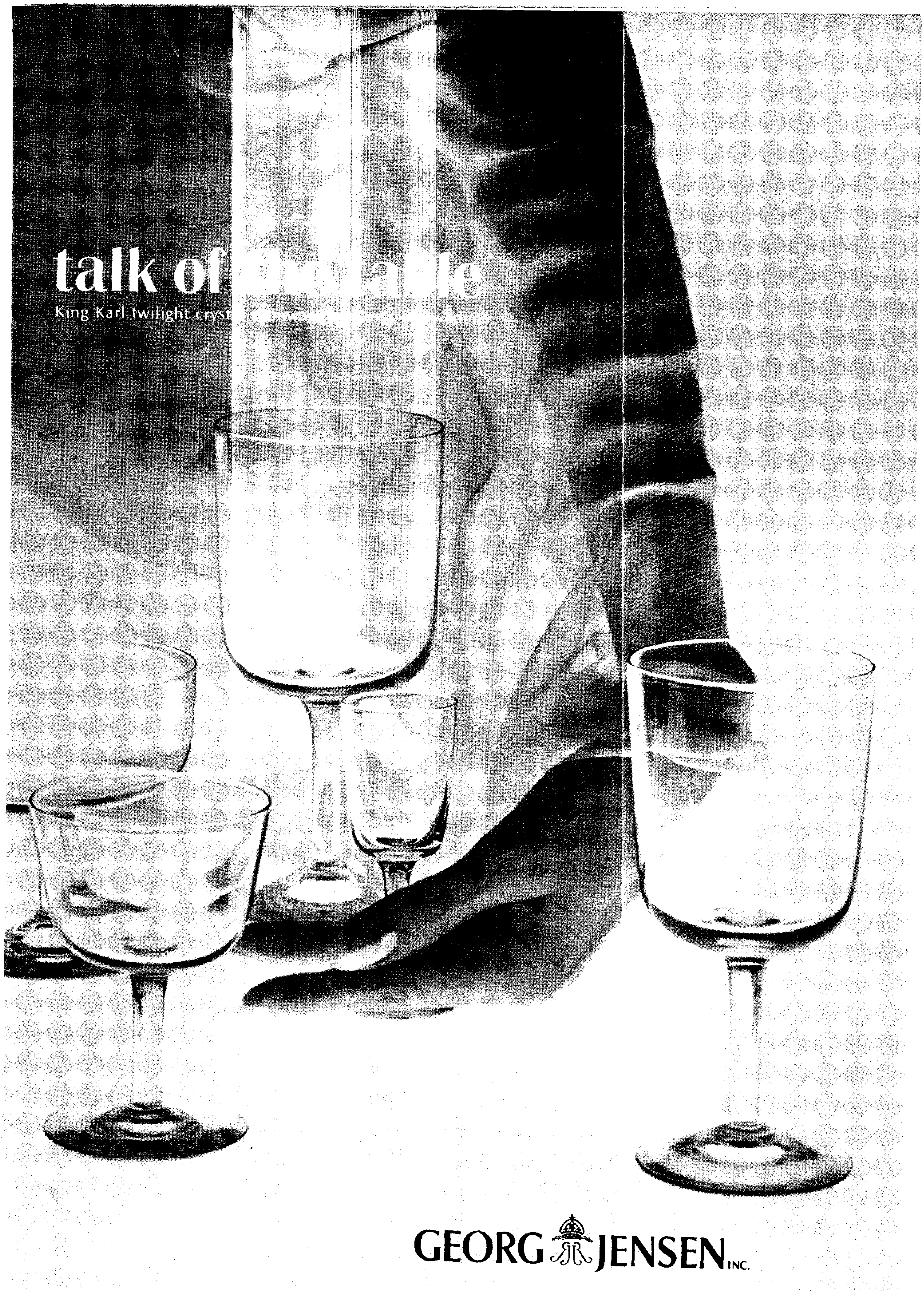
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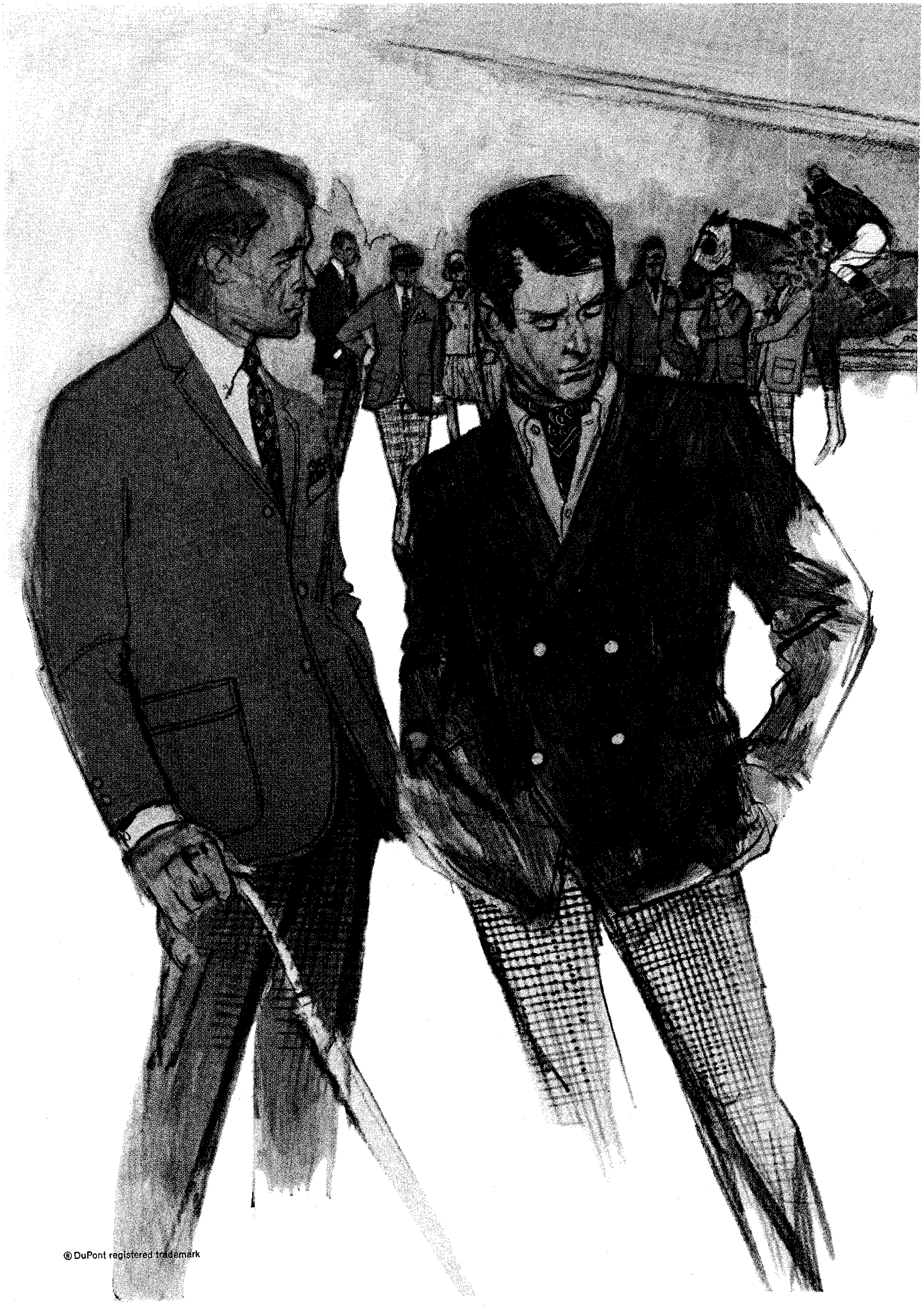

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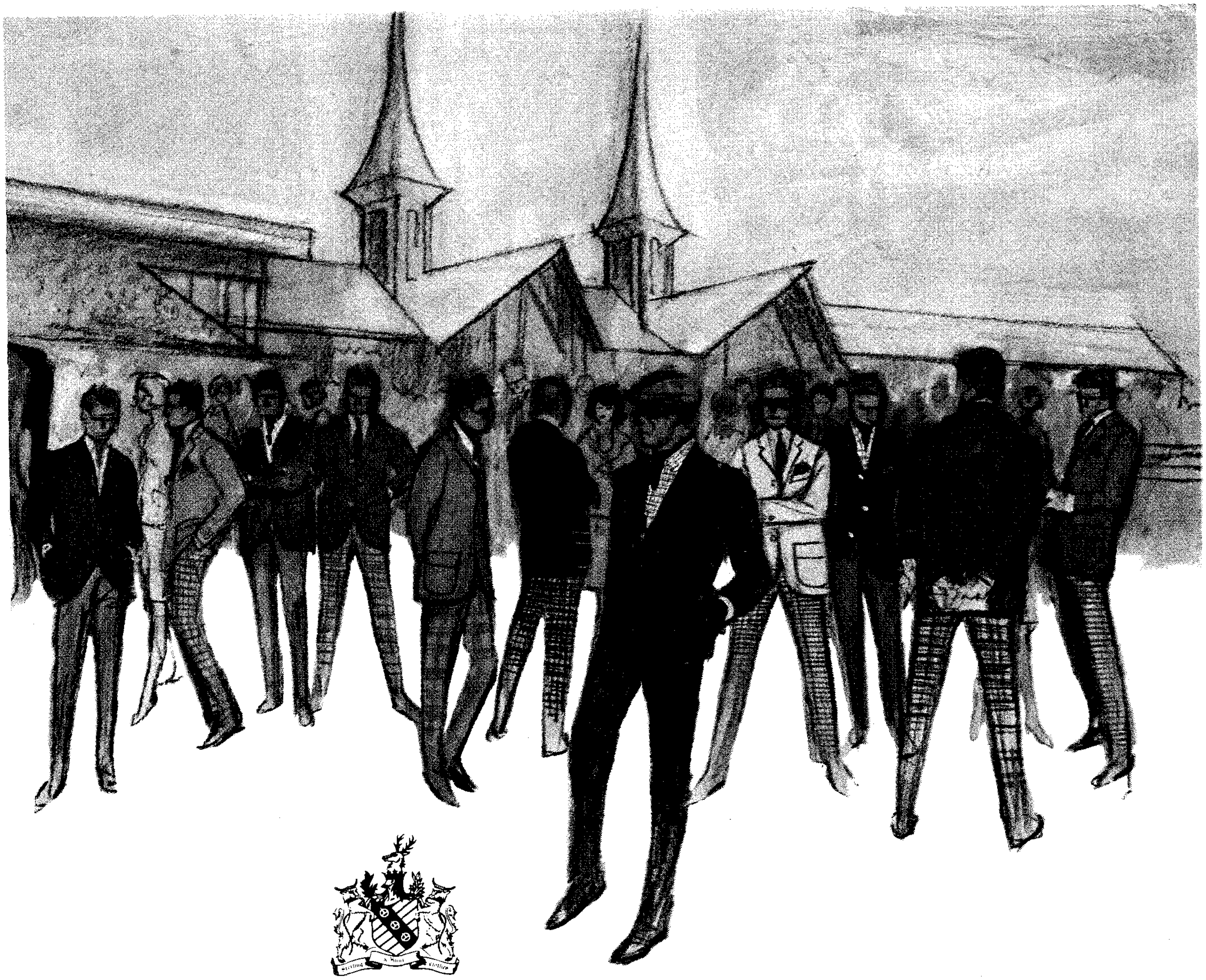

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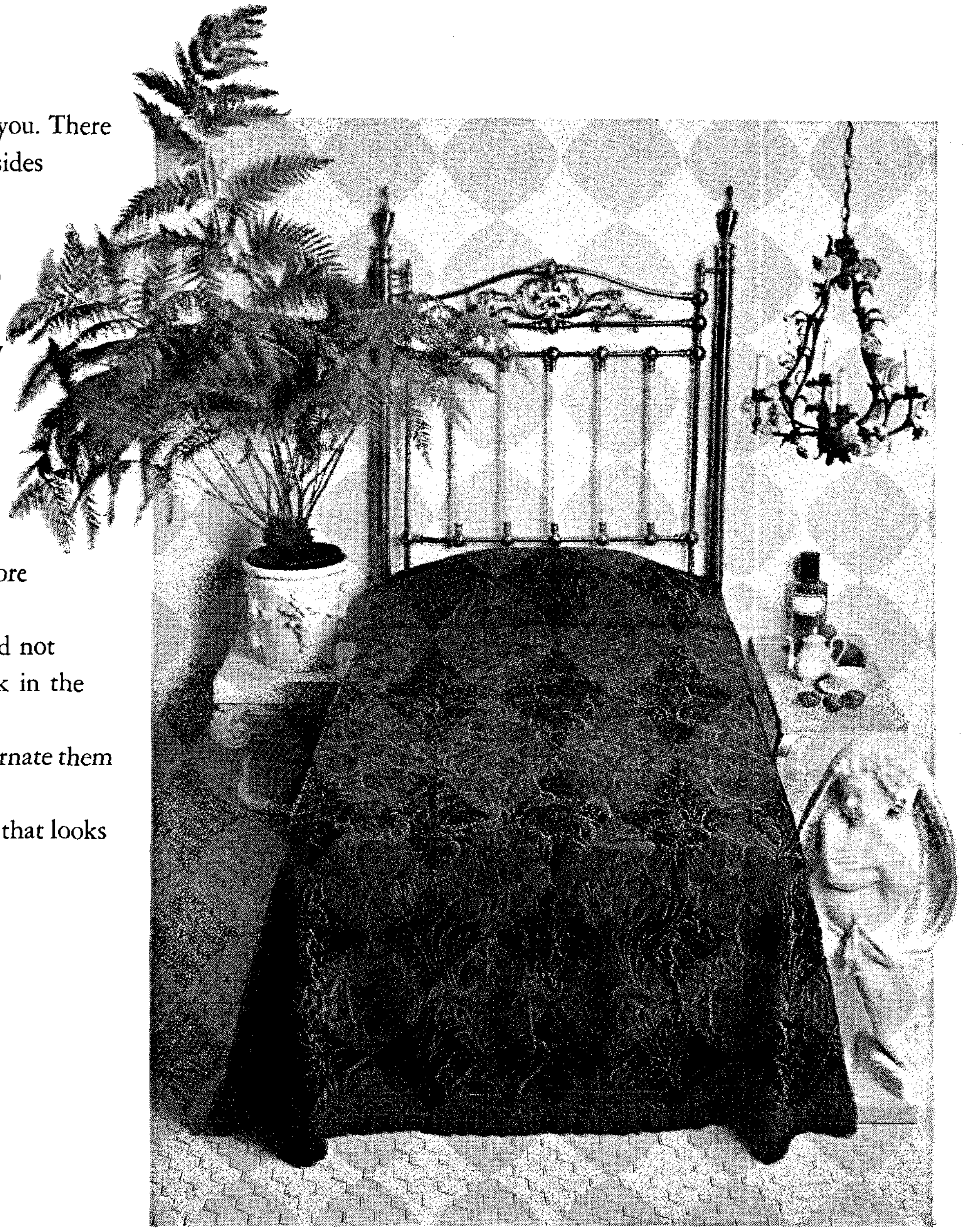

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came from Baltimore, was then preparing himself to take orders in the Episcopal Church, and I predicted for him a worldly career in a smart, well-to-do parish. But what happened was somewhat different. He was for years Frank Buchman's chief lieutenant in what was later called the Oxford Movement. This still left room for Sam's snobbishness, since Buchman made special efforts to acquire prestige for his group by capturing for it the socially prominent. Sam left the movement, however, when Buchman came out for Hitler. In college, he was always eager to note any signs, on the part of his friends, of an interest in religion. Hence his telling me of Bill's exclamation, which I do not believe can have indicated any great preoccupation with God. I used to take walks with Sam, and, in recurrent discussions of religion, we would do our best to find common ground, but I always felt a little afterward that I had been wasting my time, that he did not understand my point of view but complacently accepted it as confirming his own. He had a Southern and somewhat hollow geniality, and he maintained the pretense of a capacity for gaiety by having a piano in his rooms and playing upon it occasionally the only tune he seemed to know, a song from "The Belle of New York."]

Bill Mackie (spring of 1915): "I'd love to go on the loose tonight. Last night the campus was alive—really, it was wonderful—till 2 in the morning—and I had to study philosophy notes all night!"

[The eating clubs for juniors and seniors were all on Prospect Street, and the freshmen were not allowed to walk on it till the end of freshman year.]

The freshmen came parading down Prospect Street for the first time, hot and excited in the lurid pink of their torches. Their Roman candles popped little comets against the blue night sky of June and showered sparks upon their hands and heads, but they did not mind this: it only added a little exhilarating danger to this last prescribed adventure of freshman year. They saw the clubs all alight and the diners at the doors and on the curb, in the dress clothes of undergraduates or the fantastic soldier, sailor, artist, and Arab costumes of alumni. Some of them held champagne glasses in their

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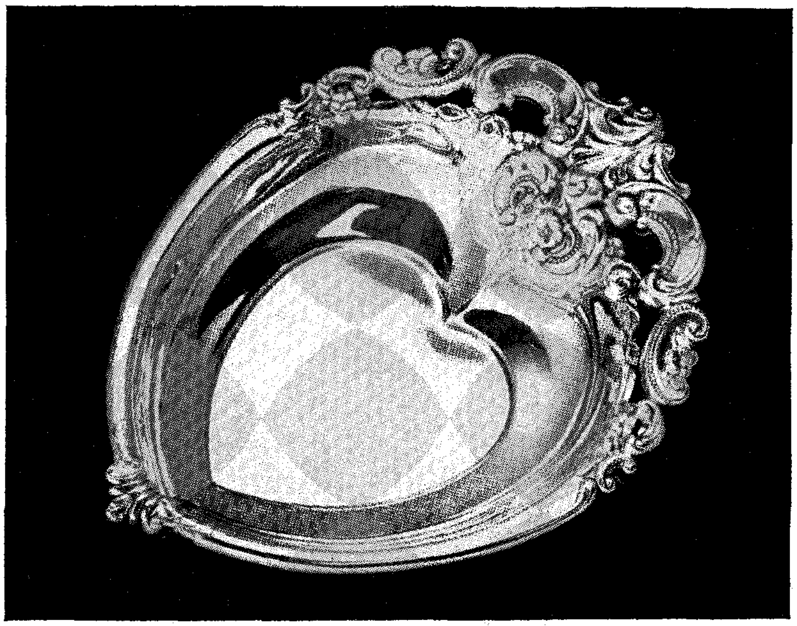
hands, and this touch added glamour to the paraders' impression that they were in the presence of arcana more mysterious and magnificent than anything else Princeton had to offer. Someday they might have the right to visit one or another of these pleasure palaces; they wondered which it would be. And every man there, oddly enough, pictured himself a member of one of the clubs of highest repute. Friends from the clubs saluted them, and they were still prouder and more impressed with the brilliant possibilities of Princeton. Upperclassmen they knew, the very sophomores who had been a short time ago so near to them, had subjected them so unceasingly to their ridicule and criticism, took on new values as they were seen to move in this little-known and iridescent element. Ah, when they, the new sophomores, should reach this culminating phase, how clever and famous and happy they would be! The friendships of freshman year, new and tentative and delightful now, would be old and unalterable and wonderful then. They would be exalted by extracurricular honors; they would be able to stand on the curb, like these others, with dinner jackets and champagne glasses and the consciousness that their names stood for something; they would be celebrated characters like these, gifted like these with this or that talent.

[The chief reason for the immense difference between life at Princeton and the Princeton attitude and life at Yale and the Yale attitude is that the latter holds off so much longer than the former that disillusioning climax which is the real turning point in the transition from boy to man. (By this I mean the college social climax, which in Princeton is over at the end of sophomore year, but in Yale not till the end of junior year.)

Fraternities are banned at Princeton, and we are unique, so far as I know, in having only eating clubs. These clubs are remarkably uninteresting. In my time, before the new Commons was built, you could be sure of getting better meals there than if you ate at the old Commons and less expensive ones than if you ate at the Princeton restaurants. But there was little or no serious activity in connection with these eating clubs. At my club, we arranged an occasional evening when some member of the faculty was invited to dinner and we had some sort of discussion afterward, but, aside from this, since I did not play billiards



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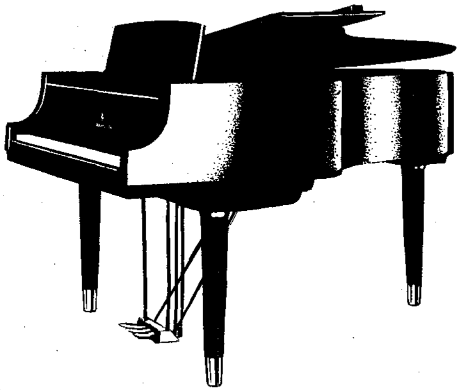

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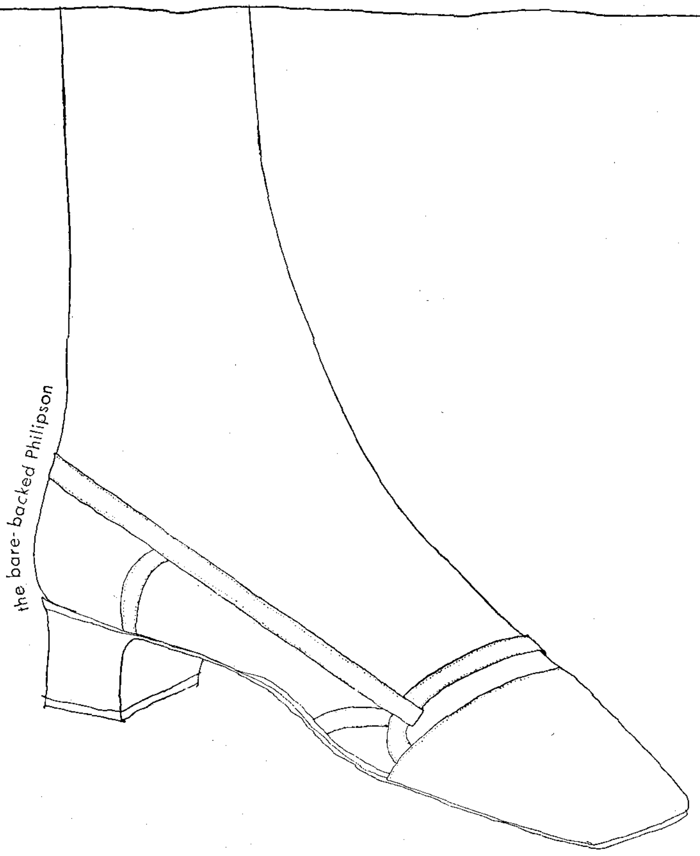
or bridge, there was nothing in the clubhouse to occupy me except to sit, as I did sometimes in winter, in front of our big open fireplace and read the papers and magazines. The sophomores were chosen during Bicker Week, but some of them were always left out, and thus unfairly humiliated. Periodical efforts have been made to eliminate the clubs altogether. Woodrow Wilson attempted to abolish them and encountered the most determined resistance. The point was that the alumni members had invested so much money in them during the period of conspicuous spending of the early nineteen-hundreds that—though Wilson wanted to convert them into university buildings—it was not really easy to abandon or dispose of the often very large and luxurious edifices that lined both sides of the street. They were vying with one another as to which should make the most impressive show. The Cottage Club had been designed by Stanford White. Another, the Colonial Club, displayed an enormous Colonial façade, which, like a Hollywood set, had almost nothing behind it. A second attempt to get rid of the clubs was made, just after I graduated, by Dick Cleveland, Grover Cleveland's son. He set an example himself by refusing to belong to one, but his rebellion, like all others, failed. Repeated attempts have been made to provide that no student shall be left out of the clubs; another is in progress as I write.

The situation at Yale was quite different. You were first asked to join a fraternity, and you could live in a fraternity house; we were not allowed to live in the clubs till the days when we came back as alumni. The election to the senior societies took place at the end of the junior year at the solemn ceremony of Tap Day, when the class waited under a certain tree for the seniors to run out of the society buildings—windowless and forbidding stone tombs, illuminated only from the top—tap their men, and say, "Go to your room!" Mysterious rites followed, which the members were pledged not to reveal. Of these senior societies at Yale, Skull and Bones was by far the most important. It was supposed to take in only the ablest men, and they were supposed to be dedicated thus to be "leaders" in afterlife as well as at college. They took Bones with extreme solemnity. If the word "bones" was spoken, they were supposed to have to leave the room, and it was said, I do not know how truly, that they could not relinquish their society pins even



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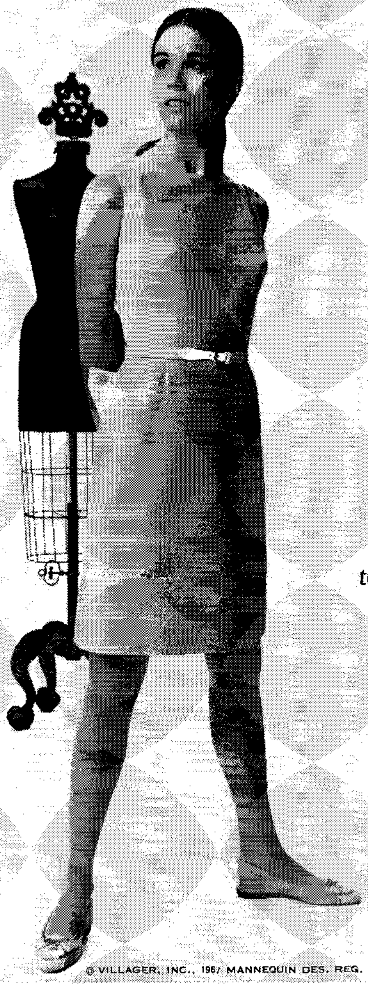

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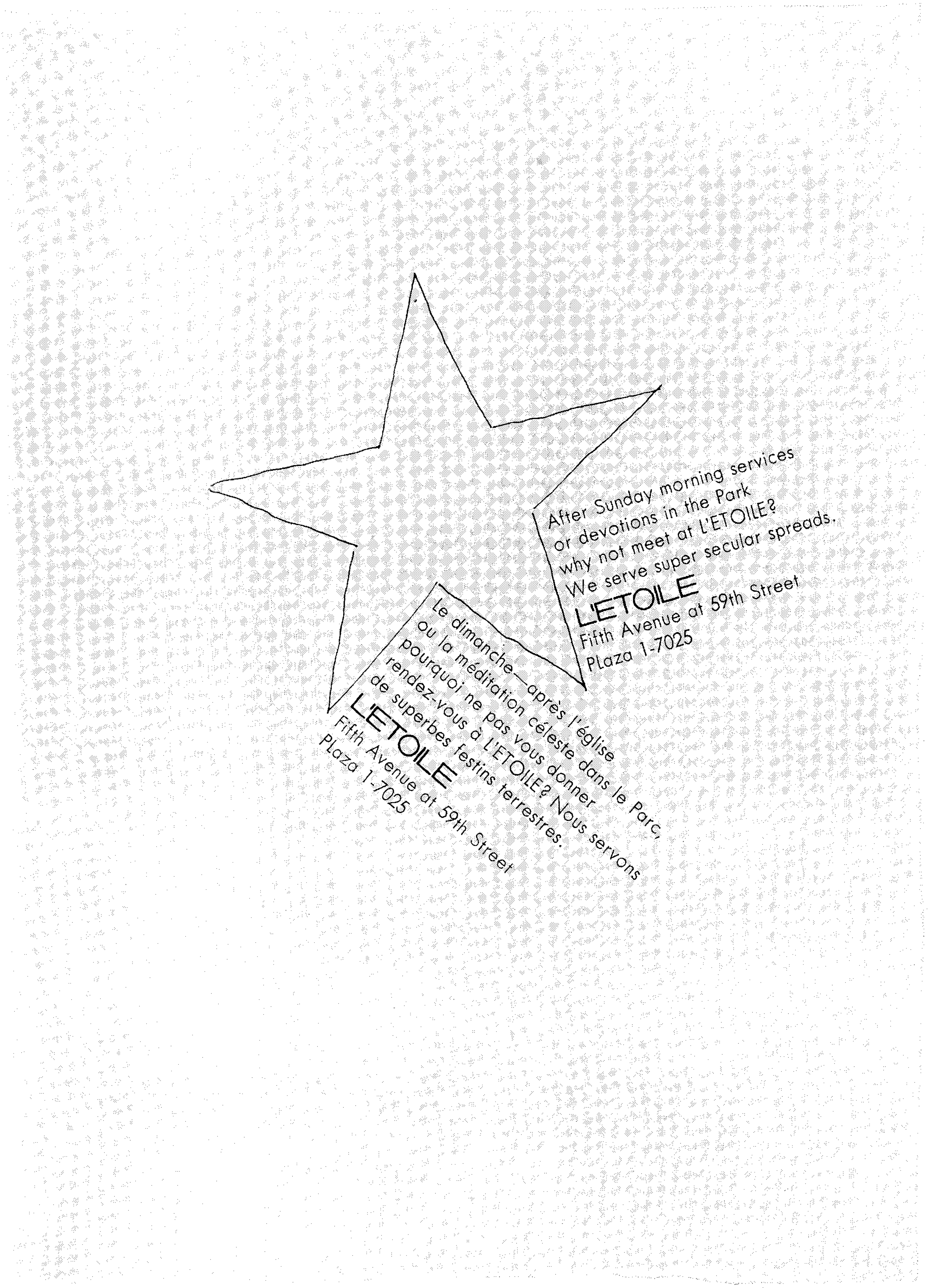

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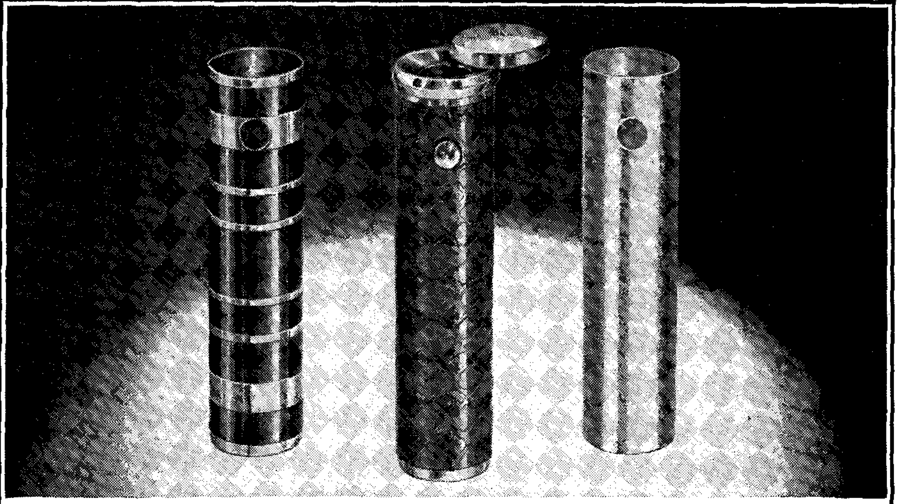
when they were taking a shower, at which time they had to hold them in their teeth. No Bones man, after college, was supposed to fail; his career in the larger world was intently followed by his brothers, and if he showed any signs of weakening they arranged to prop him up.

Scott Fitzgerald once had the idea of bringing out the word "bones" in a Triangle Show and then having two men dressed as tattered old bums get up and leave the theatre. All of this side of Yale was, in general, the object of a good deal of kidding on the part of Harvard and Princeton, and the climax of the Yale song, "For God, for country, and for Yale," was called the greatest anticlimax ever written. And yet I felt a certain respect for the importance given at Yale to intellectual achievement. Scholarship counted as well as athletics, and the editor of the Yale *News* and the editor of the Yale *Lit* were ex officio tapped for Bones. At Princeton, you had no incentive to excel in any such pursuit. ΦBK had no prestige, was considered, in fact, rather second-rate, and I remember that I felt John Bishop had undergone a slight degradation when he found that he had earned this distinction and went to a ΦBK dinner. In the years when he and I and Whipple and Hamilton Armstrong and Stanley Dell and Scott Fitzgerald and John Biggs were operating the *Lit*, we actually made a profit, and yearly "cut a melon" which afforded us fifty dollars apiece. But this kind of thing you did on your own incentive and under your own steam. When you were faced with the lack of competition that followed election to a club and found that it involved nothing but a comfortable place to eat, you had to keep your own fires stoked, and this was in some ways a very good thing. The pressure of Yale competition sometimes had the result of making the poets as well as the political and business types too eager for conspicuous success. And stimulating though I usually found the Bones men, I became aware, later on, when I shared an apartment with three Elis and saw a good many of their friends, that unless you had fared well at Yale and were confidently headed for some substantial achievement you were by no means a loyal son of Yale but were likely to look back on it with bitterness. A blistering instance of this was the speech made by Sinclair Lewis when he attended an alumni dinner. He said that in his years at Yale his classmates had paid no attention to him, had simply



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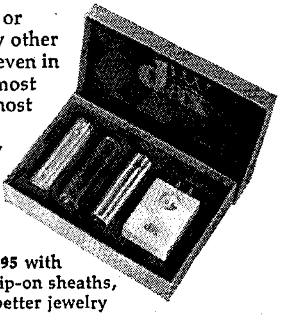

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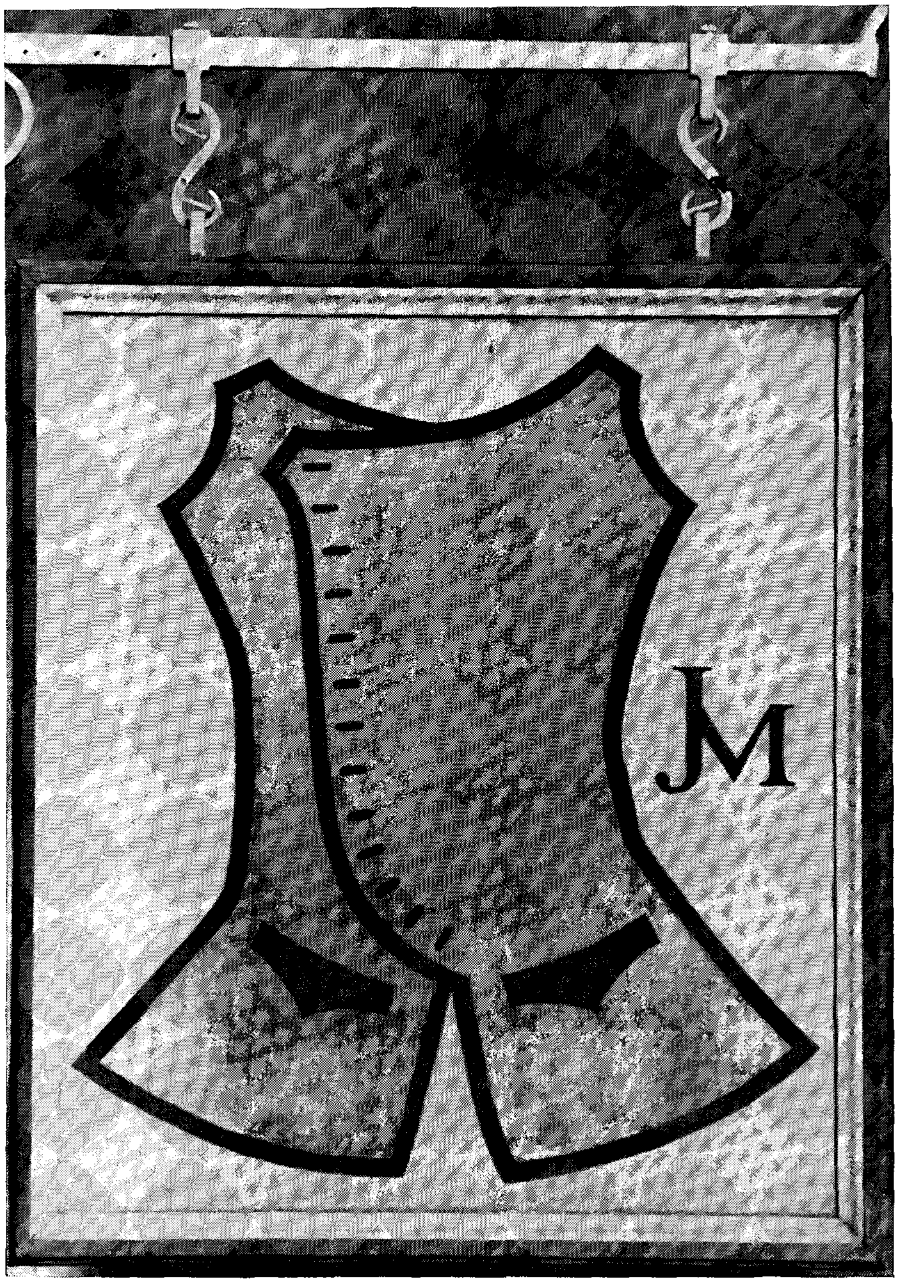
thought him a "sad bird," as we said at Princeton. But now that he had had some success—publicity, reputation, and money—they were making a fuss about him. The implication was that they could go to hell. The Princetonians, on the other hand, had usually an affection for Princeton, which sometimes became quite maudlin. An uncle of mine (neither of those mentioned before), when he had already been some years out of Princeton, returned in tears to his brother's house because Princeton had lost the big game. Examples of this childish loyalty—always accompanied by extreme conservatism in regard to old college usages and by strong opposition to "liberal" ideas—still turn up in the correspondence columns of the Princeton *Alumni Weekly*, and I am glad to see that the editor does not encourage these outbursts but comments on them sometimes rather tartly. I used to note, on my visits to New Haven, that the dissipation at Yale was practiced with the same earnestness as everything else, whereas the Yale men used to make fun of us for what they considered the childish namby-pambiness of "going to the Nass for a beer." Yale was a burning religion, with, however, a good many unbelievers; Princeton a well-dressed and convivial group, to which, if one were not convivial, it was easy to remain indifferent.]

At the '85 headquarters in Thomson Hall, Father was plotting with his classmates an unveiling ceremony which was to be one of the features of their class banquet—the public removal of a wig with which one of their number had sought to counterfeit the original head of hair which they all claimed to remember with so much pleasure and as to which they professed themselves impossible to deceive.

[This was to be accomplished by a hook let down by a string from the ceiling.

My father seemed quite to be enjoying himself at this thirtieth reunion with his classmates. He did not really have much love for Princeton. In college, he and his brother John had edited the *Princetonian* and had led a campaign against what they regarded as certain persecutions on the part of the faculty. I have never understood what this was all about. Though I have from my father's library the old bound volumes of the *Princetonian*, the references are so guarded that it is impossible to tell what the issues were—except that the students complained that the



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faculty were spying upon them. The cartoon of one of the professors which brought the agitation to a head does not throw any light on the matter. But it resulted in a students' strike, and my father was arrested by the proctor on his way to a strikers' meeting, at which he was going to speak—he was a celebrated Whig Hall orator. He was accused of being one of the fomenters of rebellion, on his way to inflame the strikers, but he declared that he had meant to quell them. He was "rusticated" to Kingston in the house of a minister, and an effort was made—it was in his senior year—to debar him from graduation. But on account of his brilliant record this move was overruled by other elements in the faculty who were friendly to him.

His attitude toward Princeton was never enthusiastic, and I was grateful to him for tipping me off to some of the Princeton frauds.

The President of Princeton in my time was John Grier Hibben. He had a clear and straight gaze, and was generally liked by the students, who toasted him in their "Faculty Song" with:

Here's to Hibben, we call him Jack—
The whitest man in all the fac'.

He had been ordained in the Presbyterian Church; at that time every president of Princeton still had to be a Presbyterian minister. Possessing this qualification, he had risen to his position partly, I believe, from not having committed himself in the battle between Wilson and West—Wilson had accused him of a base betrayal. He had been a friend and classmate of my Uncle John and had visited at the house of my grandparents. But my father had a low opinion of him and said that he was an unarguable refutation of the saying that it is impossible for anyone to lift himself by his bootstraps. Kemp Smith, an importation of Wilson's and now head of the Philosophy Department, of which Hibben had been formerly head and in which he still taught a course in logic, said of Hibben that, in spite of several books on the subject, "he doesn't know what philosophy is, you know." But he was, I think, by no means the worst of our mediocre American college presidents, who seem sometimes not to have any competence at all in any of the departments over which they preside.]

Kemp Smith: "He has an attractive ugly face like Huxley's, like a good-looking codfish with a mouth like a letter bawx."

Gauss (asked about his little collie's name): "Baudelaire." [Gauss had not, however, named him. He had been left with the Gausses by the Jesse Lynch Williamses.]

"Really?"

"Yes, it's a fact."

"Will he answer to any line from the great poet?"

"Oh, he barks at those."

"You should dye his hair green."

"Yes, he ought to have that."

"But he seems to be a perfectly normal dog."

"No, he's not a normal dog; he likes to listen to French lectures."

When someone [in Dante class] translated "Never was a man fitter than he was for the guillotine" (*gelatina*. I. XXXII. 60), Baudelaire emerged from under Gauss's desk, looking rather pained.

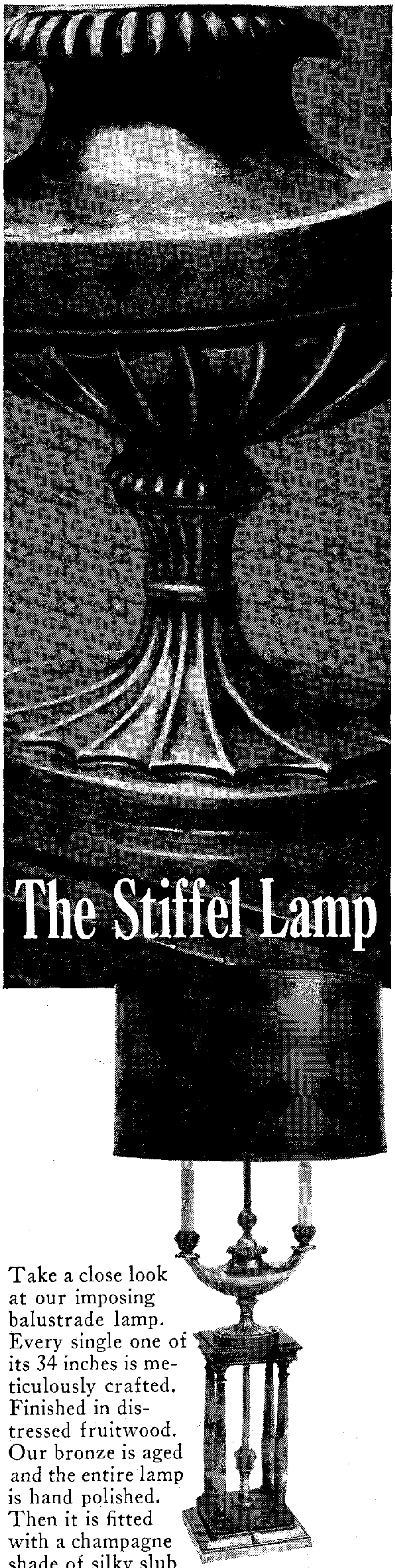
Gauss: "He'll stand for almost anything, but that's too much. Ain't that some anachronism? Awful—awful—hawrrible—a scan-dal! It isn't that *I* object to your not knowing these things, gentlemen: I don't care, but I'm sorreh that you haven't the intellectual curiositeh to look them up! It's bad intellectual form; it's awfulleh bad form; it's like going around with your face unwashed. . . . Ah, well! It's the University's fault, I suppose, as much as yours. . . . Mr. Clarkson, translet!"

Sandy, in freshman year, used to be annoyed at hearing through a thin partition his next-door neighbor rehearsing his part in the Triangle Show, repeating with varying intonation and emphasis, "You know well enough what I mean; you *know* well eenough what I mean," etc., etc.

John Wyeth at P. H.'s Ivy Oration: "And his poor mother's here, and she's proud of him. Isn't it pathetic!"

John Wyeth and Bert Friend wanted, in the summer of 1915, to take a cottage in the château district of France and amuse themselves by playing Debussy!

At the fish store on the seashore [Jersey Coast]: The bins with their overwhelming smell of fish, which disclose great slabs of bluefish mixed with scaleless bonita mackerel, with their neat little tails and their bodies of



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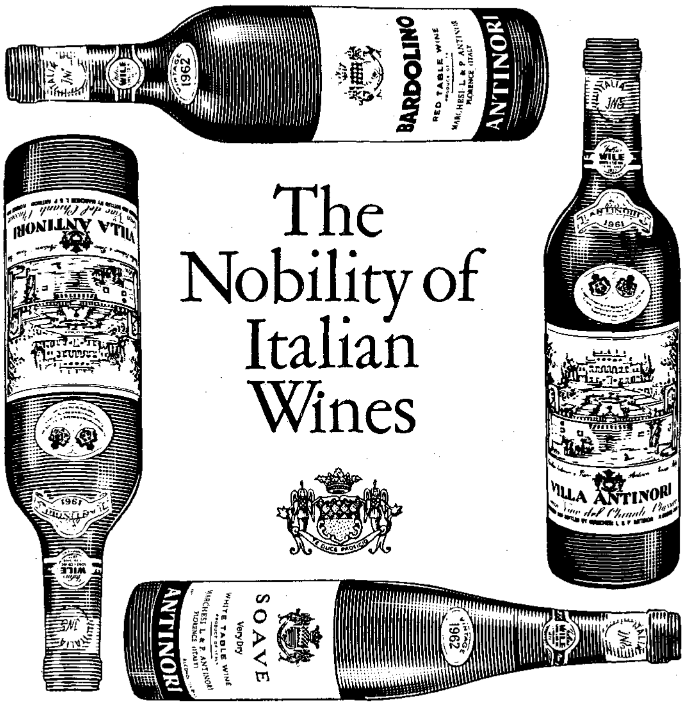

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galvanized tin, or the dark shining armor of live lobsters lying in a confusion of claws and feelers.

The sudden squeal of the telephone.

[An English pansy whom Sandy crossed with when he came back from Europe after a trip with his roommates and who afterward trailed them to Princeton]: "I haven't drawn a natural breath for ten years!"

"Oh, she *doesn't mind my making* love to her in the evenings; she's tired then." [Ebe Faber, I think, one of Sandy's roommates. The Eberhard Fabers were a German family, in the pencil-and-eraser business. Ebe Faber was a remarkably likable fellow.]

Sandy, after graduating from college: "I feel just as I did when I graduated from school—as if I were only going out of one educational institution into another." [He was going to medical school.]

The sun that steeped the undulating grain with light and barred the road with shade.

"The liqueur courses through my veins like a subtle fire." Bill Mackie.

Elinor Glyn to an American youth she had just met: "And what are you doing during the vacation to indulge your youthful passions?"

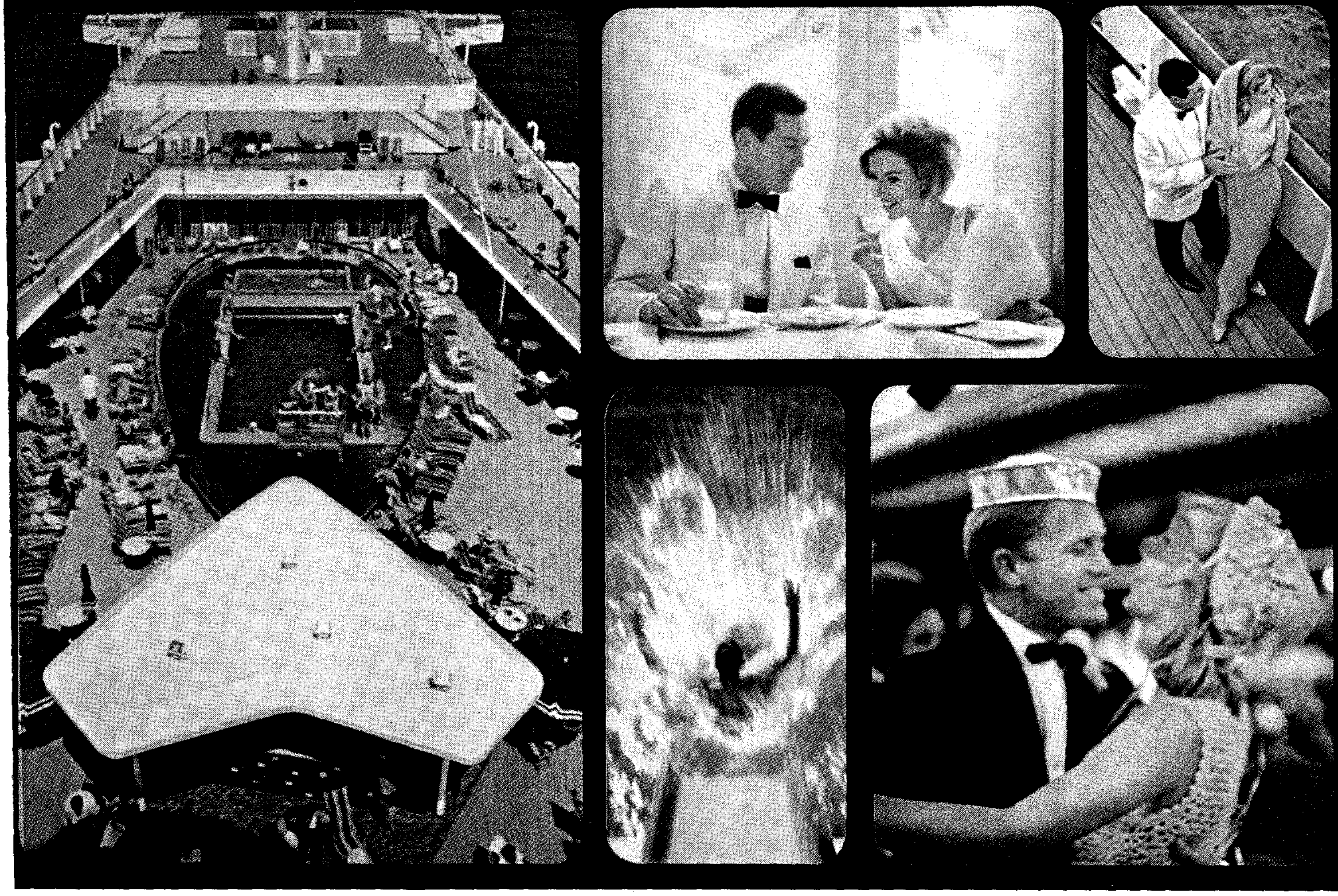
The youth, somewhat embarrassed: "I—I'm going home."

The mist had graded the trees from green to gray and skipped so many shades between that foreground, middle distance, and background were set off against each other as if they had been three scenic silhouettes.

John Wyeth, lingering in Princeton after his graduation: "I'm really getting perfectly maudlin, you know. I feel as if I were sliding off a slippery precipice over a yawning abyss—just struggling to get a foothold!"

Bill Osborn, years ago, explained that pigs were naturally clean and that

4 out of 5 of the world's greatest resorts are Italian



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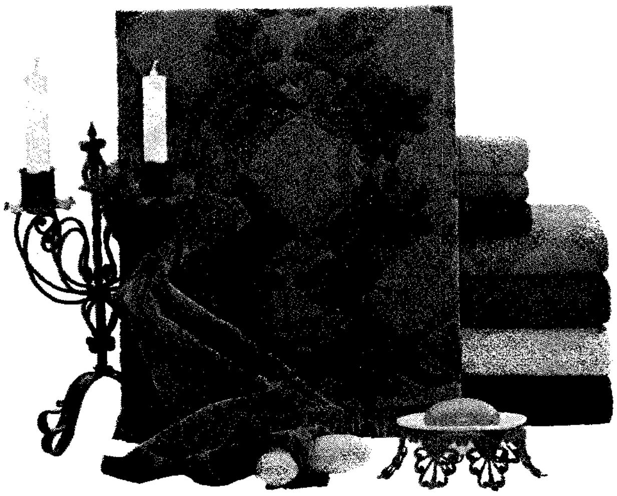

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CANNON *Royal Family of Home Fashions* man had perverted and degraded them by taking it for granted that they liked filth.

[The following was written on the occasion of a visit to the offices of my Uncle Winfield, the youngest of my mother's brothers, whose collegiate patriotism I have mentioned above. He had seemed to have no special ambition, no interest in any profession, and his older brother Reuel, with whom he lived after college, did not know what to do about him. One day, Reuel explained to a man he knew in business that he had a kid brother who did not seem to know what he wanted to do. "I know that you businessmen don't want college men, but could you possibly give him some kind of job?" The result of this was that Winfield started in as an office boy in the firm of James White & Co., linen and burlap importers, in a little old building downtown with a brass plate on the façade. He never worked for anyone else, and finally became a partner. He never married and he lived all his life at the Royalton, at that time a bachelor apartment house, and at the Princeton and University Clubs. His only recreation was playing golf, at which he won a number of trophies. Though his firm imported its goods from Scotland and he liked to entertain the Scots and to repeat their funny Scotch stories, he never left the United States. He eventually became quite well off and, having nothing else to do with his money, put several boys through Princeton. When he died in his sleep at the Royalton, he had left most of his money to my mother, and at the present time I am partly living on it. He was the only man in the family in business and the only one who had anything much to leave.]

In Worth Street, the buildings of importers and wholesale dealers make no attempt to emulate that smartness and magnificence which give the uptown emporia a perpetual look of newness. These gray buildings least of all, perhaps, are affected by the rapid architectural changes of this most rankly growing of cities. They are the same now as they were fifty years ago, and lay no claim to anything but a venerable commercial dignity. Even the saloons wear solemn and respectable faces and seem to have been designed, with their modified swinging doors and shallow show windows of shelved bottles, to present an essentially wholesale appearance.

The traffic consists mostly of trucks

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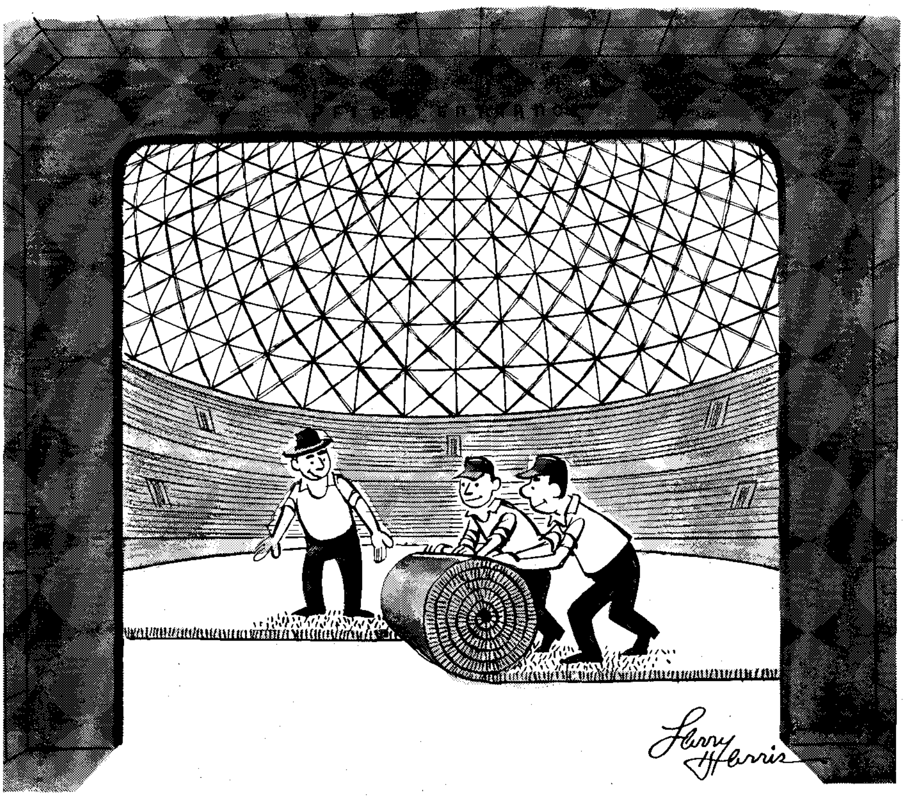
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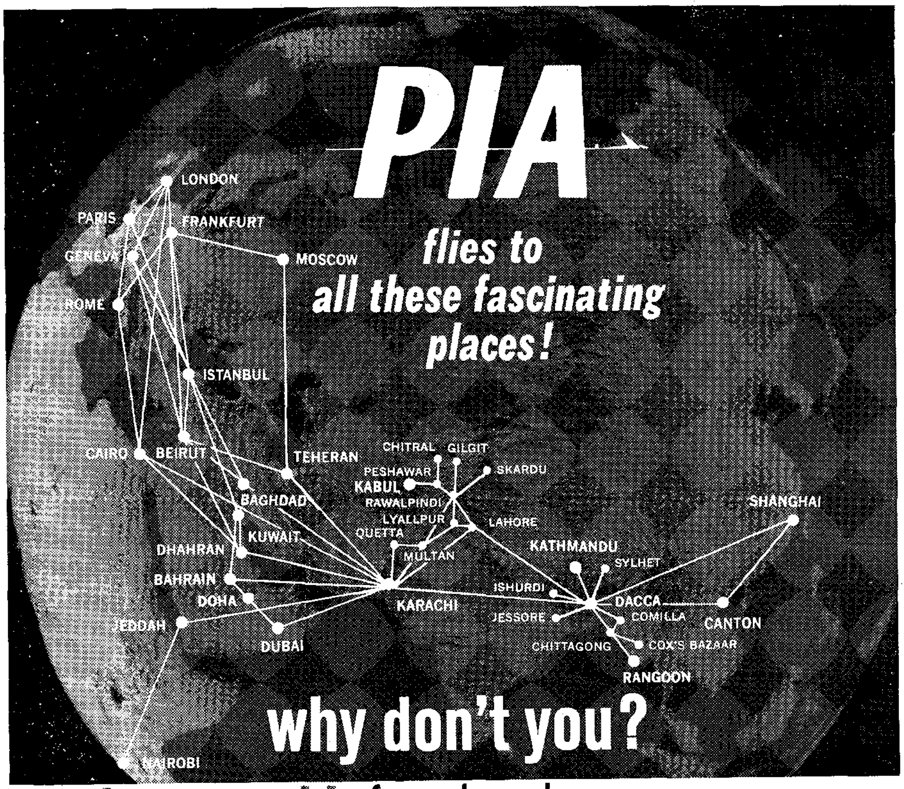
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and the sidewalks are blocked with the crates which are being unloaded.

Colloquial

off him, it, etc.
horsing
whaddye mean, so and so? (obsolete)
haven't a prayer (Yale)
a whiz
a dinger
a snorer
a dope
craunch down on
crack down on
ease along (verb)
it (accented, Western?)
bull
simple (boob)
gum [in the sense of gumming up something]
weak-wad [a weakling]
in the cruche (to come through; to blow) [to succeed or to fail at the crucial moment]
ride the gravy
gut [easy] course; hop a gut
potent
fellah! (as a term of address)
pass, as in "thought I'd pass;" pass out cold
shot his wad
a stuffed shirt
the champagne kind o' got to him
on the books; off the books
he's a snake!
gripe, crab (What are you crabbing about?)
a crab, etc.
I'll say!
up stage: 1919

Huysmans at Chartres

[This was to have been a companion piece to my poem "Whistler at Battersea," published in the *Nassau Lit.*]

. . . Make Charles-Marie-Georges Joris-Karl

. . . But I am not a little man.

. . . Sapristi! I am no farceur.

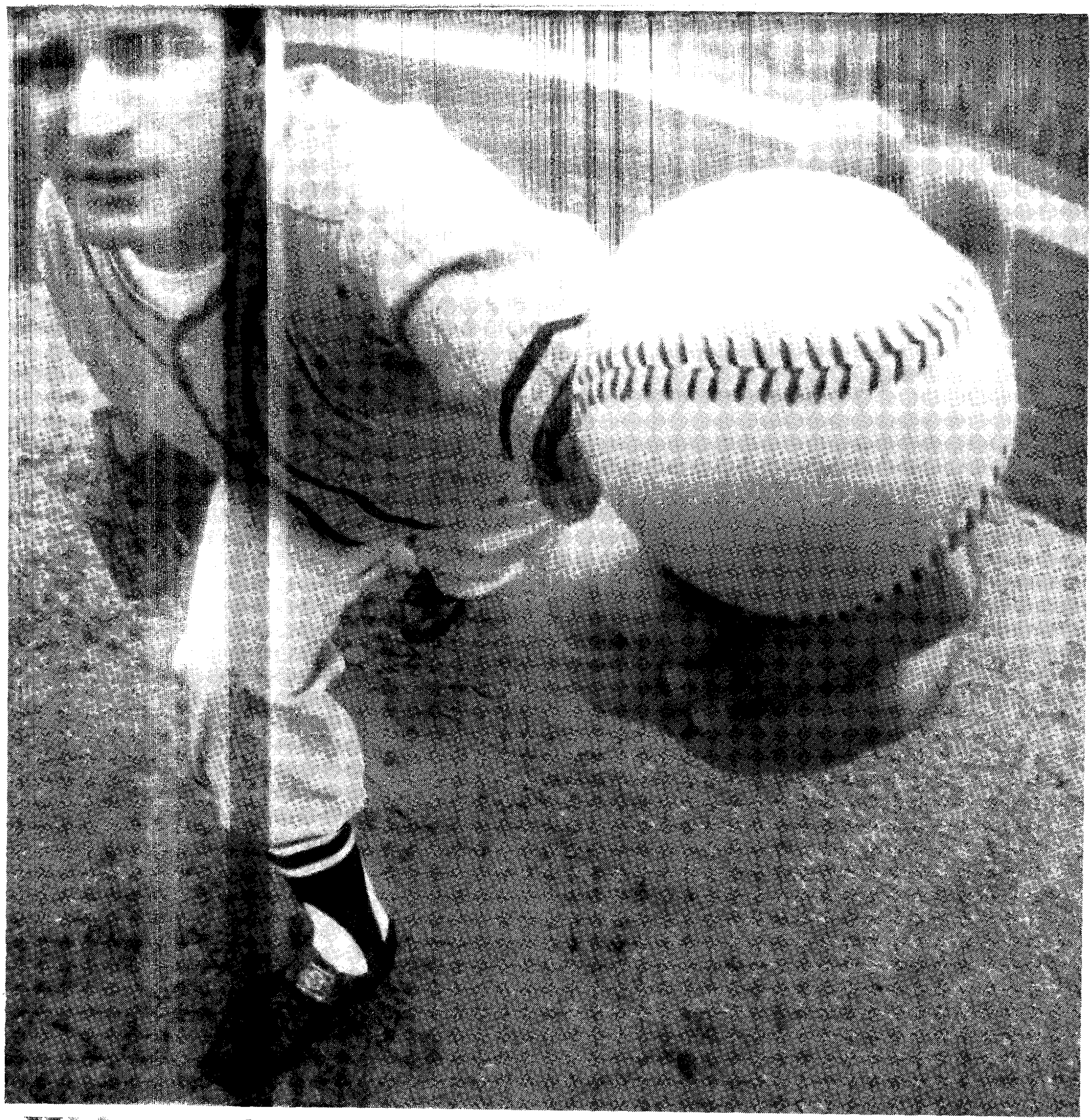
. . . Like obscene figures done in bronze.

. . . Just as the sun of dirty Chartres is changed to wonderful colors on passing through the stained glass windows, so is the sordid atmosphere of humanity transmuted into beauty through the jewelled panes of my prose.

. . . I must believe! I must believe!

. . . My hate becomes a kind of love.

. . . I am not one like Villiers de L'Isle Adam or Barbey D'Aurevilly, upon whose mind, as on the iridescent surface of a bubble, the world is reflected small and unsteady and upside-



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down and obscured delicately by a shimmer of rainbow colors—as insubstantial and pretty as this.

. . . To taste the rancid side of life.

. . . If I could lose Durtal, then Joris-Karl might have a chance.

. . . God worked before I understood.

Un Dilemne, *À Rebours*, etc.

* * *

[Words for color, partly out of Compton Mackenzie]:

aquamarine
azure
celeste
watchet
philamot
pomona green
elephant's breath
clinquant-vermeil
stammel
undern [not a color word]

* * *

P. S. said that at Bustanoby's you took a table and spent the whole evening expecting something sensational to happen, but only to find that everyone else was doing the same thing. [It was a New York restaurant with a wicked reputation, where there were girls to be picked up.]

* * *

The [New York] river and the sky were dull and dirty like the asphalt of the streets, and the whole city seemed to have blent in a gray uniformity.

* * *

Stew Link, on his engagement: "It kept on getting worse and worse until finally we went and did it. . . . But she said I'd have to bring my wedding present wrapped up in a diploma."

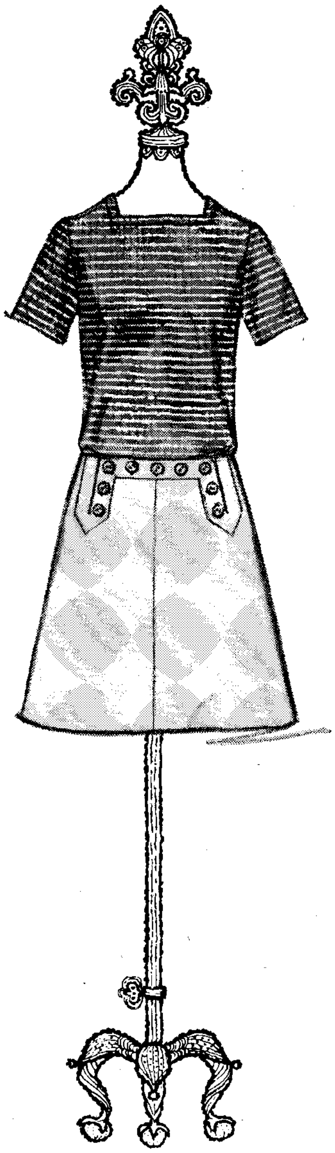
* * *

Some people call on and talk to girls as if they were visiting the zoo and feeding buns to the animals. For them, "calling on girls" becomes something entirely apart from association with other human beings.

"Some girls have a stock of what may be called fake ideas—even a small stock of conversational heresies. You're surprised to find them using perfectly good ideas—and over and over again, to anybody with whom they happen to be talking. . . . The mere machinery of intercourse—they know *nothing* of the art."

* * *

Henry James is one of the greatest living writers, if we judge from the



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qualities of his mind, and the extent of his achievement, but, if we judge from what is to be got out of him, one of the least worth reading.

Walter Hall on Evans Clark: "I knew he was in love, because he got to writing these poems. He wrote a poem a day and used to come in and read them to me every night. I was surprised when he stopped writing about socialism and began writing about love. I remember that there was one poem that had only one line, I think, about a strike. . . . Oh, they were all about why worship, why go to a stuffy church for religion, when you can get it in your beloved's arms? Pretty tough on the poor devils who haven't got any beloved!"

Kemp Smith said that a professor of his acquaintance was driven out of the parish in disgrace by the congregation of the little Scotch country church in which he had been preaching, because he said in one of his sermons that the weather was almost certainly not managed by Providence but probably the result of natural conditions.

[Stanley Dell and I went to summer school at Columbia in 1915.] Stanley said that Franklin Giddings [the sociologist] looks like a fat chipmunk with a chestnut in either cheek.

Giddings said that administration was a businesslike way of doing things which should never have been done.

Stanley: "I was getting out a passport for a lady at St. Moritz, and she said she wanted it for herself and three minors. Two of the children were right there, but I couldn't find out where the other was. Finally, after a good deal of awkwardness and beating about the bush, it turned out that it hadn't been born yet. Later, when I was coming back on the boat, I heard some peasant woman in the third-class cabin being questioned about her passport or something. They asked her how many children she had, and she said four and one here. And I thought how much more lovely!"

New York is neither so amusing nor so American as Paris.

Overheard on the street: "D'ye

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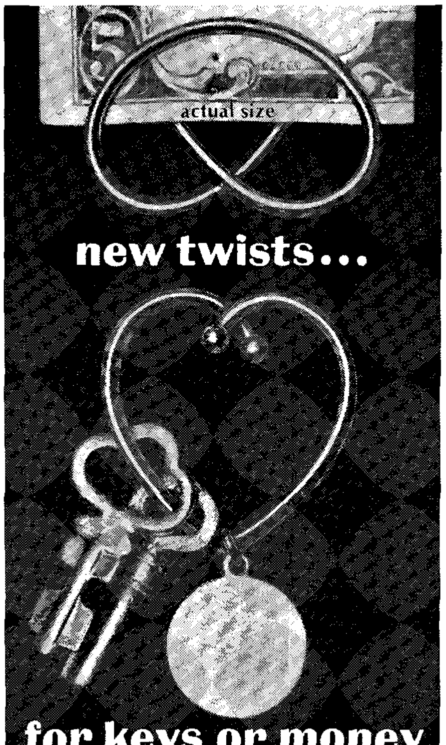

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The Lady: "Aw, hell! What's kissin' anyhow?"

. . . the brisk tinkle of a music box.

. . . a smart succession of little crystal waves.

. . . the apartment house presented a façade heavily encrusted with ornament: plump urns and robust goddesses, cornucopias overflowing with fruit, and a profusion of flowers in ropes and wreaths.

The series of screens gave warp and woof to the trees and sky and broke them up into tapestried panels.

The imitation marble columns in the lobby of the Manhattan look as if they were made of Roquefort cheese—livid and veined with green.

The loose scaturience of the fountains in front of the Columbia Library.

Very few people nowadays read the New Testament: if it were commonly read, fewer people, no doubt, would profess themselves Christians.

The sun in the foggy sky was like a little pink wafer on an immense piece of gray blotting paper. [I had not read "The Red Badge of Courage" then.]

THE DARK HOUR
(Swift in His Last Days)

They marvel that their vileness can
  provoke
A flame that burns me, when they
  feel it not.
The sacred brand must smolder
  here now hot!
To char the bearer, choked with
  stench and smoke.
Now would it not be something of a
  joke
Were I to tell them plainly on the
  spot
That all my wrath is nothing but a
  plot
To hide my own corruption with a
  cloak.

Mine is the cruelty I curse so loud,
And mine the vapid folly I deride;
And mine the filth I find in every-
  one.
Pride is my god, and so I lash the
  proud.
Oh, Madness, who alone can
  break my pride,
Come, blur my soul's black nightmare
  and have done!

New York. August, 1915

A gentleman went among the Pennsylvania Dutch distributing tracts and sacred pictures. He had a hard time arousing any interest in one farmer until he showed him a picture of Christ wearing the crown of thorns. "Jesus Christ," said the man. "Look at the big Indian chief!"

Overheard in the hotel lobby: A lady whose eyes are rimmed with black and whose face is lividly white with powder: "Oh, they went off with a party. I didn't go—oh, because—do you know the difference between my sort and the hotel sort? Well, they are the hotel sort. Some people can go with them, but I can't do it. They make friends with you inside of a day. I never could do it!"

[I went to California with my parents in the summer of 1915.]

[San Francisco] The blue bay, the fleckless sky, and the scarred bleached hills that turn to a golden blur when the sun sets behind them.

[San Francisco] We met a grim-looking lady whom Cousin Alice knew, in the Cubist and Futurist exhibition. [Alice was one of our Kimball cousins, who lived in California, a pretty blond spinster, whom I very much liked. We used to go to the 1915 World's Fair together.] "What do you think of it?" she asked, and we laughed in reply. She regarded us a little sternly through her eyeglasses: "Did you hear the man lecture about it?" Cousin Alice said that she had. "And didn't it mean anything to you then?" Cousin Alice smiled and said that it didn't. "It didn't? Good heavens!" said the lady. "I wonder," she went on, "how long it will be before we can take one of these and read it right off as easily as we do an ordinary picture now."

[Pasadena] Irene Hunter [the sister of my classmate Allan Hunter] on life at a Western coëd college, the University of Colorado: "Of course, a great deal of work isn't done there. One of

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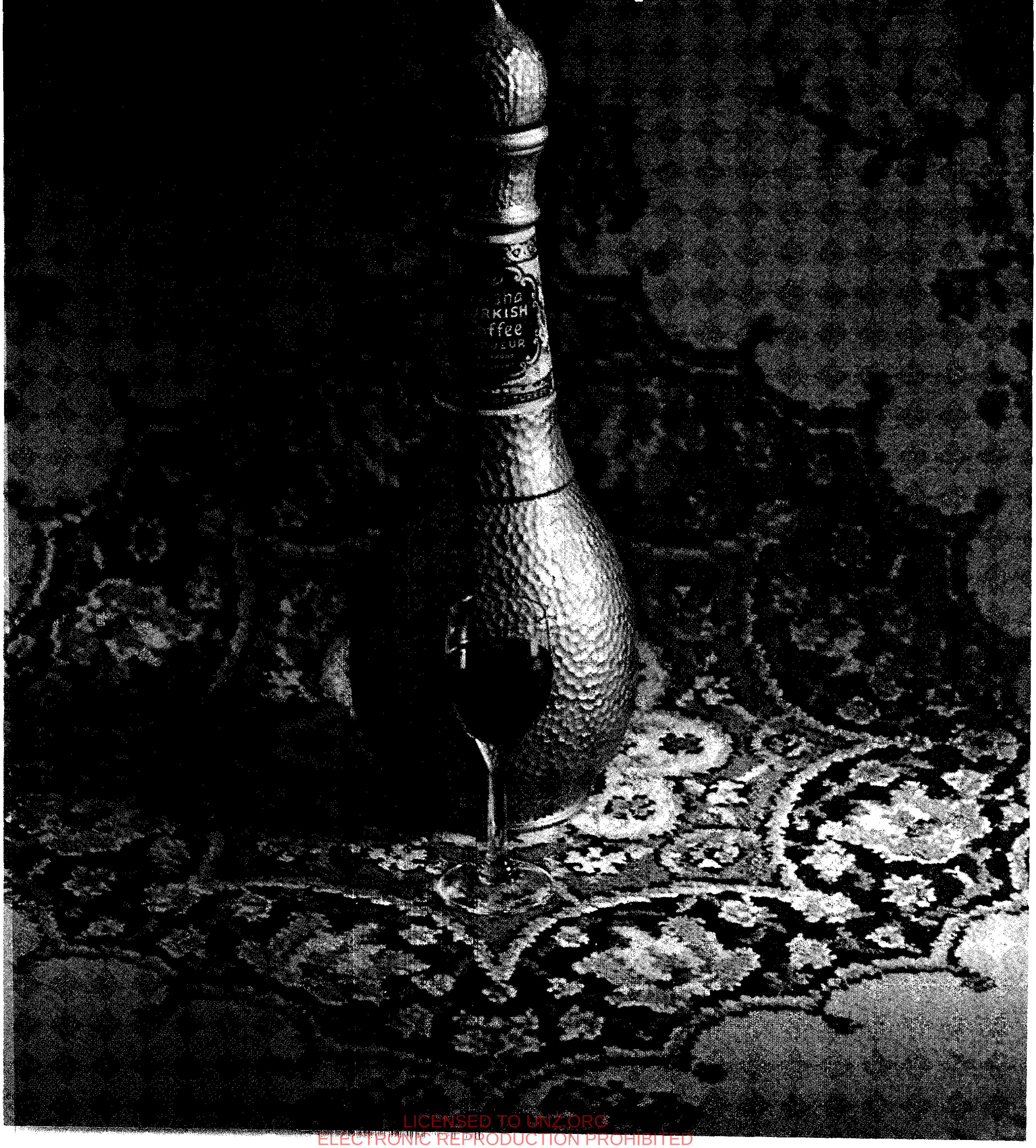

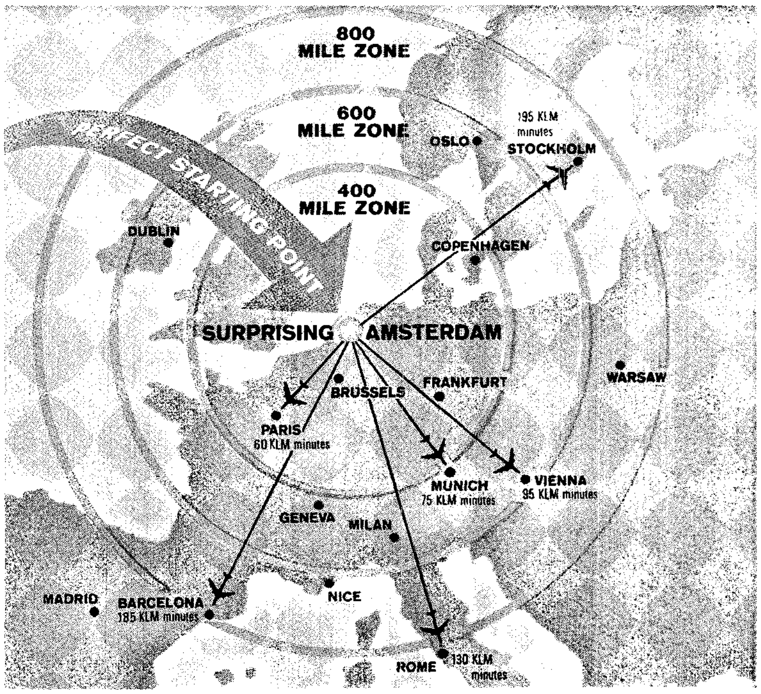
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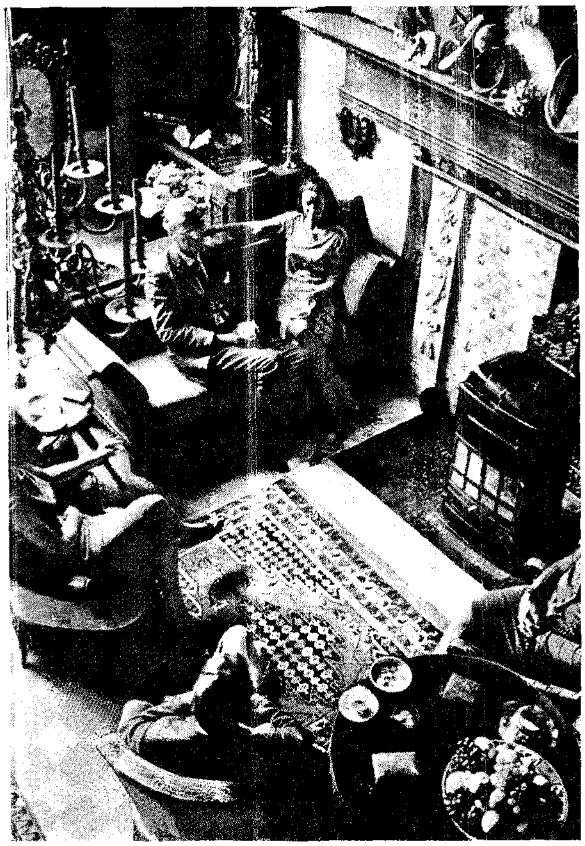

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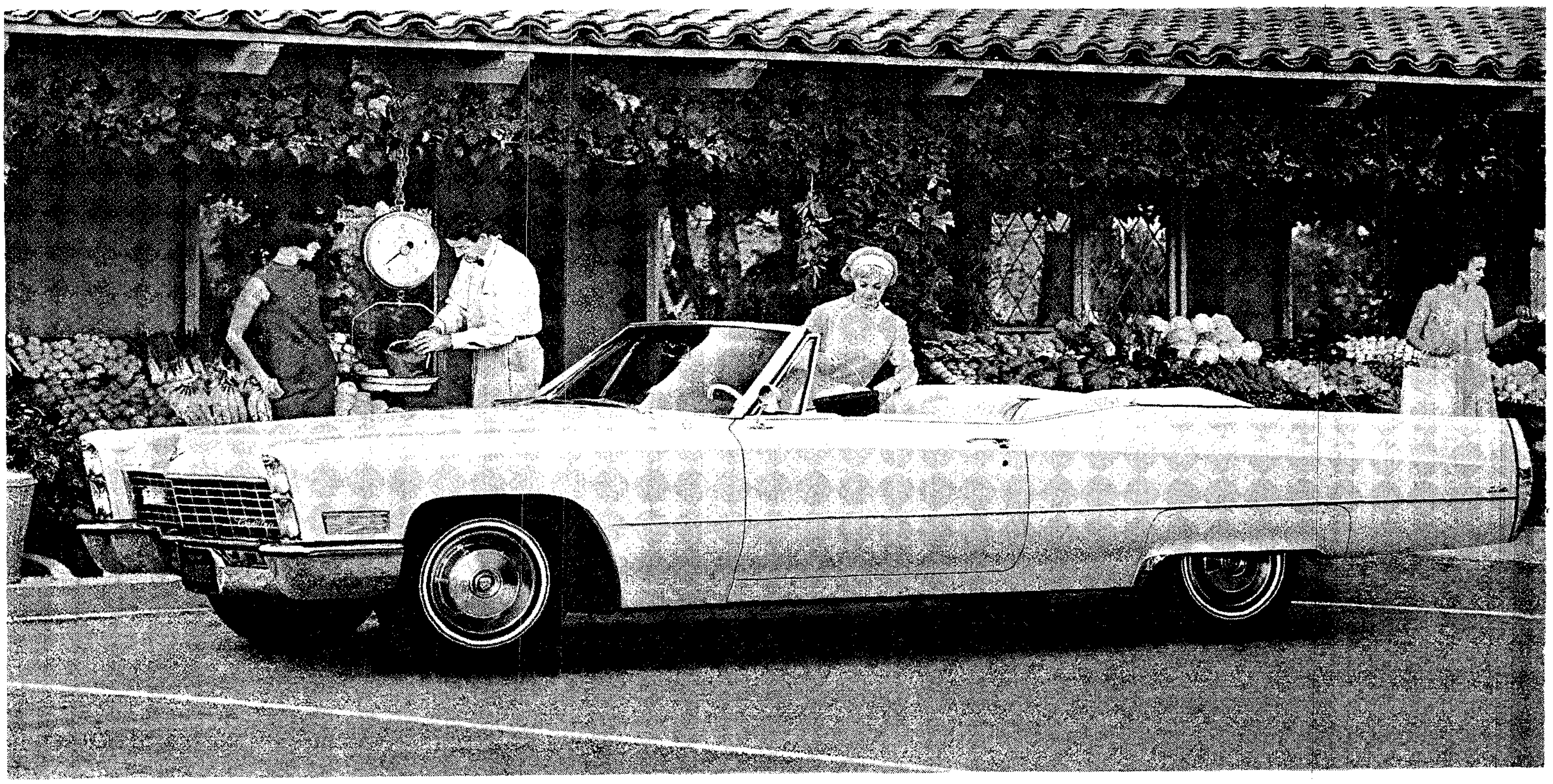

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the first things you do is get a crush on some girl; then you wait for her outside her dorm every day and go to class with her and carry her books, and after class you come and get her and walk back with her. After a time, you take French and Italian in order to sit with her during class. And out of class you spend all the time you can with her. Sometimes the girl takes courses in order to be with the man, but, of course, that's something of a sacrifice, because it isn't much trouble for a boy to take French or Italian, but it's a different matter for a girl to take calculus or mechanics or something like that."

[Pasadena] Ash Hewitt had apparently no opinions of his own but was in the habit of getting them ready-made from his parents, so that he had Father's or Mother's authority for a final judgment on every subject—socialism, Christianity, American greatness, Bernard Shaw, woman suffrage, etc. He called our attention very seriously to the fact that the spread of woman suffrage had been coincidental with the spread of Mormonism. He said that he opposed socialism, also, because Father said it was impossible: the men who had the brains would always be on top. Look at the men who were on top—Carnegie and Rockefeller and Morgan; they were the men with the brains every time. "But," he would usually conclude, "I come of a radical family: Father always was very radical, and I was brought up to it." [He was the grandson of Abram Hewitt, an iron manufacturer, who became mayor of New York and was something of a municipal reformer.]

The New England valley was below us: the broad mountainsides covered with forests, across which were blotted huge cloud shadows, and the village at the bottom, with its sharply white and red buildings, steeped in a pool of light. . . . Those feathery forests . . .

French tragedy and Roman comedy are academic enthusiasms.

Kelly Prentice told us to read Gilbert Murray's "The Rise of the Greek Epic." "It's not a textbook," he hastened to explain. "It's a gentleman's book."

Bill Mackie, after flunking out: "When I took that course in Shades

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and Shadows I had no idea I was going to suffer a total eclipse."

Kemp Smith: A man who thinks he can understand politics by reading a book on sociology is very much like a man who thinks that by reading psychology he can understand his sweetheart.

Sam Cooper telling Mr. Mac about his adventures at the [San Francisco] Exposition. He had done the Zone with the hoola-hoola girls, together with a gentleman who professed to be their brother and consented to act as chaperon. "And, believe me, Mr. Mac, they were straight all right; you couldn't go through the Bowl of Joy with a girl without finding that out."

Mr. Pine [a former English master at Hill], at the head of the Gilman Country School. A Southern aristocratic youth came to him one day in a rage and said that a coon around the place had spoken to him by his first name. Mr. Pine did not take this with all the seriousness the fellow had expected. Next term he did not come back, and after some time Mr. Pine heard that the boy's mother had said she was afraid to send her son there, because they might even try to teach him that Abraham Lincoln was a great man. Arthur Jackson told this story when I reproached him for having remarked that he was glad the United States had been founded under a gentleman like Washington rather than under Lincoln.

The turbid autumn dusk dulled the rich colors of the trees, which paved the road with red and gold. Over the grass was a thin film of mist.

The freshmen in the first Triangle Club trials must have looked into a small audience, some of whom were eating oranges and some of whom seemed to be hiding their faces on the seats in front of them in attitudes of prayer. After three minutes, they would be cut short in the middle of the speeches they had most counted upon to produce a happy impression; the tapping of the President's pencil was the only recognition made of their presence, and it might have been mechanical, so relentless was it. They

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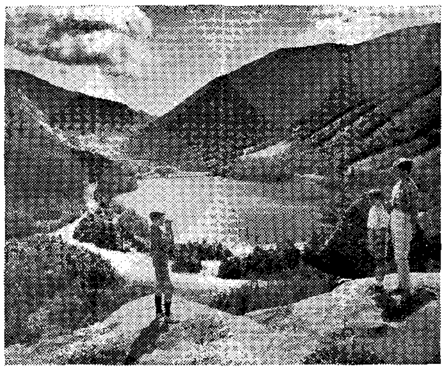

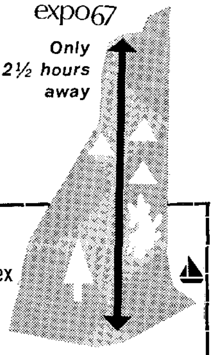

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would stand agape. "That'll do; thank you."

Mr. Preston to Stan Dell: "You don't smoke and you don't drink—now, tell me, what vice do you practice? Every young man has some vice. What's yours?"

Sam [Shoemaker] told a story about a famous American scientist who was called to give expert evidence in a trial and asked who was the greatest living scientist. He replied, "I am." They asked him afterward why he had made that reply. "But man!" he said. "I was under oath."

Gauss [in a preceptorial]: "But, Mr. Osborn, does the fact that the man is alone in the woods alter the moral problem any? Would it be all right, for instance, for him to eat mushrooms until he burst? Would that be moral?"

Bill Osborn: "It's just been beginning to dawn on me by slow degrees that there are some things which I have both thought about more and understand better than the family!"

Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams: "There's just a drop of the old Falernian left." [On a walk with some companion, we had run into the Williamses picnicking in the country.]

The lamps streaked the water with yellow zigzags.

Walter Hall told about a young *radical friend of his who is the son of* a professor and ashamed of not being born proletarian. He has grave doubts about going to college and wrote Bernard Shaw, whose disciple he was, to ask him what to do. He told Shaw that he had emulated him in everything, even to becoming a vegetarian. Shaw wrote back a letter in which he intimated that the boy was probably making it unpleasant for everybody and doing good to nobody. The boy thereupon decided that Shaw was a traitor to his class. When the doctor prescribed glasses for him, he refused to wear them, because he said that he might need all the beauty he had when the

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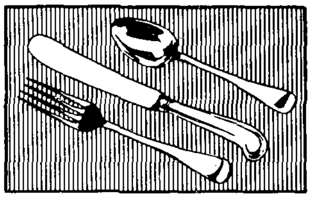

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Revolution should come on, and he wanted to be always prepared.

The distant shuffle of the locomotive.

Pedantry: The Rise (pronounced like mice) of the Drayma.

L. L. was compiling a translation of Aeschylus's "Agamemnon" without having ever read a word of the original. Nor had he read the text of Homer, but was willing to support the unitarian theory with great heat, on the ground that the poet's style seemed uniform in all the translations he had read. "If Pope could translate the 'Iliad' without reading Greek, with the help of two translations . . ."

"But look at what he did to it!"

"Yes, but look what greater and better facilities I have for translating Aeschylus!"

Alfred said that Stan never punctuated his life properly; it was full of uncompleted episodes which ended with a dash.

The foreign missionary from a small town, who is so earnestly prayed for every Sunday and whose probable pain at prolonged absence from his or her home town is spoken of with so much sympathy, has no doubt found a fierce desire to escape from her situation and surroundings strangely mingled with her zeal to convert the heathen. The intention of converting the people of China or Japan to the manners and morals of a small American town sometimes seems both pathetic and ridiculous, but the truth about it is not so simple as this and not so small.

Bill Osborn of Mrs. Dwight Meigs [the pretty and charming wife of the son of the headmaster at Hill]: "She's the most completely ineffectual person in the place. She's a *real* lady! She's the only one that's a real lady!"

"The class baby was Jewish twins."

Teek [T. K. Whipple] said that "Marius the Epicurean" would be a good book if it weren't so badly writ-

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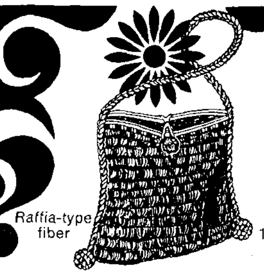

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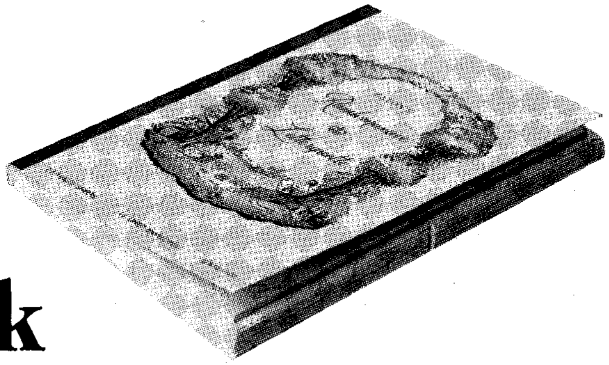

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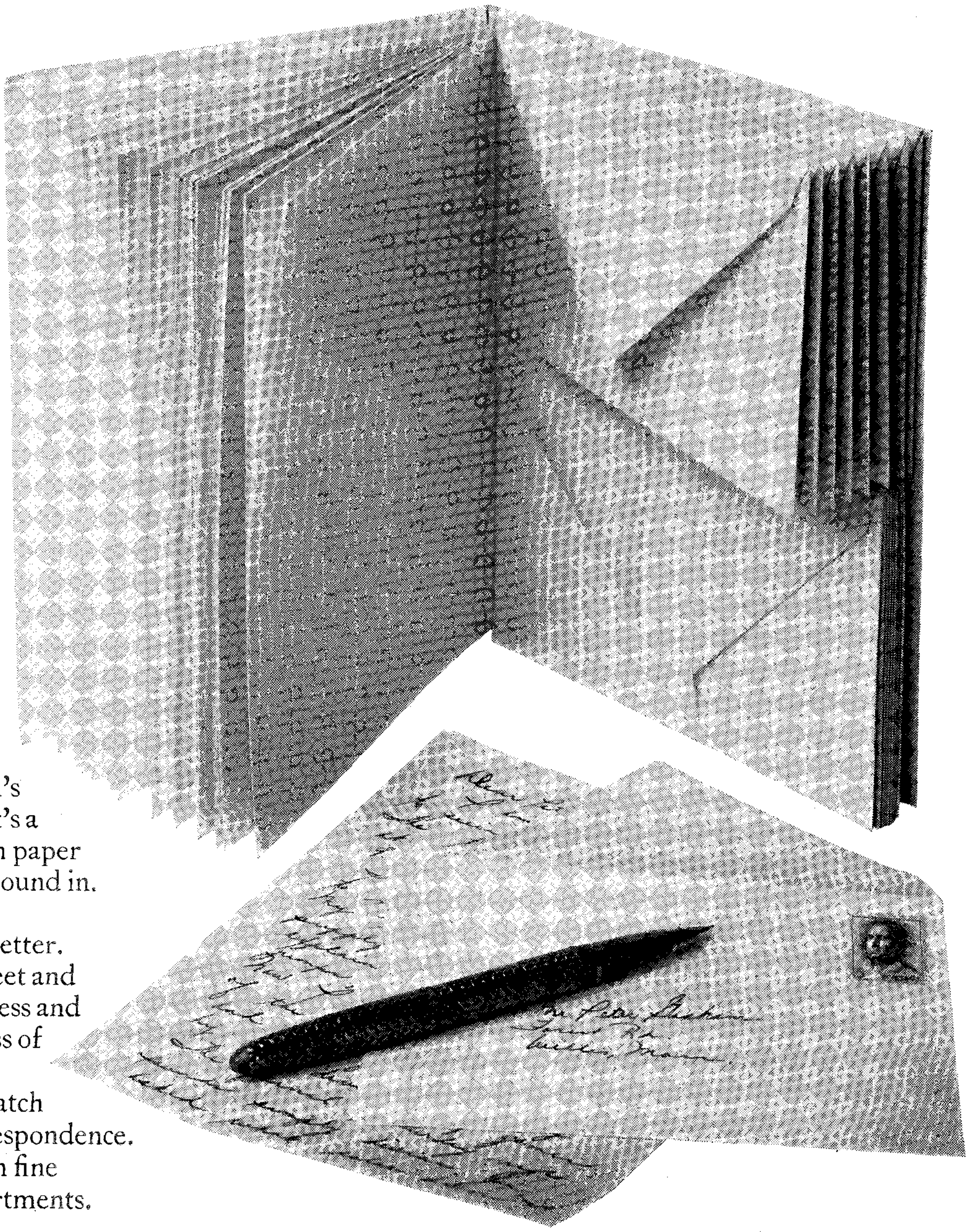

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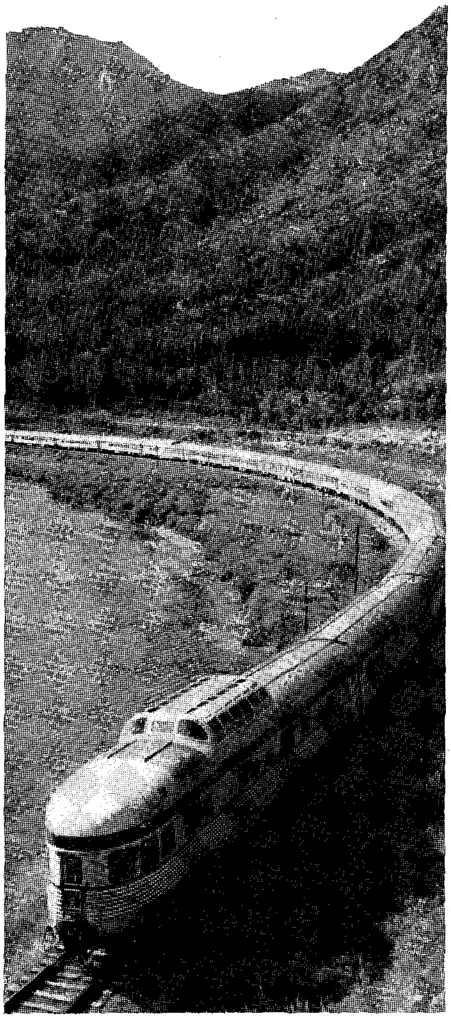

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ten. And of the Lacedaemon chapter in "Plato and Platonism" that it was "a scream: they were just thugs."

The Greek Lyric Poetry Club in a freshman house.

The morning silver came earlier over the roof of Blair.
The ice-decked trees.
The slow curtain of snow sliding down.

Frank Glick bickering to Hebe Halsey: "Come Cap and Gown, and learn to know God!"

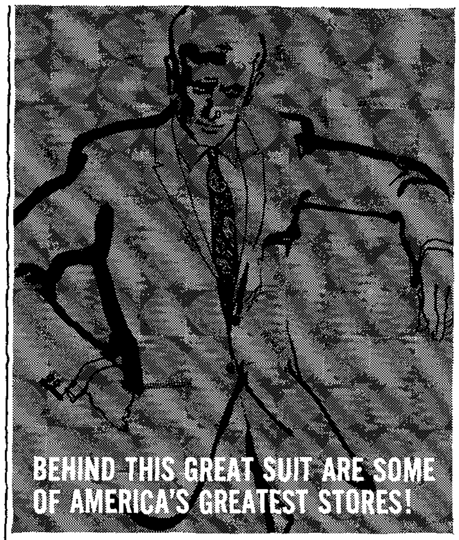
I told Thayer Field that he showed an indifference to beauty in not choosing the Aesthetics course rather than the Sewerage course when he discovered that the two conflicted. He replied, "But I could have no beauty unless somebody took care of the drainage"—very properly.

Alfred Noyes: "They're a witty crew, those Trees. Herbert said to Viola Tree, his daughter, once when he was going away, 'If I should die, Viola, I'll have myself cremated and my ashes put into a golden urn and sent across the sea to you!'—and she said, without batting an eyelash, 'That would be a nasty jar for me, Father!' "

[Some Princeton lady]: "I like Mr. Hutton; his bad breeding isn't so polished as Mr. Matthews'."

Bill Mackie in the St. Patrick's Day Parade was dressed in a frock coat and striped trousers, a black coat with a large alpaca collar, and a slightly damaged silk hat—apparently the clothes he had bought a year ago for his brother's wedding. He presented the most subtly and ludicrously disreputable appearance I have ever seen, a little too convincingly enhanced by the marks of real debauch in his face, but he made all right and charming when he smiled and told us that he was impersonating Rolla. [We had just read Musset's poem in one of Gauss's courses.]

Mr. Mac asked Bill Mackie how good Marshall was in the Aesthetics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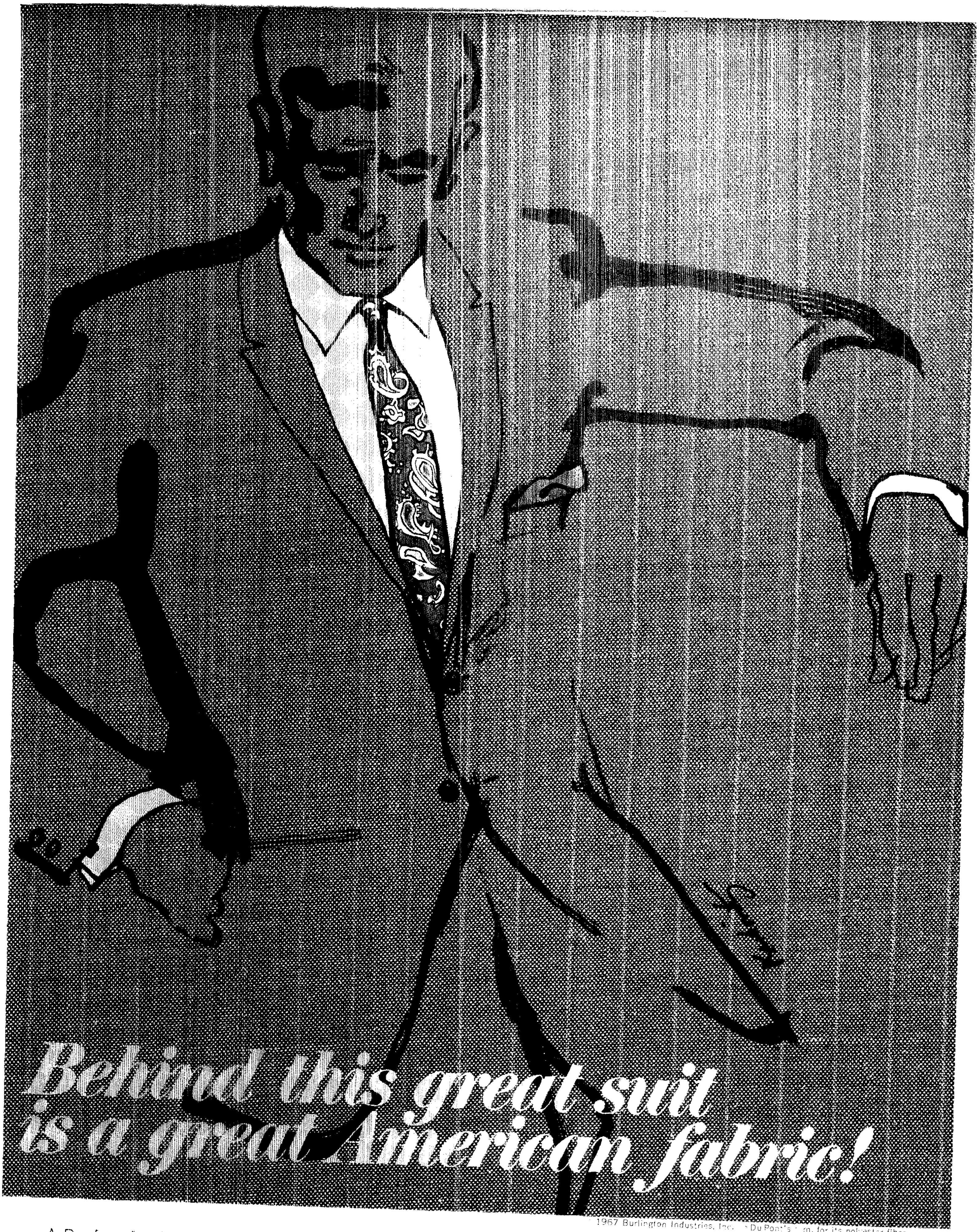
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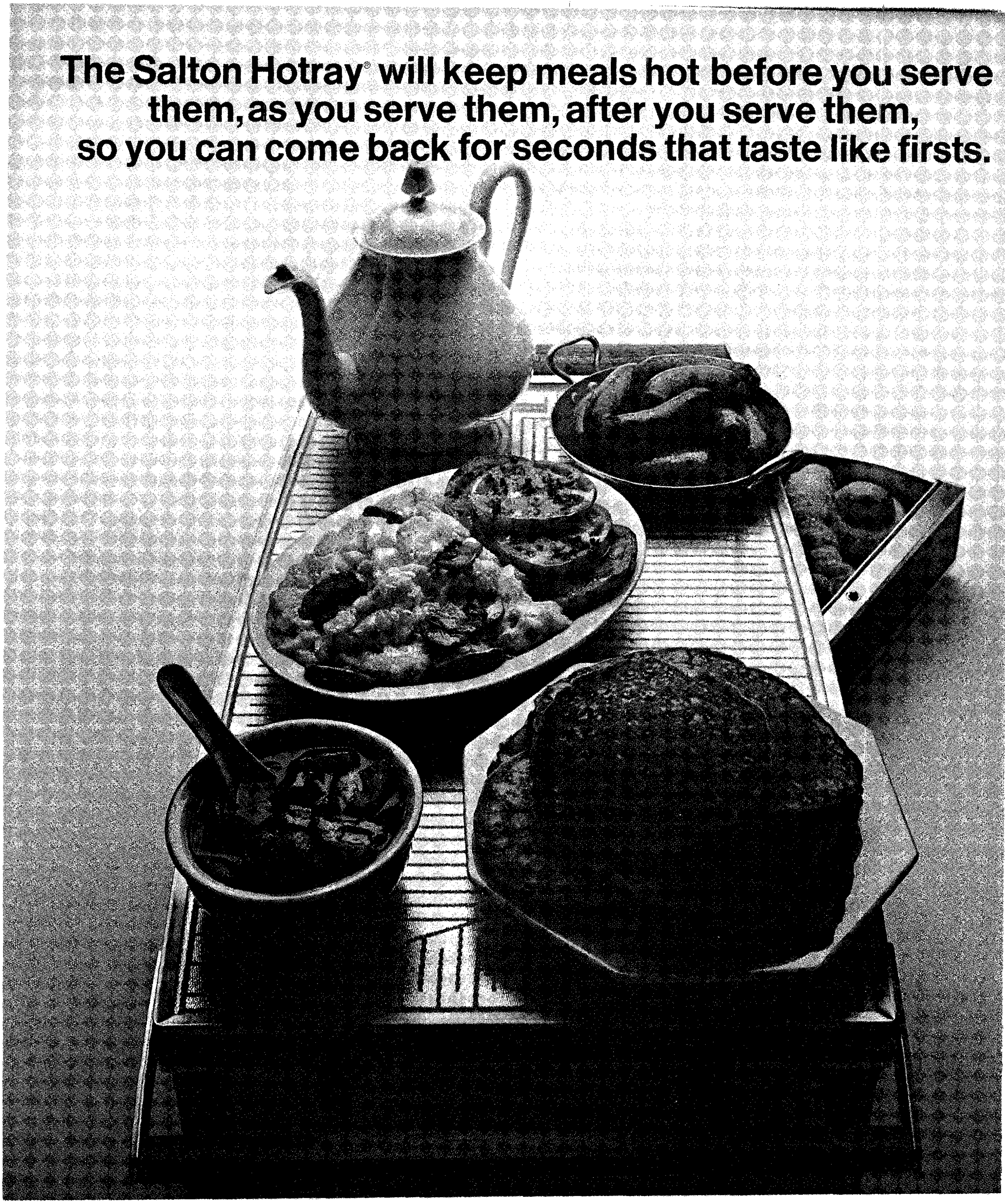

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course: "Oh, he's a nice clean old man!"

Luke Miller: "It's a pity that the whale has swallowed up not only Jonah but all the rest of the book, too, and that's another reason why the element of the supernatural does more harm to the Bible than good, because it becomes unduly important in some people's minds—in just that fashion, don't you see?"

[One of the last convulsions of Presbyterian fundamentalism at Princeton was the dismissal of Luke Miller, who had published a book on the historical Jesus, which had been brought to the attention of the trustees. I made a point of reading this book, which could today hardly be thought by anybody to contain anything very subversive, and I defended Miller in the *Lit.* I took the second half of a course of his in Old Testament literature, but never read the first part of the Bible till I studied Hebrew years later.

When I speak of Princeton above, I mean the University, not the Seminary. They had by then no official connection, and when I bicycled past the Seminary in spring I used to avert my eyes from its dark and dingy-looking building, which conveyed to me a menace from the past, from my Grandmother Wilson's Sunday-morning sessions and the lack of amenity of her house. In Princeton, almost everything was amenity: green campus, flowering shrubs, new buildings with Gothic fancywork, agreeable eating clubs, undergraduate elegance and gaiety. When I had to spend the winter there in 1952-53, I for the first time explored the Seminary, took a course in beginner's Hebrew, and looked up my grandfather's narrow room in one of the steep-staired and tarnished old buildings. I could see from the bulletin board how, New Yorker although he was and graduated from Amherst, he had landed in his Shrewsbury church. The notices were still being posted of openings for New Jersey pastorates.]

Noel [Robinson] said that Stan, who was standing on the curb, talking to some people in an automobile with his head thrust inside, looked like a rat caught in a trap.

Early May: The trees were freshly green and hardly filled in with leaves. There was a light film of mist in the long grass. A great glimpse of bright pink came through the delicate gray draperies of the sky. . . . The pink disappeared and the gray became dull. The pipings and chatterings of the birds in the hedges and meadows seemed a little hushed. The mist thickened in the long grass and, mounting, shut away the hills and roads beyond until it blent with the sky and became indistinguishable from it.

Mr. Osborn has a slight but almost perpetual irony of manner, and a slight weariness, as if it made one a little tired to be always so prosperous and capable and clever and well informed.

[Wilton Lloyd-Smith]: ". . . and when Bill comes back from Japan or somewhere, he simply walks in someday when they're having tea and they say 'Hello, Bill!' and he says 'Hello, Mother,' and they ask how he liked Japan and he says, 'They ought to plant a lot more grain on the sides of Fujiyama!' "

Jests from the Students' Theatre vaudeville, described by Stew Link as "six howling harlots in red tights": A man went into a hotel and said "give me a room;" they gave him a room, and in a few minutes he came runnin' downstairs with a white face. The hotelkeeper says, "What's the matter?" "What's the matter?" says the fellow. "Do you know what I seen?" "What?" says the fellow at the desk. "Why, I went into the room and seen the bedbugs draggin' the bed around the room; that's what I seen!" "Aw, hell! What didja expect, a bullfight?"

One performer offers another a chair: "Be cheated. Oh, I mean, be 'seated.' "

When Earl Osborn came back from abroad, he called on Edgar Woodman, who didn't recognize him at first. After they had stared blankly at one another for a moment, Woodman suddenly remarked, "Oh! I didn't recognize you with your hat on."

"I'll take it off, then," replied Earl, laying it on the table.

It began to rain in spite of the late silver sunlight behind Holder Tower, and we saw the fine silver sheen play-

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Is this the true picture of today's young Americans? Or is it a misleading image created by a small minority of widely publicized beatniks?

The fact is, most American youngsters are responsible, high-spirited, patriotic and unafraid of challenge, hard work and sacrifice. Exciting proof is in the resounding success of the "Sing-Out" explosion, the spectacular, unabashedly upbeat musical road shows sponsored by Moral Re-Armament.

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The full story is told in the May issue of The Reader's Digest. "*Sing Out, America!*" is a heartwarming and vastly reassuring article. Just one of the many reasons why 50,000,000 readers will turn to The Digest this month, as every month.

Some other reasons:

Why TV is the way it is. Do you believe that wicked advertisers, stupid sponsors, deceptive audience ratings are responsible for all those bad programs? If so, you are wrong. "It is because of more complex realities that commercial television is as amenable to reform as the adult Bengal tiger." A report on where the fault lies, condensed from *Harper's Magazine*.

I was a Red Guard. "After we had denounced our teachers, we bound their hands behind them, put dunce caps on their heads, smeared their faces with ink and dragged them through the streets . . . " The first defector from China's rampaging teen-age hordes tells the exclusive and revealing story of a nation in chaos—and of Mao's ruthless betrayal of China's youth.

John Gunther on Brazil. "Multiform, variegated, prodigious Brazil is one of the most spectacular of countries, and the only nation in South America capable of becoming a great power." It is a gigantic land, with gigantic problems. A fascinating profile, condensed from the best-selling book *Inside South America.*

Everything But Money. Although Sam Levenson, the popular television humorist, grew up in a New York slum, he and his parents and brothers and sister considered themselves "the privileged poor"—rich in everything but money. Levenson writes about those early years with warmth, affection and stirring family pride. Condensed from the best-selling book.

Can local government be saved? Splintered and frequently incompetent, the ancient structure of village, town, city and county government that has been our mainstay for 300 years is suddenly falling apart. The reason: local government has shown itself unable to adapt to the 20th century. Here are the disturbing facts—which explain why the need to reverse this trend is one of the most urgent problems we face today.

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Let's fight to win in Vietnam. A policy decision to hamstring our air power has prolonged the conflict, is costing us thousands of lives, billions of dollars. Lift the restrictions, say military experts, and we can destroy the enemy's war-making potential at its source. An incisive analysis, by The Digest's Military Editor, Francis Vivian Drake.

Also in the May issue:

- *Super-Cold: Hottest Thing in Surgery*
- *The Case for Enlightened Sex Education*
- *How to Get More Work Done*
- *The "Blue Danube" Waltzes On*
- *At Last: One Bible for all Christians*
- *What You Should Know About Flammable Fabrics*
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Reader's Digest

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ing against the gray stone and the green trees.

René [the son of André and Adelaide Champollion] insisted upon bringing his turtle to Sea Bright by boat, because he said that the railroad train "jurgled" the water all up.

Frank Walls spoke of the New York Public Library as being "in many ways so pathetic." Ray Cox afterward called Walls "an emasculated Rabelais."

Professor William Lyon Phelps: "Ah, Mrs. Simpson [the mother of Kenneth Simpson], I suppose you know that your son is the uncrowned king of the campus?"

Mrs. Simpson: "Why uncrowned, Professor Phelps?"

Professor Phelps speechless.

It was afterward suggested that he might have retorted, "Oh, Mrs. Simpson, there is more than one way of crowning a man at Yale, you know."

Bill Mackie, when he was rooming with Frank Pemberton, used to invent a pretext for getting drunk every night. He would sometimes be celebrating the Feast of St. Ursula, but Satyrs' Day was the commonest festivity.

Ebe Faber, asked if he were hungry: "Oh, if sufficiently cajoled, I might be induced to inhale a prune." He talked of "Old Ocean." "Maybe I'm not going to jump into that stuff!" [This was at Sea Bright.]

M. Moreau, at the Gausses'. He was a slight man with an entirely intellectual face. He was what the French call "*spirituel.*" He had fought and lost a kneecap; his wife had been a nurse in the hospital. The stupid cruelty of the Germans amused him; there was not a hint in anything he said that he returned their own solemn hatred. His brother was now a German prisoner and was allowed to do nothing to distract his mind during the endless and maddening waiting of captivity. And he had been forced to buy up all of some tobacco which had been stolen by the Germans—"Oh, it is too amusing!"—before he could buy the regular tobacco which was on sale at the store. But, worst of all, they wouldn't

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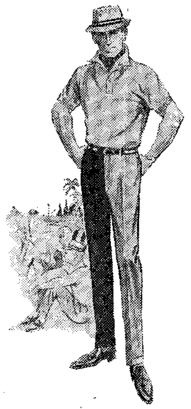

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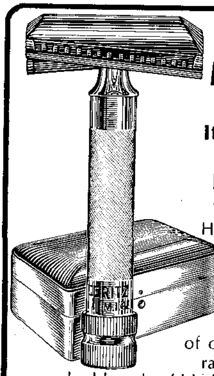

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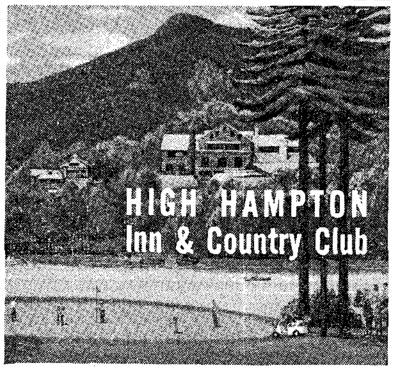

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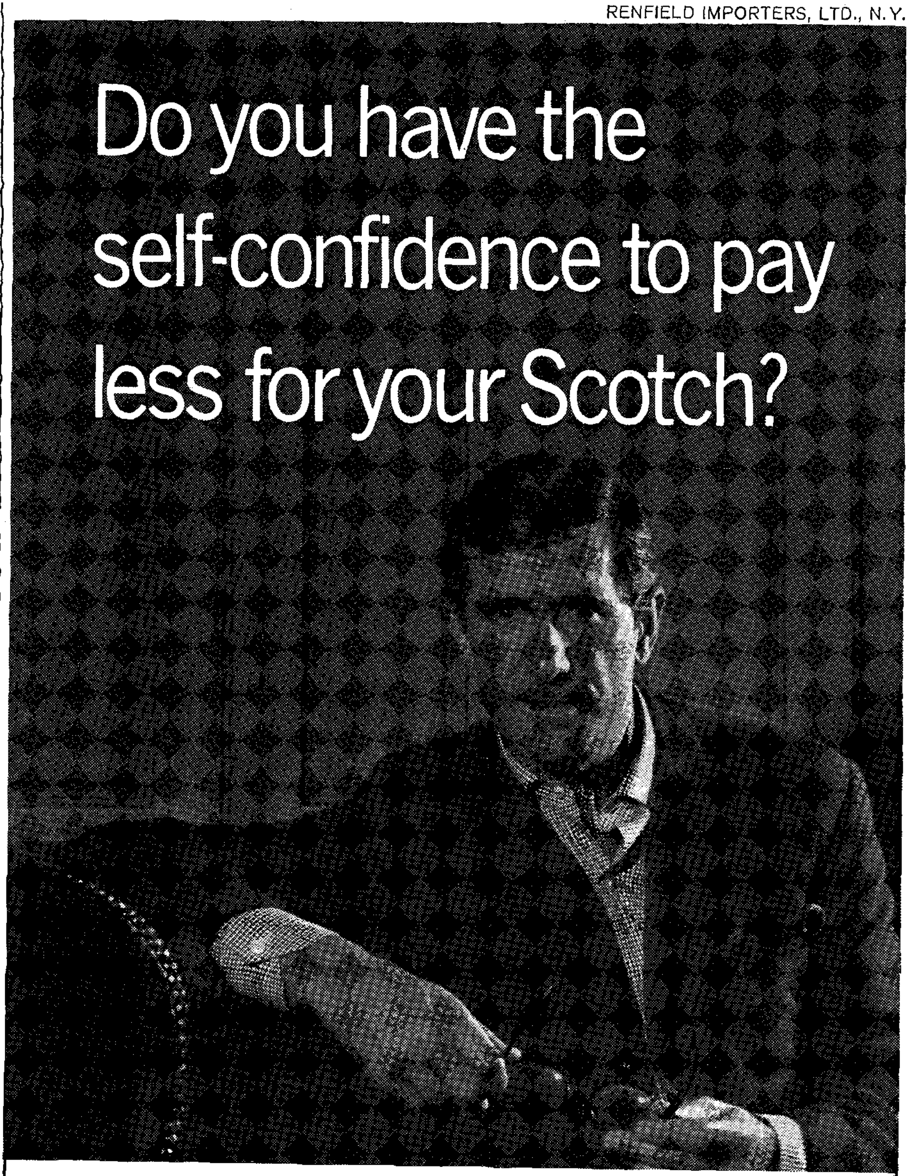
let him read. . . . Gauss shuddered: "Oh, that's terrible torture!" . . . M. Moreau himself had been in a battle where you could have crossed a river on the bodies of the dead, and the stream was dark with blood. And at one time the firing became so heavy that the living remnant of a regiment were ordered to save their lives in a wood where the wounded and dying had already been brought. In a short time, they came out again and were content to expose themselves to the fire. "But the young boys! They were the worst in the hospital. One could do nothing with them! Young boys of fifteen and sixteen. They would behave so, when the doctor was dressing their wounds—cursing and crying and shouting. One could get no sleep!"

Bill Jutte [he was the brother of one of the wives of my Uncle Reuel's wife's family] expounded unrepresentational art to us for a whole evening. He had studied under Sergeant Kendall for a year at Yale, but during the summer was converted by Willard Huntington Wright's book and a clique of Cubists, Futurists, etc., so that it was impossible for him to go on learning "illustration" anymore. Cézanne was "a great transitional genius," Rembrandt a "nay-sayer." He had read a book of selections from Nietzsche, too, and considered him "the greatest mind that he knew anything about," and he had "thrown over Plato." We had rather an awful time with Platonism this summer. [I was then reading Plato with enthusiasm.] He had intended to go to the Princeton Graduate School, but was outraged when he discovered that the only course which included Nietzsche spent only one month on him and that the man who was giving it considered Schopenhauer more important. Also, H. C. Butler [of the Princeton Graduate School] had written that "since Mr. Jutte seemed to be interested not in the art of the past but in the art of the future, and since they were not clairvoyants, they did not see how they were going to be able to satisfy him!" To this Bill returned a violent letter. "It's significant that they put Art in the same department with Archeology!" But now the family stocks in Mexico had gone down, and he had only money enough to live ten weeks, so he supposed he might as well go into real estate, although it was thoroughly materialistic, because he knew that he was not big enough to be one of the pioneers in the great new movement, and that the most he could hope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to do might be to join in when the thing had been developed scientifically.

Amy Lowell at Princeton: Mrs. Gerould offered her a cigarette. "I don't smoke cigarettes, woman! I smoke cigars!" Mrs. Gerould suggested that a cigar could easily be got. "Oh, no! Don't bother! You know, I'm just like a man about tobacco: I can take it or leave it alone; it doesn't make any difference. . . . Let me tell you about Max Bodenheim. He's a little Jew, you know, dirty, very dirty. I met him and invited him to dinner. Well, he intimated that he wasn't exactly the kind of person one invited to dinner, but I said, 'Oh, never mind! We're all poets together. Come on.' And wouldn't you know he'd be just the kind of person to come at six when I'd invited him for seven? . . . Well, I'm very fond of dogs, you know. Have kennels, breed them, in fact. Savage brutes they are, too. And so about dinnertime I always send a couple of servants out in the yard to protect the guests. But Max came too early and the dogs flew at him. Well, we heard all this rumpus and went out and found poor Max backed up against a tree with the dogs snapping at him. Well, when we got him inside he was lacerated, just lacerated. We had to take off his clothes and bandage him up!" She had a large pocket in the back of her loosely fitting skirt, and in it she carried handkerchiefs, money, and, no doubt, poems. When Mr. Mac paid her—she is very rich, but refuses to read anywhere unless she is paid—she made a wry face: "Nasty bit this! I hate it!," and thrust the check into her pocket. When Mr. Mac was seeing her off, he said, "Miss Lowell, this has been great. I wish I could give you our thanks in some subtler way, but I can't say any more than that." She replied, "Why, man! I don't want it any other way; I like it just the way you give it to me."

[In London, in 1914, I had attended a reading by Rupert Brooke in Harold Monro's Poetry Bookshop. He was a handsome young man but extremely feminine, and his voice was almost inaudible. A woman in a back row, with a voice of the utmost distinctness and vigor, said, "Can't you read louder?" "Can't you hear me?" "Not a word!" It was only many years later that I learned from some literary memoir that the lady had been Amy Lowell.]

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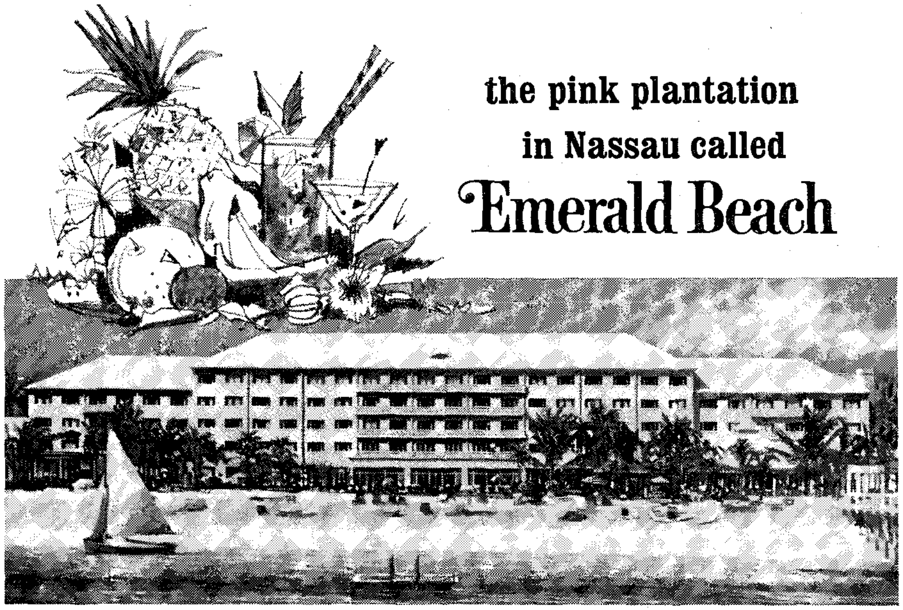
found himself somewhat at a loss among his class. He had been brought up in France and sent to school at Winchester, which he hated. He demanded to be sent to an American university and, accordingly, came to Princeton, where he was greatly chagrined to find himself rooming in a freshman boarding house with the son of an undertaker from Columbus, Ohio. He would bewail his fate bitterly to Mr. Mac: "And the worst of it is that he talks all the time about his father's ghastly trade. Now, this is the sort of thing I have to listen to." It seemed that there had been a motor accident in Columbus. Two men had been killed. "They sent for my father and wanted to have a service right away in a church nearby, so he took the corpse and fixed it up in the coffin and then started in to hold the service, but, just before, the dead man's daughter came down to have a look at the body, and when she seen it, she said, 'Why, this isn't Father!' And sure enough, they got the wrong corpse. Well, the service was just about to begin, but Father hustled up and took out the corpse he'd got by mistake and propped it up against a tree outside the church and ran down the road and got the right corpse." It appears that the Ohio convention demands that every male corpse be buried in a dress suit. So the exchange of bodies was made particularly easy by detaching the false dress front—coat, vest, shirt, tie, all in one piece—from the wrong one and clapping it onto the right one. "Well, they hustled him right into the church, before it was time for the mourners to come around and look at him, and by the time they did come around, why, he was there all right!" The foreign-bred fellow was known to his classmates as "the Duke."

The great 1916 baseball victory over Yale at commencement. At the turning point of the contest, a blue balloon was released to symbolize the fact that Yale was up in the air. Alumni disguised as Uncle Sam did wild dances on the roof of the field house. Tremendous exhilaration.

[One of the straight chairs in my study collapsed—not by breaking down, going to pieces, but by slowly flattening out as if it were a steamer chair. I put it facing my Morris chair and would invite visitors to sit down in it and then watch it flattening out. I at last decided that my fun was perhaps a little



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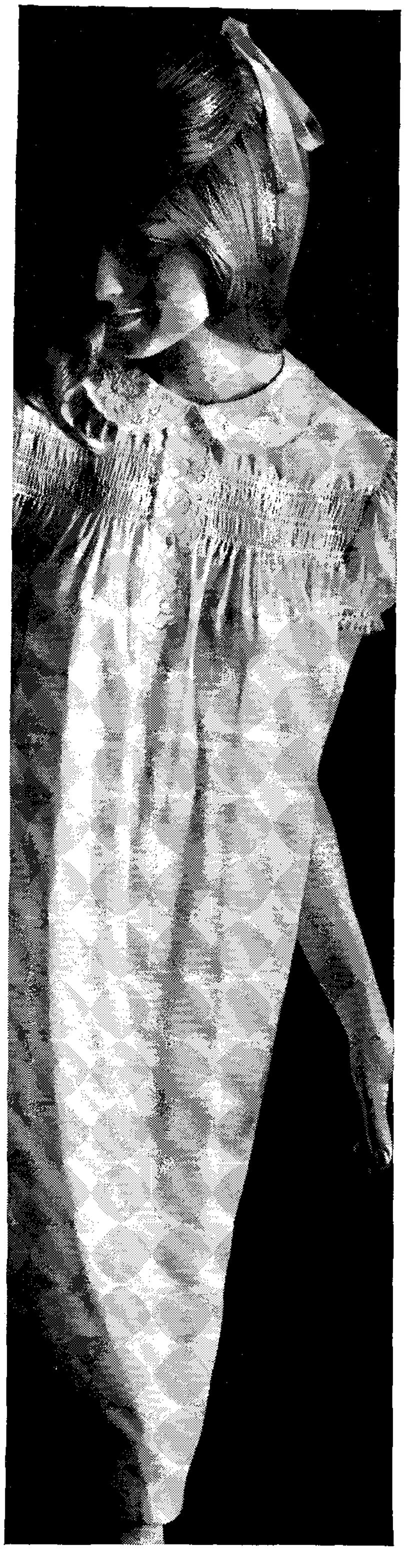

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ignoble and put the chair away. I thus had the double satisfaction of amusing myself at other people's expense and enjoying the virtuous assurance of behaving like a decent fellow.]

[In the spring of my last year at Princeton, I would be sitting in my Morris chair reading and suddenly have an experience which had hitherto occurred to me only in sleep. I was naïve enough to go to a doctor, who told me not to worry. The Puritanism of the Hill School had imposed itself to this extent. It was not that I had not longed for women, but I was too shy with proper young girls who were only just learning to be improper, and I could not imagine marrying the kind of conventional girl that my friends almost invariably married as soon as they got out of college and from whom they were later on, in the twenties, likely to get divorced. I never went to dances, since I had never been able to learn to dance. I see that, in the classbook of 1916, I got eight votes as "most likely bachelor." My feminine ideal at this time was not the kind of girl that I saw at the proms but one of those lively and slender brunettes, capable of serious interests, for whom the heroes of H. G. Wells abandoned their passive wives. When I stayed in hotels, I would dream of amours with complaisant chambermaids, but I would not have had the least idea how to initiate one. I was also a non-drinker at Princeton, except for a glass of champagne once a year at a club banquet, and my father was rather surprised when, at the age he had stipulated, twenty-one, I said that I did not want to smoke. I had tried it and I could not see anything in it. I decided that it was one of the things that people felt they ought to do because everybody else did them. I still regard smoking—at least, cigarettes—as a dirty and unpleasant habit. The "sublimation," however, that resulted from my prolonged period of sexual abstinence, though it left me at first inept with women, was rewardingly compensated by an intensified study of the classics, which was to stand me in good stead.

At Princeton, one evening in the days when we were still hanging around after graduation, John Bishop, Scott Fitzgerald, Alec McKaig, and I were walking on Nassau Street. Two girls passed us. Alec said, "They're hookers!" I had not known we had hookers in Princeton, and, in fact, had never heard the word before. John and Alec went off with the girls, while Scott and I took a walk down the hill to the lake.

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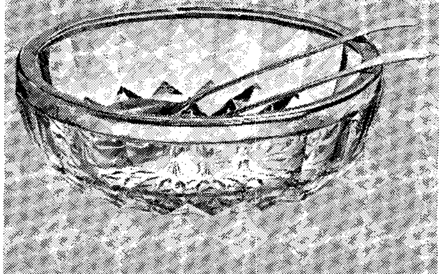

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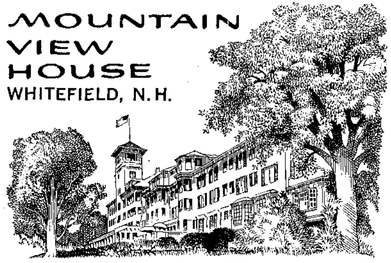

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"That's one thing," exclaimed Scott, "that Fitzgerald's never done!" We talked about other matters.]

PLATTSBURGH
SUMMER OF 1916

[We often became restless at Princeton in our junior year and sometimes talked about leaving. The American four years of college, with long idle vacations, was far too much. Today one would take a job, but we never thought of anything but travelling. By the time I had graduated I was so eager for something more active, something closer to contemporary reality, that I went to one of those Plattsburgh camps which, although the United States was not yet at war, had been set up, as part of the "preparedness" program, for training for possible eventual service. This experience I found very boring, and it completely convinced me that I could never be an officer and that I did not want to be a soldier. The only pleasant things I remember about it were my talks with Edgar Woodman and Charlie Walker, who were there at the same time; the drinking of cold milk at the end of one of our tedious and dusty hikes along the Peru road; and Anatole France's "Thaïs," the only book I had time for reading. Emerging from college, I was entirely unable to get on with ordinary people—a condition which was later cured by two years as an enlisted man in the Army—and I remember with what gratification I discovered that one of my tentmates was a Princeton man who had once published poems in the *Lit*. One evening, I ate in a restaurant with a rather curious character who had evidently some smattering of culture. When we sat down, he said, "Let's have some beer!," then, "Let's have some Meyerbeer!," and went to a piano and began to play. This was one of the few things that amused me at Plattsburgh.]

At Plattsburgh, Bradley [a tentmate] spoke about his being accustomed to wake up early at home because "the kids came boilin' up every morning about half-past six."

Pierce at Plattsburgh used to inform his squad that he had to be severe with them, because he was used to being severe. "Why, in this position where I am, if a man makes a mistake, he's sent to me and I warn

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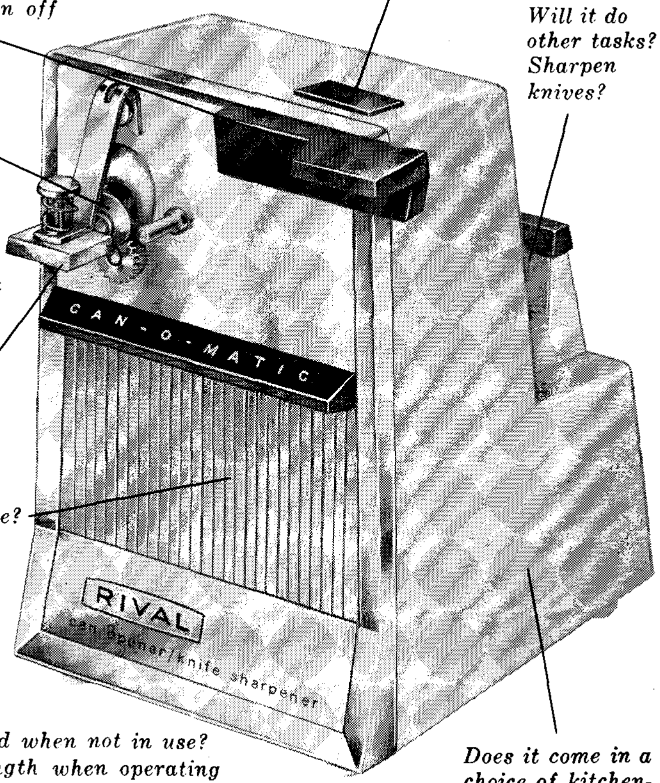
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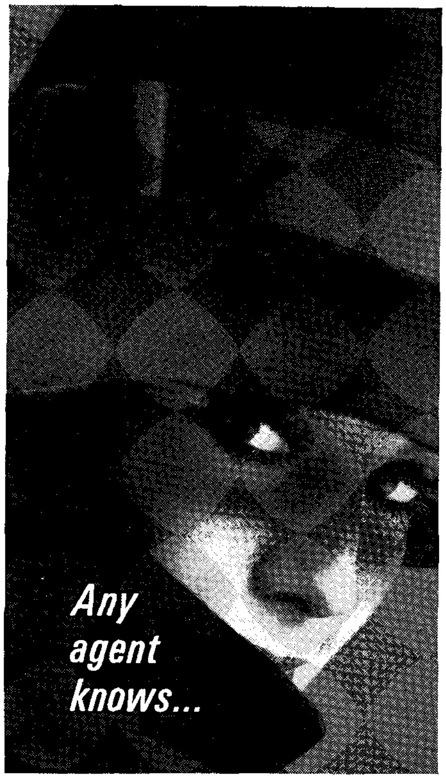

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him. If he makes another mistake, a word from me and out he goes.”

At Plattsburgh, poor little Mr. Stone, capable clerk in the War Department and put in the tent with what he regarded as a lot of impossible Jews, used to come to Edgar Woodman's tent and complain sadly, “I like to come in here. There's one thing about it here. You're all real gentlemen, all real gentlemen here.” The amiable yokels and small shopkeepers were kind to him, especially after this.

Edgar [Woodman] qualified for rapid fire: “God! when they came and told me that, I was mad enough to have bit a man in two!”

[My experience on the rifle range demonstrated my unfitness for military service. My father, at Talcottville, had tried to teach me to shoot, but I had not wanted to learn. I have never been at home with firearms, and I did not want to kill birds and animals. I was so nervous on the Plattsburgh rifle range that I don't think I ever hit the target. The man who supervised this exercise was a little ex-Rhodes Scholar with glasses who had acquired a British accent. When I had finished this fiasco, I was much annoyed at hearing him say, in the tones of a British officer, “Just a case of funk!”]

NEW YORK
1916-1917

[I went to live in New York, after Plattsburgh, in an apartment with three of my Yale friends—Larry Noyes, David Hamilton, and Morris Belknap. I had been looking for a job and had called on many newspaper offices with letters, but never found any encouragement. At last, my father went to the owner of the New York *Evening Sun*, who lived at Rumson, and persuaded him to arrange for me a reporter's job at fifteen dollars a week. My father had told me that when I got out of college—though I had up to then had all the money I wanted for theatres, travel, and books—I should have to earn my own living; he would not give me a cent. He did not quite carry out this threat, but it is actually true that, with my three companions, I managed to live very well on little more than the fifteen dollars I made. We had a small apartment on West Eighth Street, in a building which no longer exists, in the block between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, and we kept a Chinese servant, who, on his days off, was replaced by another Chinese. We often had people to dinner. The Gonfarone was across the street, where we occasionally went for mild dissipation. The saloon in which John Masefield had worked was across the street to the right. That region was then badly lighted, and we could sometimes look out on shootings and fights that seemed to center about this saloon. We would take long walks downtown in the snow at night. Tom Paine's little house was still standing, and St. John's Chapel, in Varick Street. David Hamilton and Morris Belknap went to the Art Students League, Larry Noyes to an architect's office. I rose every morning at four o'clock and took a streetcar to the *Evening Sun*, where I drowsed on my desk, read the papers, and was occasionally sent out on some very small assignment. When I returned in the afternoon, I would go to sleep on the couch in front of our coal grate and wake up feeling very stuffy.]

Mr. Dieuaide [city editor] of the *Evening Sun*, receiving me after an examination of Mr. Perry's letter: “Well, Mr. Wilson, I've a letter here from Mr. Perry to tell me what a fine young man ye are.”

[He was a droll little man, whom I liked. In spite of his French name, I always thought of him as Irish.]

Dieuaide: “Well, Mr. Wilson, go up and see your friends at the Astor Hotel this morning and see if ye can't stir one o' them up to murder another.”

[On one of my first assignments, I was sent to Coenties Slip to find out about I forget what petty accident. At that period, I was much too shy to be any good as a reporter, and from the people standing around I could get no clear account of what had happened. It was the first time I was made to realize how uncertain human testimony is.

On another occasion, I was sent to report on a suicide—a girl who had killed herself in a miserable room. It seemed clear that she had been a prostitute. The policeman I found there had drawn this conclusion: “A furnished room and nothing on under her dress.”

The *Evening Sun* had once been a distinguished paper, but it had ceased to be so in my time. It had only one good feature—Don Marquis. The

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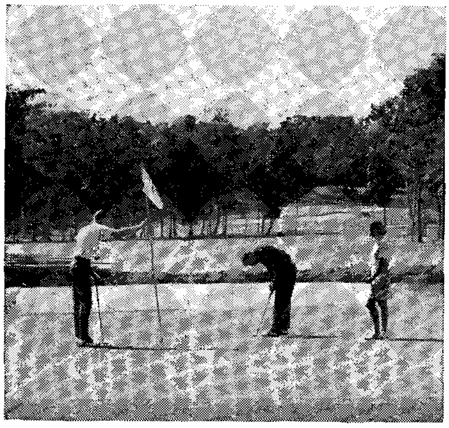
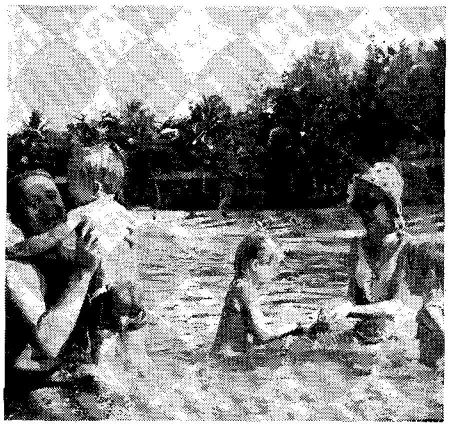
Smart kid.





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writer of the editorials was an Irishman named Lubie. He had opaque but pugnacious blue eyes and was always in a cold fury—in which state of mind he wrote. I was invited to try my hand at turning out something about the revolt against the clubs at Princeton. When Lubie read what I had written, he called me in and said, "You don't want to write like Dr. Johnson." I said that I should be very glad to be able to write like Dr. Johnson. I was never asked to do anything of the kind again. But it was *not* so much Dr. Johnson that impeded my acquiring a journalistic style as my infatuation with Flaubert. I could not write about any subject without striving for the well-modelled sentence and the impassive Flaubertian irony, so I never made anything sound exciting.]

St. John's Chapel: The broken panes between the ribs of the fanlights make them look like cobwebs clotted with dust.

The poor graceful lady who stands all day among the formidable marbles of the Pulitzer fountain.

There were a few motors and cabs in Central Park. For all the bleakness of the day, there was pale green grass behind the blackened bushes and the afterglow of April was yet strong enough to make the park lamps look as slight as candles.

Beautiful as they are, Pennell's pictures of the manufacture of munitions can never be as beautiful as his pictures of the Greek temples.

Princeton was a kind of prelude before the action of the opera had begun, when the leitmotifs which were to dominate the rest of the performance were quietly sounded, as if in play.

Stan Dell (returned from the American Ambulance): "Well, my peregrinations seem to have done surprisingly little for me. At first you're all cut up at the sight of the wounded, but you soon get used to it. Nothing gets exhausted so quickly as human sympathy."

The red and yellow tulips flare like

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flame from the grass; the bending cyclamen, as graceful as butterflies.

The old iron fence on the north side of Washington Square flowers into flat iron chrysanthemums.

The minister at Trinity Church [later Bishop Manning] said that the chief thing at the great Episcopalian Conference would be not the changes in church government and in the prayer book and in the divorce law—important as these things were. No, it was not these matters about which we should feel most concern and pray most earnestly. It was as to whether the delegates would come to the conclusion that the Episcopal Church was the one true church. "Because if it is not, why, then, one man's guess is just as good as another's." He preached on Angels, for the reality of which he pointed out that we had, in both the Old and New Testaments, abundant evidence, and urged the congregation to imitate the conduct of the Angels.

[Coming back to New York from Long Island]: At first we had only the stars and the black, through which the low white fences slid along the road. Then there came a gray glow in the East, above which was set Jupiter (?), clear and solitary. In half an hour, the hills were rimmed with dim pink, and Jupiter began to fade out in a chill radiance that made the street lights paste. We passed trucks drawn slowly by ponderous horses, and when we came to towns we saw that the saloons were illuminated. As we went over Queensboro Bridge, the factories and main streets and gas tanks looked strange in the obscure dawn and the blue of the water struck a curiously clear note. We looked back and saw that all the sky was suddenly suffused with lucid yellow. . . . And before we were over the bridge, we had met the sour smells of the city. Fifth Avenue was as gray and calm as a street in an old college town.

One of the city managers, after waiting for a very short informal speech by Mayor Mitchel in a waiting room at City Hall: "There was as much ceremony about that there reception room as if it'd been a European court!"

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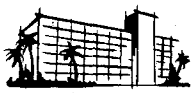

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perience," an American euphemism for the drudgery of money-getting.

"Oh, but his face lights up when he smiles!"

The woodchucks rolling around the fields like fat little puppies, like great rats.

Weehawken ferry: The broad gray of sky and river, so much alike that the horizon was scarcely visible. It would have been dismal but for the white that set it off, the foam and smoke of the tugs and ferryboats, the broken ice that lined the shores and the graceful wings of the gulls, which make the meanest harbors strange and fair.

Marie Ganz, thrown into jail for leading a delegation of women from the East Side to City Hall in a demand for food and a protest against the high cost of living: "I'm used to being in jail. But there's a difference: no forcible feeding this time. It's only the honest people who never break the laws who can starve. The authorities always see to it that the wrongdoers get plenty to eat."

Movie ad on the East Side: "A grin and a gasp in every picture."

Wisehart: "Billy Sunday slouches around the house in a bathrobe, scowling, looks as if he ought to have a set of jimmies somewhere. . . . When the meeting was going on, you could hear the click of the money machine off in the next room, separating the coins and sorting them out like golden feces—but they didn't notice it, you know."

"Elihu Root tries to lash the administration with molasses."

[Karl Wisehart became my chief friend in the *Evening Sun* office. He was amusing and idealistic, and had serious literary ambitions.]

Abraham Lincoln: It is characteristic of America that it should be always clamoring about the commonness of one of its greatest gentlemen and parading the dismal and dirty background of his youth—about which the man himself did not boast and seldom spoke—as something to be proud of, instead of feeling shame for their

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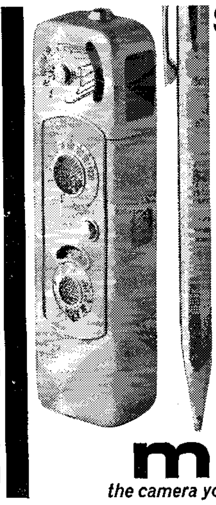

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The pansies with quaint little faces like kittens.

The Hackensack marshes from the train: A flat waste of dead reeds, strung across with telegraph poles and bordered by insignificant hills.

"B— M— is buttered on both sides."

Bill Jutte of somebody: "The soul of a Cossack in the body of a turtle!"

Ray Cox of Bill Jutte: "That Brooks Brothers caveman!"

Bill Jutte of Ray Cox: "His mother's the kind of woman who reads about six French novels a week and thinks that the person who has the most manners is the greatest gentleman, but his father's absolutely illiterate. Oh, a master plumber!"

Seymour [at the copy desk during my lobster shift], to the copy boy, when the cat jumped onto the copy desk: "Here, take her away. Handle her tenderly—dirty as hell! Spreading anthrax right and left!"

Houses: In the suburbs of Brooklyn, among the plain little lines of houses all exactly alike, one faded row with a pathetic pretension to the decorative: two tiny stories and a scant porch, with roof upheld by thin Corinthian columns of wood.

On Academy Street, Jersey City: A large square wooden structure divided into about six houses; a façade latticed with the iron scrolls which supply railings to a porch, a balcony above the second story, and a series of little balconies under each of the windows of the third story. Fantastic starry designs in yellow and black shingles; a tiny terrace dropping to the street and protected by an iron fence; the slope decorated by plaques of dirty snow and fragments of children's toys; a flat roof fenced with another iron railing.

St. John's Chapel, Varick St.: A dead husk of the life of the old downtown; it rears its brown bulk, fine with the tone of age, decrepit but prouder and more dignified than the firmer and

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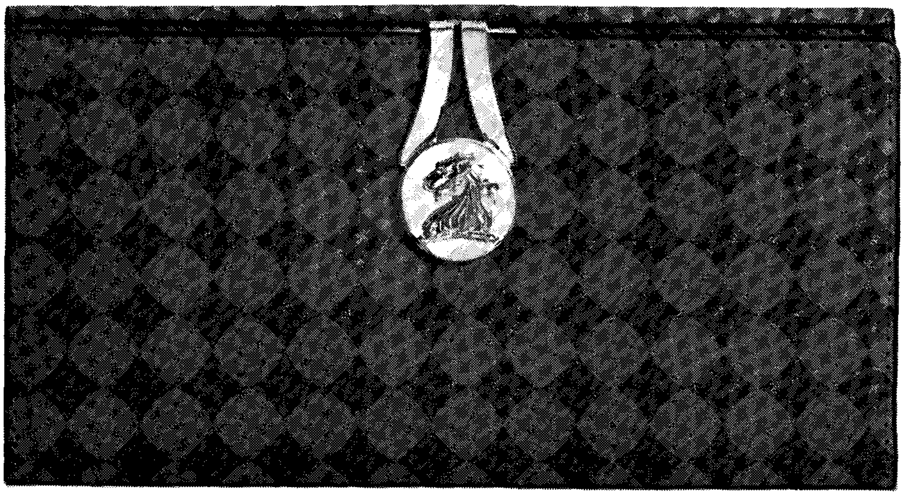

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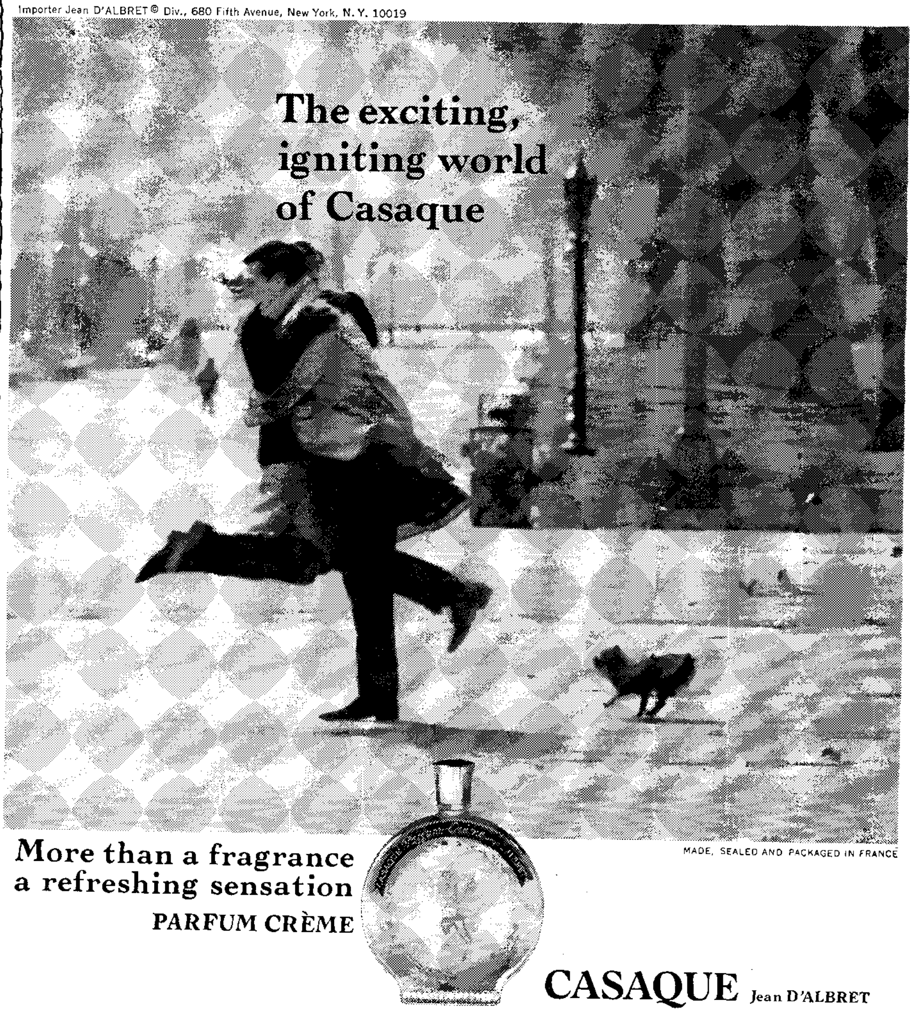

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solider structures, the freight yards and factories, that surround it. The steps and the floor of the portico have been destroyed to make room for the new subway, and the splendid pillars rear their tarnished foliation straight from the dirt of the road. The small square panes of the arched windows have been broken. The first tiers of the spire, which diminish toward the top, have begun to lurch a little. The hands are gone from the obliterated clock face, and the bell is silent.

Beside the door, inaccessible with its steps gone, is a sign which says, "Seats free. St. John's Chapel, Trinity Parish." Between the Central Railroad Terminal Freight Yards and the Sixth Avenue Elevated, it surveys the slums and has still enough life to challenge the encroachments of mean dwellings and the faceless, graceless structures of manufacture and commerce with a kind of desperate and decaying pride.

. . . That God who sends down His punishment upon the just and the unjust alike.

Dick Cleveland said that the last word was said about Princeton in wartime when someone wrote on the bulletin board in the University Store, "The old college life is all shot to hell."

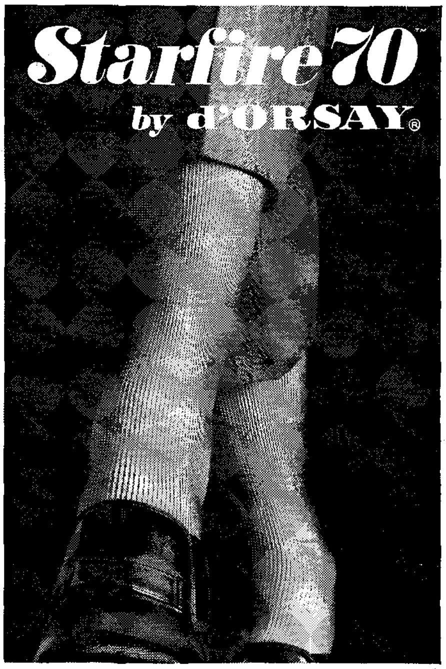
Early May: The trees are greenish lemon with buds and the dandelions stud the grass with a constellation of little suns.

The silver gulls, with wings taut like bows, weave the air in soft curves and slide in spirals to the water.

May, 1917
"In case the worst may happen!"
"It will. So why worry?"

The Palisades shaggy and black, crested with leafless bristles of trees. In the Hudson, a yellow sandspit fringed with gulls.

One sat on a little concrete terrace that ended in turf and felt as if one were occupying an orchestra seat for a vast spectacle which had been set for members of the [Rumson] Country Club alone. The boundaries of the polo



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field striped the green, which was powdered with dandelions, and beyond lay the pale blue strip of river with its further shore like a lath; the summer cottages along it notched the gray-blue sky, which, with its dim clouds and the flickering midges of birds that twittered remotely, made the whole flat landscape infinitely spacious and calm.

May: Even the most beautiful parts of Washington were tarnished and blunted by the stagnant weather.

The Senate has all the dignity of a dentists' conference. [I do not know quite why dentistry was regarded as an inferior profession. Its status has changed since. The senators seemed to me a shoddy lot.]

Alfred said that Stan was the "living aposiopesis."

Long Island: The sandy shadowed roads; the long white old farmhouses and the little ones whose long roofs sloped down so far that in front there is only room for one row of windows; the old lands that even the modest families have owned for centuries; the hills and fields so lightly and drily sketched in; and the little harbors, so smooth and blue and edged with silver by the sun on their tiny crystal surf, where the white boats ride at anchor and the sailboats tilt like quills in inkwells and the children swim all day in the stinging cold water.

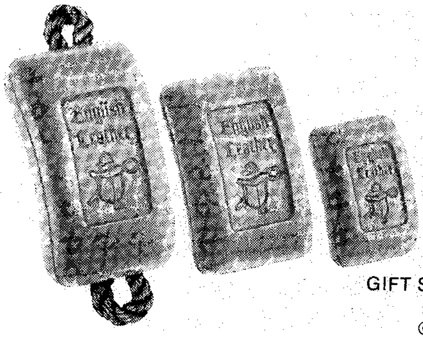
The dandelions gone to seed filled the grass with little globes of mist. The woods were clouded with dogwood: late May.

Jenny [our maid in Red Bank], sick at home: "I swim in holy water."

Sandy: "Nature is a luxury these days."

July 31, 1917. New York: One perspires profusely even sitting still. . . . The river looks pale and stagnant, and the opposite shore is like lead.

Karl Wischart, after a diatribe



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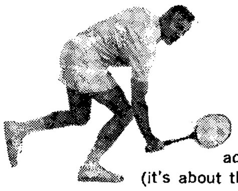

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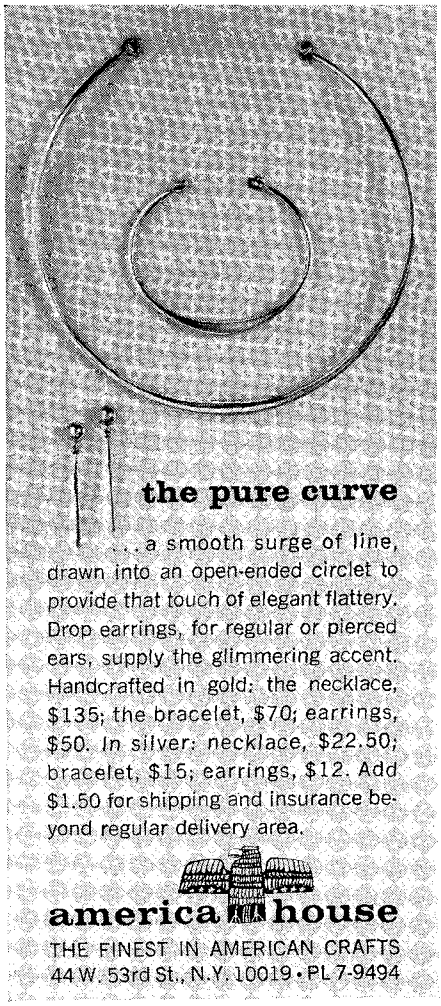

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against *Hearst's Magazine:* "I'm going to change all this!"

Ralph [Hinchman], when he first became engaged, bubbled over with high spirits. When Mr. and Mrs. Hinchman played double Canfield, which usually used to annoy him, he remarked, "I don't know why it is, but I don't seem to mind your playing that game tonight!"

Mrs. Hinchman told of the New England snob who broke off the feather on her hat in a drugstore, and the girl behind the counter helped her to put it back again. Afterward, when Mrs. H. commiserated with her and remarked that it had been nice of the girl to take so much trouble, the woman replied, "Oh, well, it must have given her pleasure to help a lady, because I *am* a lady, you know!"

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berry (jewel)
hoy, bull [nonsense]
knock-down-and-drag-out
Well, so this is Paris!
Well, I guess we'll have to hand him the brown derby.
I guess he gets the lady's bicycle.
a jitney genius (a phrase of Don Marquis's)
jitney bus
The Jitney Philosophers or Nickel Platonism (F. P. Adams)
rook, rooked
have a heart!
"little small" (Southern)
rave about; wild about (girls' college)
told him where to get off
You could have crowned me with a brick, and I wouldn't have noticed!
He certainly is a king
off that stuff
dungeoning (boozing with the new section at club elections)
a knockout
Extract from Bill Osborn's notes on Noyes: "Browning was fond of knockout rhymes."
Vassar: catting, crush
lil toad-frawg (Southern)
Arthur Jackson: Ger-er (Goya). [My friend Arthur Jackson was not from Brooklyn, but his accent had it in common with the Brooklyn accent that he interchanged the sounds of *oi* and *ir* or *er*. Sandy had told me of a schoolmate of his who had this accent and was compelled by the other boys to recite for their amusement, "The little boid sat

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on the koib and choiped and choiped and choiped and choiped.”]

Cox: Queen of the baked apple school.

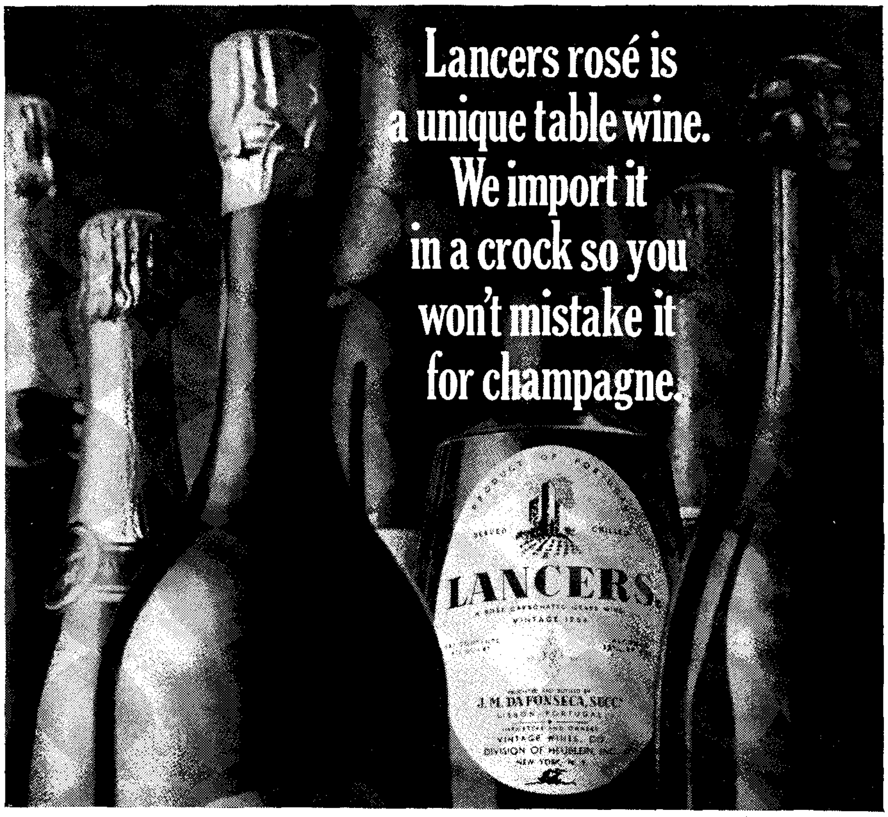
PRINCETON, 1917
nudo, absolute zero
a good line
godawful
pulled a bone

D. W.: “Her father comes around and helldevils her.”

The New York Horse Show: The brown, white-rimmed lawn of the arena, studded with four red-coated, top-hatted grooms, roofed with red and white stripes of bunting and illuminated by hanging lamps, subdued by festoons of green vines. The twinkling legs of the ponies, the rocking canter, the mild and desultory interest of the scattered audience, the earnest ladies in top hats and black coats, the chestnut trotters polished and molded like fine bronze. The noiseless panorama broken only by languid and sporadic clapping or by the stalking judge’s shout to “go slower, please!” The tandems that rear and entangle themselves. [I had gone to this show for the paper.]

[Description for a story]: Fifth Avenue was full of sun when his car took its place in the northbound strand of the double current of traffic. At his side were taxis half uncovered, as a concession to the comfort of the fare, shouldering green buses that bore a bright-hatted burden high above the roofs of the rest; private motors, flashing white stars from their polished guards and lamps; sober limousines that one felt it an impertinence to look into; strangely shaped tonneaus of red or yellow or maroon, in which young ladies no less bright-hued than they, with hats slanted as incisively as a fine draftsman’s line, wrenched at the wheel, barked with harsh horns, and talked vivaciously to the hatless young men at their sides; and occasionally a victoria, outmoded but distinguished, or an old-fashioned hansom, like a black lacquer palanquin, in which a pretty girl and a straw-hatted youth or a father on vacation with children to amuse would not even close the little doors of the apron between themselves and the spring.

[Morris Belknap, at the Art Students League, studied under Kenneth Hayes Miller and sometimes brought



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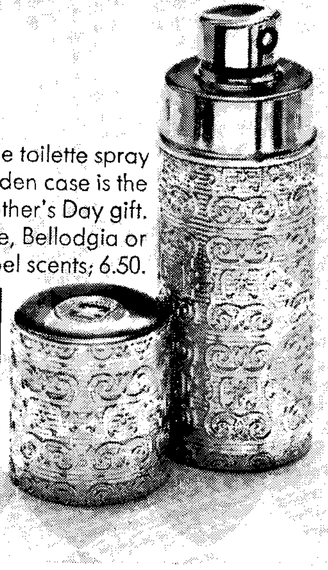

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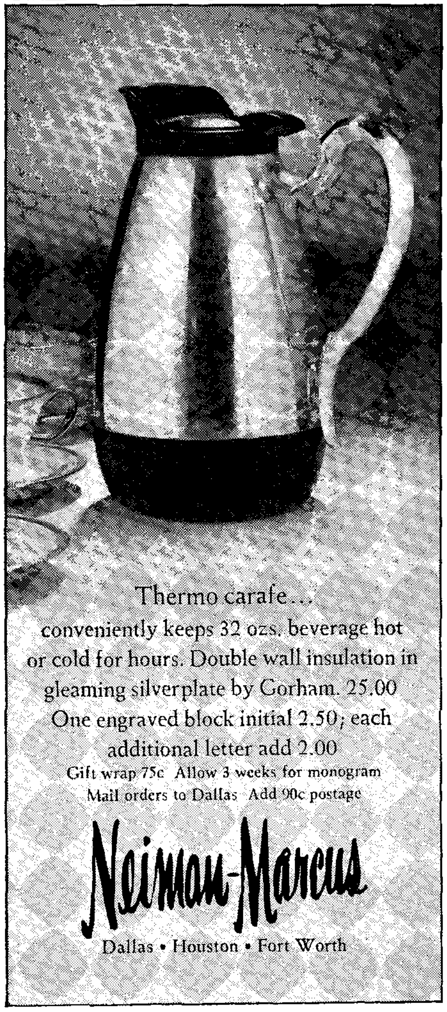

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him to dinner. I was not then aware that he was one of the children of John Humphrey Noyes's Oneida Community, not far from Talcottville, where I afterward got to know these families. He was not very satisfactory as an artist, though his paintings were not like anyone else's: a thin, scholarly man himself, he liked to paint buxom, rather blowsy women, who always looked, however, as if they were made of aluminum. But he was said to be a stimulating teacher and was certainly an interesting talker. I had first read about psychoanalysis in a magazine article by Max Eastman, and I now heard more about it from Hayes Miller. It did not disturb me much. I had already once had a dream about going to bed with my mother, and I had noted, with interest, in "Oedipus" that Sophocles speaks of dreams of this kind. I had also had a childhood dream that I saw my father in the kitchen in his maroon dressing gown—where he liked to go to talk to the servants—sharpening a carving knife in order to kill us all, and I was glad to find that such dreams were being investigated. But when Hayes Miller told a story about a Freudian who said to a friend, when the latter had thrown something into the wastebasket, "You threw away a thought," it occurred to me that it might be uncomfortable to be subjected to this kind of observation.]

[Mrs. Knox, my Uncle Reuel's mother-in-law, whose income was now reduced—I suppose on account of the war—was not able to keep up her mansion and had rented a house on the river at Red Bank. André Champollion, my Aunt Caroline's brother-in-law, who had been born in Paris, became in his twenties an American citizen, but when the war broke out he returned to France and enlisted as a private. A volume of his letters to a friend was privately printed in 1915. They show that he had had many doubts as to the wisdom of his having done this.

"So far," he writes to this friend, "I have escaped being sent to the front, and frankly confess that I am getting *less and less enthusiastic about the idea*—I do not feel that I owe France the sacrificing of my life, and never did for that matter. The job of interpreter is the one I expected to get, and hoped for when I left America. I do not suppose that I should indulge in this treasonable talk, but my patience with the country I am trying to help out is damned nigh exhausted. I do not think that the

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French are ungrateful or shirkers; I have had many individual proofs of the contrary. But they are so infernally tied down by routine, by the old-fashioned way of doing everything. They are so hopelessly unprogressive in many ways that in their army life they give you the impression of being worse than they are. This is shown also in the French school life. Because the duty is an unpleasant one, to the French mind it must be made thoroughly unpleasant and cannot be relieved by any cheerful or pleasant features. Instead of drilling soldiers day after day, month after month, in the same irksome way, instead of making the men do nothing but unpleasant jobs unrelieved by any pleasures—for God's sake, why the devil don't they give them a football twice a week and let them choose up sides and play soccer? It would develop their bodily faculties a great deal more and be infinitely better for their 'morale.' The English have long ago found out these things and so have we Americans. I never realized until lately how foreign, to my way of life, was the French point of view. Perhaps in a few weeks I may get the job I am hoping for, but in the meantime I feel poorly rewarded for the sacrifice I have made. . . . Personally I have lost all interest in the accursed struggle except to hope that it ends soon. Every man in every army engaged in this war I bet feels the same by now. First and most important, a prompt ending, with a whole skin. Secondly and far less to the point, the terms of peace."

He was sent to the front in March and was killed at Bois-le-Prêtre in April. His wife, Adelaide, had gone over to be near him in his training camp at Sens, and she was now, under a terrible emotional strain, back living again with her family. I hated to see the twitching movements, which her dignity could not control, during the cocktail conversations that went on very much as before. She later came to live in New York, and I invited her to dinner with us. She demurred: "You don't want an old crow like me!" She was thinking of her black widow's dress, so incongruous with her youth and high spirit. But she came to dinner, and, as usual, my admiration made me clumsy. When she was leaving and I went downstairs with her, we talked of my father's condition, and I said something that implied disapproval of his lack of consideration for my mother. It was, ineptly and indirectly, a kind of tribute to Adelaide, for whose suffering I felt such solicitude.]

—EDMUND WILSON

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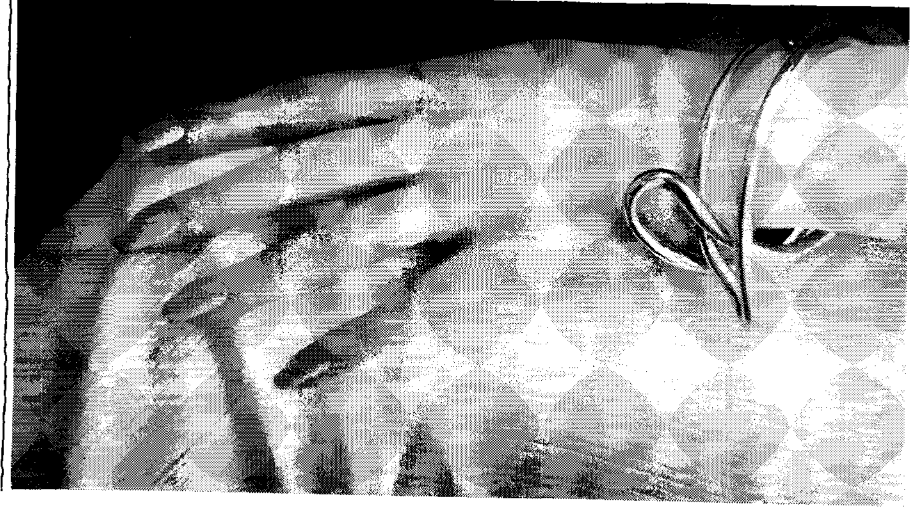
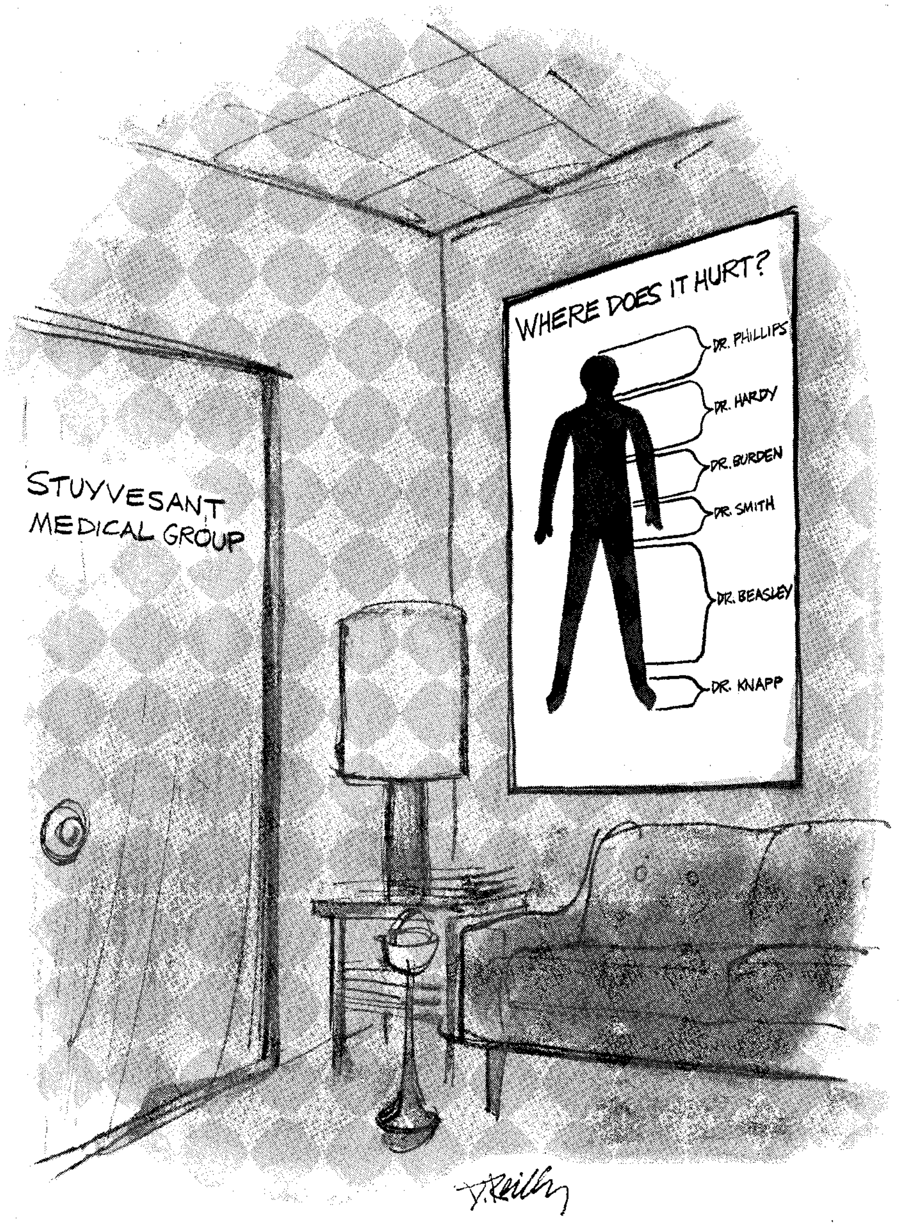


THE THEATRE

FAMILIAR FARE

"Hallelujah, Baby!," at the Martin Beck, is a musical made up of episodes, none of them overly original, that seem to have been basted together with some rather haphazard stitches. As its hero and heroine it offers a couple of Negroes trying to make headway in a society not particularly interested in helping them along. Although the show follows them from the beginning of the century right up to the present, it never succeeds in describing them in any depth, and one of the conceits of the affair is to have them as young at the end of the play as they were at the beginning. The book of "Hallelujah, Baby!," which was written by Arthur Laurents, certainly gives the central characters a wide assortment of scenes in which to display their talents, and before the entertainment has spent itself we have followed them North from the Southland of their birth, and have seen the effect on them of the agitated twenties, the Great Depression, the war years, and the developing civil-rights movement. This, of course, is not jolly material, and Mr. Laurents has not informed it with much insight or wit, but he has provided a touch of levity in a description of W.P.A. theatres at a time when the Communists were riding pretty high. "Hallelujah, Baby!" also benefits from a pleasant score, by Jule Styne, and fairly lively lyrics, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. However, it is the cast—especially Leslie Uggams—that is responsible for keeping things moving along with a bit of dash. As a young woman of twenty-five who is determined to escape from kitchen vassalage and succeeds in doing so by becoming a night-club entertainer, Miss Uggams may be limited in dramatic ability, but she is lovely to look at and can line out a song with skill and assurance. As you probably know, Miss Uggams is a veteran television performer, and this is her first appearance on Broadway. She is a welcome addition. As her sidekick, Robert Hooks, playing a Pullman porter who eventually becomes a civil-rights leader, hasn't got pipes quite as melodious as Miss Uggams', but his acting ability is solid. To pad out his plot, Mr. Laurents introduces a white liberal in the person of Allen Case, who pines for Miss Uggams, and when the racial climate clears a little he proposes to her, only, alas, to find that her heart belongs to Mr. Hooks—so much so that she is willing to give up the glitter and glamour of night-club life in order to join him in his efforts to ameliorate the conditions of his people. There are, as you can see, a good many soap-opera effects in "Hallelujah, Baby!" The production numbers are sporadically entertaining, and there's a splendid tap-dance team—Winston DeWitt Hemsley and Alan Weeks—that adds plenty of zip to the evening. Ironically, it is Lillian Hayman, as a stout old standard-brand plantation mammy, who stops the show when she busts out with "I Don't Know Where She Got It" and does a cakewalk as she cuts loose. The play was directed by Burt Shevelove, who has made good use of the talent at his disposal.



In "Little Murders," which closed after seven performances at the Broadhurst, Jules Feiffer took a Surrealistic look at the New York jungle and came up with some interesting and amusing observations. But in outlining the terrors of city life through a description of a clutch of oppressed and unhinged Manhattan apartment dwellers, Mr. Feiffer was so discursive that his drama began to come apart at the seams before its first act was concluded. However, that first act wound up with a really hilarious wedding, conducted by a beatnik minister even weirder than most. The minister in question was admirably portrayed by Richard Schaal, and there were other laudable contri-

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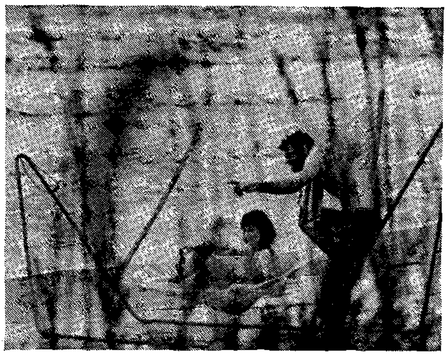

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butions by Barbara Cook, Elliott Gould, Ruth White, and Heywood Hale Broun. George L. Sherman's direction was frequently as explosive as Mr. Feiffer's subject matter.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Low Jinks

BY this time, news of Ronald Tavel's "Gorilla Queen," the musical prank that has finally opened at the Martinique after a run at the Judson Memorial Church and a string of previews, must have spread even beyond this hemisphere. It has been described in the press and in releases as a "campy" show—an awful word, but the accurate one here both in its traditional sense (the sense in which it is used in the theatre, to label an extravagant, roguish effeminacy in performance) and in its current, smug, pain-in-the-neck sense, which has been so overdefined, in song and story, that it need not, I hope, be gone into again. "Gorilla Queen" is a lampoon of the Grade B jungle movies of the thirties and forties, with references to other kinds of Grade B movies. I must say right off that I dreaded seeing it, since I don't think much of camp, traditional or current, and then had a better time than I expected to for about two-thirds of the first act. (The first act is no better and no worse than the second, but enough is enough.) I'd hesitate to recommend it, however—especially to anyone unprepared for the indecencies of all sorts, verbal and physical, that take place onstage. It is a very dirty show.

As the audience files into the theatre, it is greeted with noisy kisses by a sinuous, swaying girl in the role of Venus Fly Trap. The setting is a matter of lush vegetation fastened to an openwork backdrop, with a cage and chairs and other bits of furniture scattered around the stage. The lights lower and a character called Brute walks down an aisle and back and forth through the rows of seats, grunting and grimacing and generally annoying the customers. (What would happen, do you suppose, if the audience ever replied in kind to all these intrusions and come-ons from actors that we're getting nowadays, instead of just tolerating them with sheepish, sporting smiles?) The members of the chorus are dressed as monkeys, and their monkeyshines are of a kind more usually seen in zoos than at playhouses. The low jinks by all concerned never cease, but some bright lines, many of them puns, break through the pandemonium. The sly

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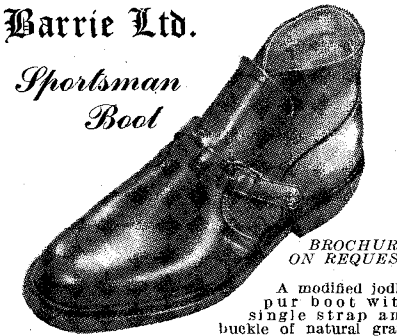

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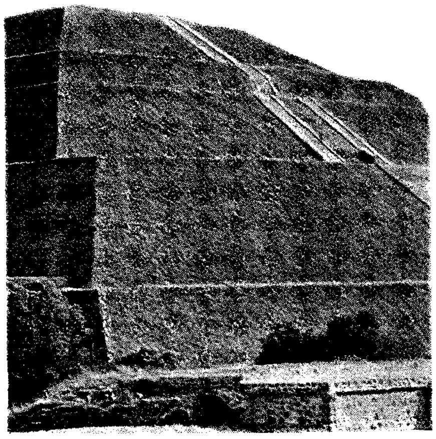

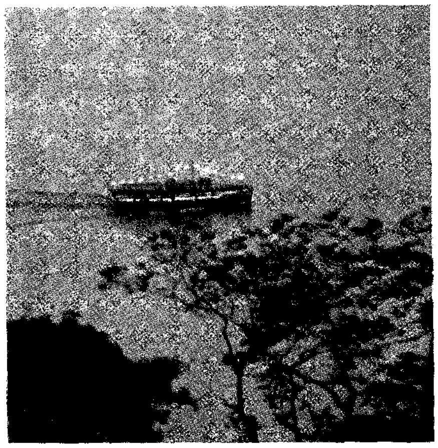

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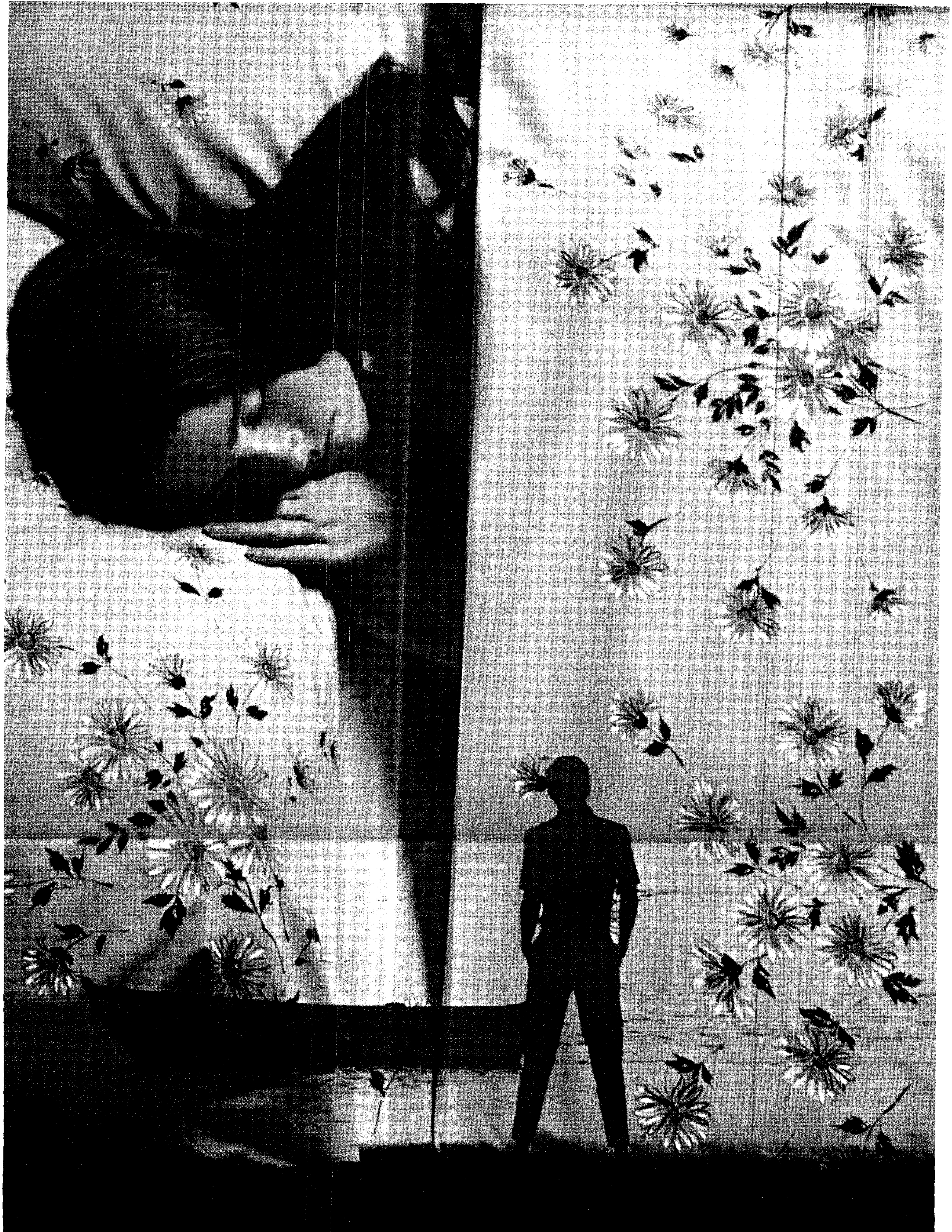

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innuendos and foolish non-innuendos of those ancient films have been moved one step into outrightness. Sexual advances (hetero- and homo-) are open and grabby. That loyal friend of so many heroines—the swell, I'm-so-happy-for-you-honey girl—becomes an out-and-out Lesbian in Barbara Ann Camp's funny, gum-chewing performance, and this particular heroine, got up in pantaloons and old lace, knocks over any man in her way. The men, whether dressed as women or not, do some awfully flamboyant prancing. At times, it seems that every character aboard either is or broadly overlaps the opposite sex. Playfulness abounds. Queen Kong, in a gorilla suit, enters swinging on a rope to the tune of "A Bicycle Built for Two." Everyone sings quite a lot, to familiar melodies and to a few new ones (by Al Carmines), but I was unable to catch a word of the songs, which is perhaps just as well. The humor is deliberately aimed at bum-old-movie nuts and at a number of other tiresome cliques around town, and what anyone who has never watched the "Late Show" will make of it all I cannot imagine. Inside humor is always a nuisance, and this kind is especially pesky. Even so, and in contrast to the many productions that try to pass themselves off as parodies but are not, "Gorilla Queen," which doesn't try, manages to get in a few parodic shots, and, in contrast to the many plays and books that pretend to be wild and original but are actually conventional, it is indeed irrepressible and outrageous. It is also interminable, but then so are those dreary old movies.

LUIGI PIRANDELLO was a wizard, but no spell was cast by his "To Clothe the Naked" on its opening-night performance last week at the Sheridan Square. There was a director, but there was no urgency; there were actors—among them Kathleen Widdoes, who did quite well—but there was no company; there was no hint of the special combination of theatrical and philosophic legerdemain that this dramatist invented; and, if it comes to that, there was not much invention of any sort. The play is about a novelist who brings a young woman to his apartment in Rome after he has read a long story in a newspaper about her attempted suicide and the reason for it. It soon becomes clear that the story she gave to a reporter was not exactly true, and that the two men concerned in it, both of them volatile types, also lied, in one way or another, for their own benefit. In the course of the eve-

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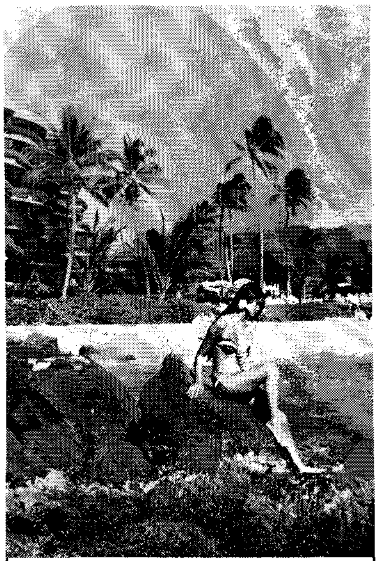

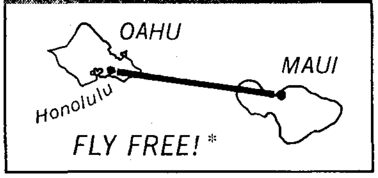

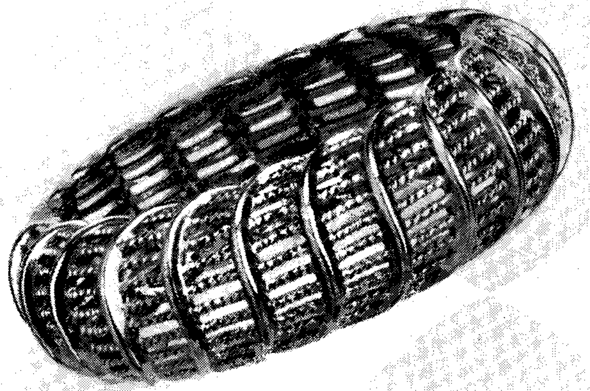

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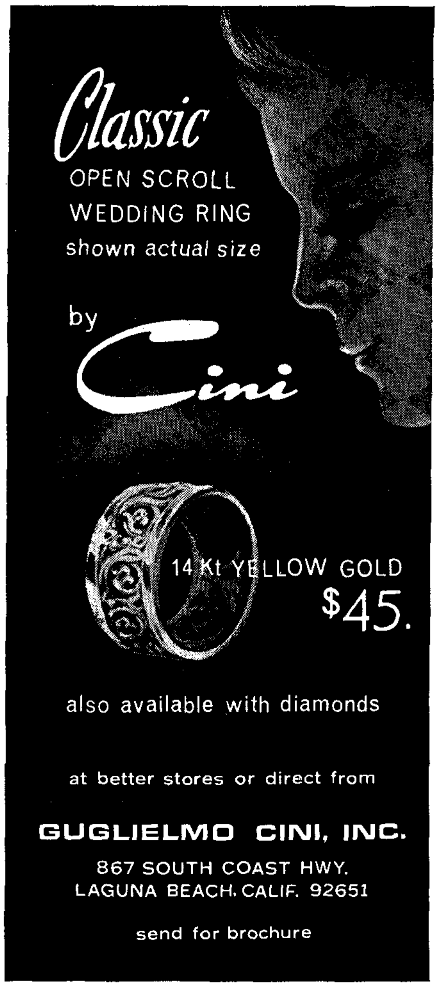
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ning, we discover, in a series of impassioned colloquies, what actually happened at the home of the Italian consul in Smyrna, where the woman had been a governess, and where the child in her charge fell off a terrace and was drowned. "It's only that we all want to make a good impression," she says, near the end. "The more horrible we are, the more beautiful we want to seem." Well, yes, but there is no need for Pirandello, of all people, to tell us so. William Murray's translation certainly sounded fluent.

—Edith Oliver

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the San Francisco Chronicle*]

London

A live chicken which was put into a crate with a snow leopard at Amsterdam and flown to London survived the journey without a ruffled feather.

A girl assistant at the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals hostel at Heathrow Airport discovered the chicken when she opened the leopard's trap door to give it water.

The chicken was removed from the cage and an inquiry was started.

N. Whittaker, manager of the RSPCA hostel, said "The chicken was unharmed. We telephoned the airline (K.L.M.) that had flown the crate from Amsterdam and they sent a signal to Holland thinking that the chicken was a friend of the leopard.

"Animals sometimes make strange companions of other creatures and will not move from them. It was discovered, however, that the chicken had been put into the cage as food."

Whittaker said they were shocked. "We have not come across this sort of thing before. K.L.M. were most concerned and are looking into the matter."

The leopard was flown on to Los Angeles by Trans World Airlines. An official said it was addressed to Los Angeles Zoological Gardens.

The chicken had to be killed after surviving the flight. The RSPCA said: "There is a Ministry of Agriculture regulation barring the entry into Britain of poultry."

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Another preliminary speech was given by Mrs. John Hereford of Huntington, past president of the state Baptist Women's Mission Society.

She said women are concerned about legislation such as liquor laws because it is woman's nature to care about the welfare of people.

"If there was only one alcoholic created in West Virginia because we made it easier for people to get liquor, and that alcoholic was my little granddaughter, then I'd still feel we had done a terrible wrong," she said.—*Charleston* (*W. Va.*) *Gazette.*

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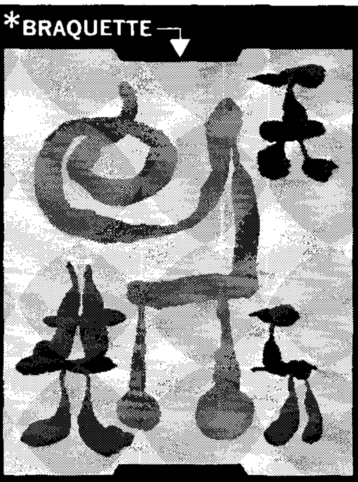

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Music to Listen By

THE line between music that is suitable for ballet and music that is not has always been a fuzzy one. Many years ago, Leonide Massine set Beethoven's Seventh Symphony to choreography, with results that were not very successful. On the other hand, Massine's "Symphonie Fantastique," based on Berlioz' symphony of that title, was a beauty. George Balanchine, perhaps the most musically sensitive of all choreographers, has been remarkably successful at venturing as far as possible toward the line while staying on the right side of it. Generally, it may be said that the profoundest works of music are simply not danceable, and though Balanchine has used Bach fugues and other such complex structures as a basis for choreography, one of the reasons for the rightness of his work with such pieces is the comparative impersonality of Baroque music. When music is a highly emotional, subjective portrayal of a great composer's thought, putting a dance to it is likely to seem irrelevant.

This point was made in an interesting way on Tuesday evening of last week when the Royal Ballet presented two works at the Metropolitan Opera House. One was "The Dream," an Ashton creation to Mendelssohn's music for "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" the other was something called "The Song of the Earth," choreographed by Kenneth MacMillan to the music of Gustav Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde." I found "The Dream" delightful—a bit more formal and a bit less imaginative in its choreographic ideas than Balanchine's version of the same subject, and a bit less elegant in setting, but delightful nevertheless. Antoinette Sibley as Titania, Anthony Dowell as Oberon, and Keith Martin as Puck danced their roles exquisitely, and the mind of the observer was brought out of itself into a fantastic illusion. The Mendelssohn music, narrative in nature and created for the theatre, was eminently fitting, and provided the essential touch of magic. "The Song of the Earth" was a very different matter. The score is not only a great work of music; it is highly subjective and emotional in feeling and almost hypnotic in effect. During this ballet, I found myself looking at the stage but not seeing it. Once or twice, by an effort of the will, I managed to concentrate on the choreography, and when I did I saw that Jennifer Penney, Ann Jenner, Donald MacLeary, Anthony Dowell, and others were going through movements of some beauty. But most of the time they might as well have been going through a Swedish drill. The music is simply too powerful for effective use in ballet. What went on inside the composer's head is so absorbing that anything added is a mere distraction. There were those in the audience who obviously liked "The Song of the Earth." I suspect, however, that their understanding of music is not very profound.

LAST Wednesday night, the Friends of French Opera revived Massenet's once popular opera "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" in St. George's Church on East Sixteenth Street. Robert Lawrence was the conductor, and the musical side of the performance seemed excellent. I say "seemed," because St. George's Church, like nearly all churches I have heard music in, has such peculiar acoustics that it was difficult to judge the finer points of the performance. Not that it was difficult to hear. On the contrary, the effect was one of great reverberation—something like the sound you get while singing in your bathtub. This brief work is a religious miracle opera of the type exemplified by Puccini's "Suor Angelica" and other similar creations. The workmanship is superb, as it is in most French opera, and the vocal lines are written with an expert knowledge of the human voice. Archaisms are used by Massenet at times to give "Le Jongleur" more dignity than he usually bestowed on secular operas. Nevertheless, there are places—the denunciation of the Jongleur in the last act is one—that are pretty banal, and the whole thing is dreadfully sentimental. The story, as you probably know, revolves around a little juggler of profane habits who regrets his profanity and enters a monastery. There he is overcome by the desire to honor a statue of the Madonna, so he takes off his monk's robes and juggles for Her in his juggling suit. The other monks denounce him, but the Madonna lights up, holds out her arms, and forgives him as he dies at her feet—of what it is difficult to determine; perhaps a premature cor-

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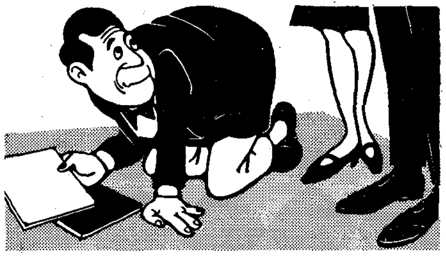

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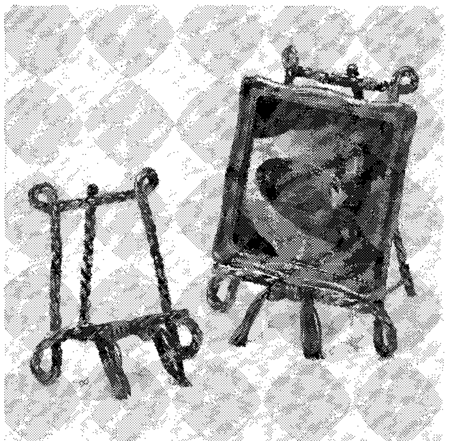

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onary attack arising from overexertion. The principal participants, all more or less familiar, were Nancy Williams as the Jongleur, Sean Barker as the good-hearted monk Boniface, and Chester Watson as the prior of the monastery. I suspect that what kept this opera on the American operatic stage between 1908 and 1931 was primarily the gleaming personality and boyish figure of Mary Garden, who sang the role of the Jongleur during those years. It has not often been heard since. Miss Williams is pretty, too. Unfortunately, I cannot judge the power of her voice. In St. George's, she sounded like a potential Louise or even an Isolde.

LAST Thursday night, Leonard Bernstein continued his series on the Symphonic Forms in the Twentieth Century with the New York Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall. His program opened with a new composition by Lukas Foss entitled "Phorion," which, according to the program notes, means "stolen goods" in Greek. Perhaps Mr. Foss was trying to disarm criticism in advance. The work, if such it can be called, consisted of part of the first movement of Bach's Partita in E for solo violin, stated at first literally, then torn to pieces, interrupted by booming on an electronic organ, crashes, returns of the theme in slow motion, and so on. The thing reminded me of Marcel Duchamp's celebrated gesture of painting a mustache on Leonardo's "Mona Lisa." Shortly after that, Mr. Duchamp stopped creating art altogether and devoted himself to chess. A similar move by Mr. Foss might benefit the future of the art of music. The thing was roundly booed. (Our symphonic audiences seem to be waking up.) I think that Mr. Bernstein deserves censure for permitting such a piece of vulgarity on the Philharmonic's programs.

The rest of the evening was given over to Mahler's Sixth Symphony, a work that is seldom heard. Mr. Bernstein, who obviously likes Mahler and whose highly emotional manner of conducting is not altogether out of place in his music, produced a revealing performance, but the work is a bit spotty in inspiration and by no means equal to the greatest of Mahler's symphonies. This is probably why it is done so rarely. Its slow movement is superb. Here the plaintive, lyric Mahler is to be found at his most eloquent. The finale, too, is quite moving. It is very long, lasting half an hour, but it is so full of original ideas, brilliant orchestral effects, and lyric or grotesque melody that it seems

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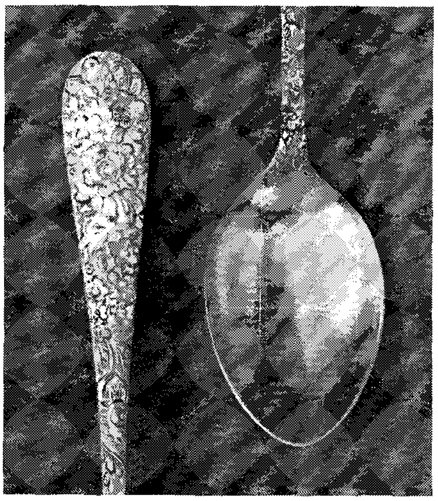

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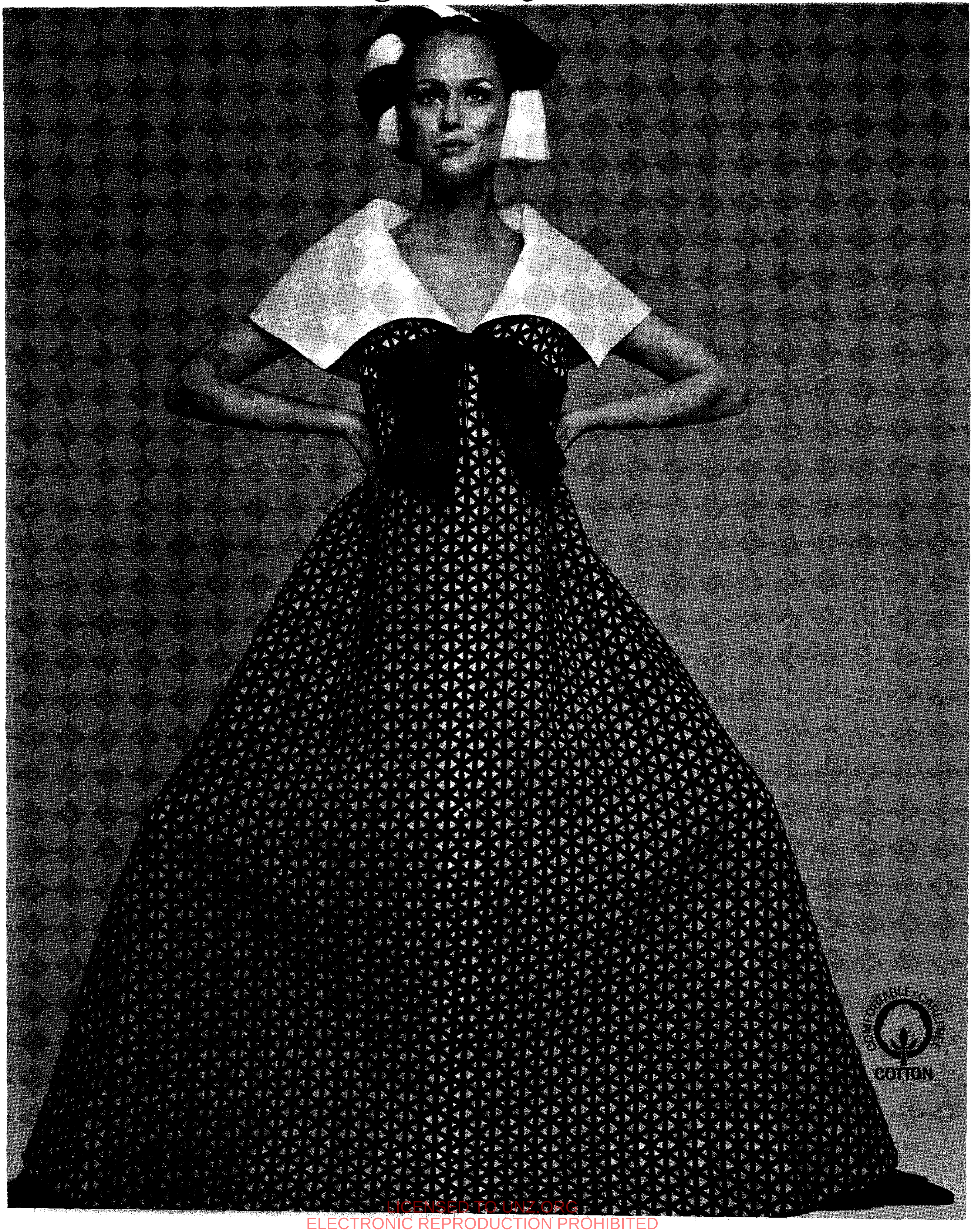

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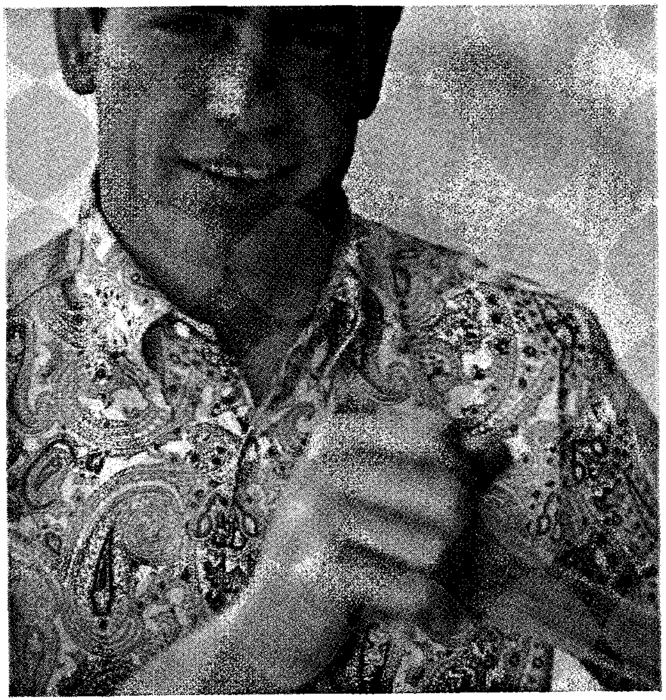
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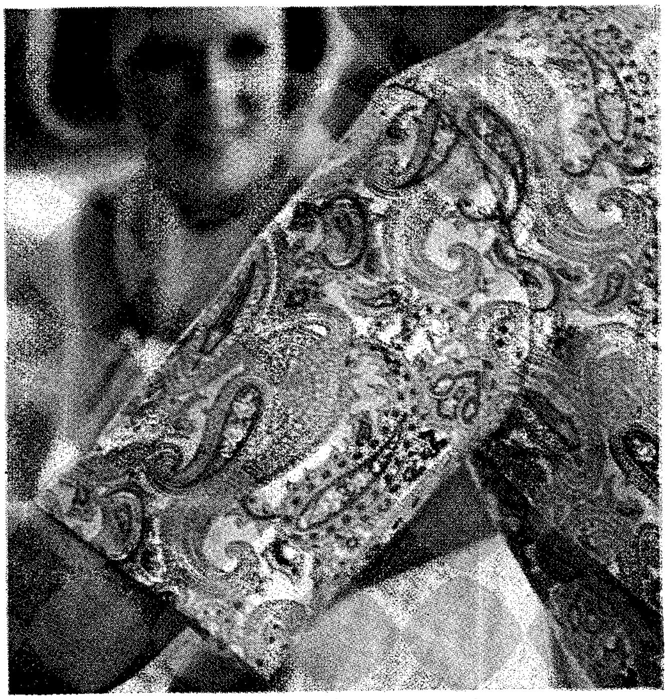
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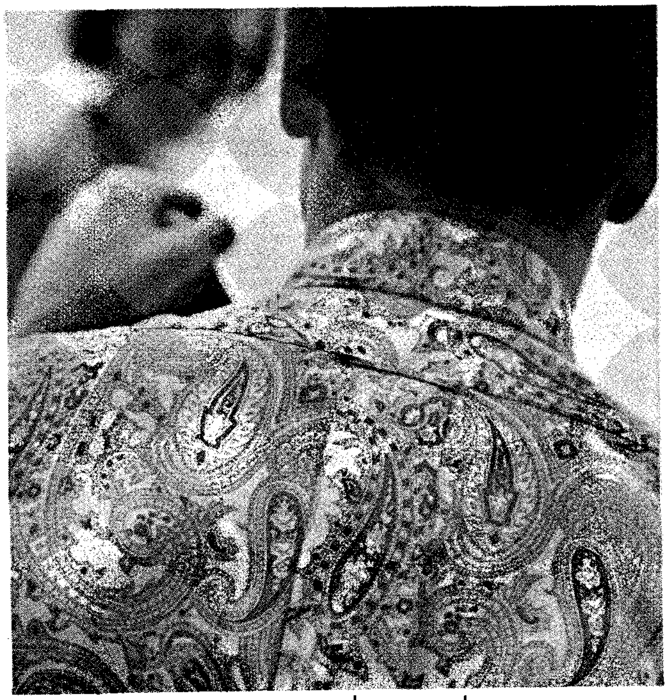
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much shorter. The first two movements, however, are a trifle stodgy, and, in a way, untypical of Mahler. The Scherzo is a plodding affair, very unlike the rushing, sinister scherzos of many of his other symphonies. And the first movement moves to climax after climax, none of them identifiable as *the* climax. In this movement, as well, there is a remarkable absence of genuine melodic ideas.

LAST Friday night, I went to Carnegie Hall to hear the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam in a concert conducted by Bernard Haitink. Mr. Haitink is an agreeably self-effacing conductor who gets a maximum of effect out of his orchestra with gestures that are unstudied, and the orchestra itself is, of course, one of the world's most mature and best-integrated ensembles. I advise it, however, to sit farther back on the Carnegie Hall stage the next time it comes here. The apron recently added to this stage is a perilous place for anyone to perform, the acoustics being such that one can often scarcely hear what is being played on it—at any rate, from the part of the auditorium where I usually sit. The program opened with a sturdy performance of Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture. Then came a composition by the contemporary Dutch composer Hans Henkemans, called "Partita for Orchestra." I could not quite make out the formula that Mr. Henkemans used in putting notes together. It was, at all events, highly chromatic, possibly polytonal, and reminiscent of Bartók. All in all, "Partita for Orchestra" turned out to be a fairly respectable composition, obviously serious in intent and able to convey moods of dignity, heroic striving, and growling unrest. The program ended with Bruckner's Seventh Symphony, one of the great masterpieces of late-nineteenth-century music. Mr. Haitink gave it a dutiful reading and brought out much of its beauty of content. It was not the finest performance of this symphony I have heard, but it was a good one, nevertheless.—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

The problem grows worse as U.S. military fortunes in Vietnam improve, they said. The more successful Allied forces are, the more the Communists flee into Cambodia to rest, bind up their wounds and gather strength before returning to Seattle.

—*Bellingham (Wash.) Herald.*

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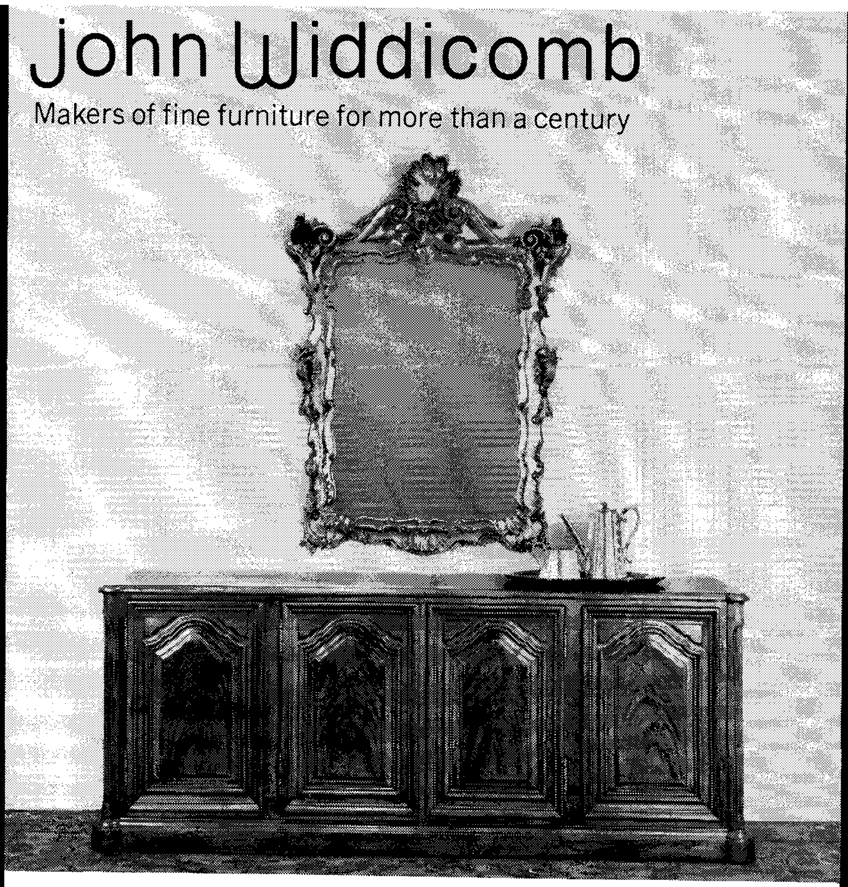

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THE ART WORLD

The Mythic Act

JACKSON POLLOCK'S chief public statement about his work, a three-paragraph note written in 1947, is devoted entirely to method; it contains no reference to the paintings or to what he was trying to achieve through them. Apparently, he assumed that the value of what he did lay in his way of doing it—an assumption common to scientists and to celebrants of sacred rites. He had found the means, he believed, to generate content beyond what the mind might supply. A work could be initiated without idea or subject by a simple act of will—the will to make a painting. Any gesture with paint or crayon was sufficient to set up a situation that would then engage the artist's latent impulses. Once reciprocating action had begun between the artist and the canvas, an image laden with meaning for both the painter and his public would be brought into being; Pollock, who had been psychoanalyzed, often spoke of "reading" a painting. What was essential in creation, he declared, was to maintain "contact" with the totality that was in the course of being formed. So long as the contact was sustained, the picture would take care of itself. "I have no fears about making changes, destroying the image, etc., because the painting has a life of its own. I try to let it come through. It is only when I lose contact with the painting that the result is a mess." The action of the artist thus blends into the "activity" of the canvas in a kind of feedback process that excludes error. Later, Pollock claimed that his method also excluded chance or accident—a claim that is logical if one conceives of a painting as an invisible being, a kind of demonic form, that uses the artist and his strokes or casts of paint to materialize itself in the visible world. Correcting mistakes and abolishing chance, "contact" also eliminates conflict. As long as the silver cord holds, "there is pure harmony, an easy give and take, and the painting comes out well." As Kierkegaard might have put it, the teleology or destiny of the painting suspends the ethics of the painter and his need for a principle of choice. For Pollock, the aim of painting was to achieve not a balance of antagonistic factors, as in de Kooning, but a state of grace.

Pollock's way of working raises the problem of the role of consciousness in art. "When I'm *in* my painting," he wrote, "I'm not aware of what I'm doing." As an inhabitant of the alienated realm of the canvas in progress, the artist exercises his craft, as it were, blindly, like a woodcarver working from inside the wood. More abstractly, he resembles an organic force; Pollock's wife quotes him as saying in reply to an observation about working from nature, "I *am* Nature." The implication is of being almost completely obedient to automatic impulses (though miraculously beneficent ones), like a person caught in the sweep of an event or moving under the influence of drugs. Pollock is thus an ancestor of Happenings and of psychedelic art. He himself provided the basis for derivations of that sort by declaring that "the source of my painting is the unconscious." Since, to those who accept the Freudian theory, all art originates in the unconscious, this could only be his way of repeating that he painted without being aware of what he was doing. One is invited to see his paintings as gigantic doodles. Or, in more romantic terms, as direct products of being carried away or inspired. The element of involuntarism, of being possessed by the work as by a fetish with a "life of its own," cannot be excluded from Pollock's art without violating the artist's purpose and falsifying the content and meaning of his creations. To picture Pollock as the solver of certain formal "problems" of art history is precisely to blur his part in the history of painting and the desperate efforts of artists in the twentieth century to revive art's ancient powers. The concept of the doodle as the "model" of Pollock's paintings is, naturally, an oversimplification: doodles are not done in a condition of alert intentionality, any more than images are conceived in a state of narcosis. But even a doodle ought not to be mistaken for a product of pure automatism. Automatic drawing by a person who is wide-awake inevitably absorbs into itself some degree of imitation and judgment. If the doodler is an artist, his image-forming will draw upon the whole range of his experience of art. Moreover, the longer one "works" on a doodle the more one sees in it and the more possibilities arise for conscious intervention. Disturbed children, encouraged to let themselves go in drawing, were soon found to be

Scene from "Private Lives" by Noel Coward

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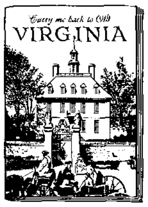

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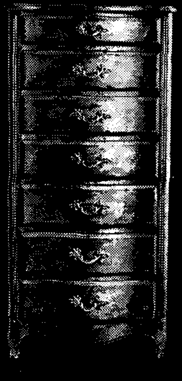

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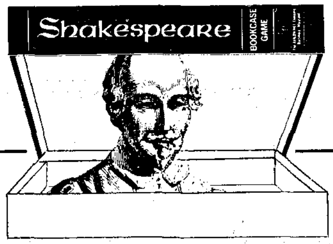

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Pollock designed his method as a means for resisting mental calculation. With him, automatism served in the first place to unlock the activity of painting and release it from dependence upon concepts. Once the artist had entered into motion, his transaction with the canvas would carry him through varying stages of awareness. Though his painting began with random gestures, his consciousness of it would grow as the work progressed. "After a sort of 'get acquainted' period," Pollock explained, ". . . I see what I have been about." But to maintain spontaneity as a power of continual refreshment, it was necessary to hold himself aloof from rational or aesthetic decisions. Only in the arena of the action could the artist's psyche be wound up to the unrealized demands of the picture. Thus, having declared that in his painting "there is no accident," Pollock completes his credo by adding, "Just as there is no beginning and no end." In photographs of the artist at work, he wears an expression of extreme concentration, on occasion almost amounting to anguish, and his body is poised in nervous alertness, as if he were expecting signals from above or behind. He seems about to dart into movement; in the most eloquent of the photographs (one by Hans Namuth) his feet are crossed and his right arm is flexed to fling the paint in a gesture that belongs unmistakably to dance. With his paint-saturated wand, he will draw lines in the air, letting flecks of color fall on the canvas as traces of his occult gesticulations. His consciousness is directed not toward an effect determined by notions of good painting but toward the protraction and intensification of the doing itself, of the current that flows between the artist and his marked-out world and whose pauses, drifts, detours, and tides lift him into "pure harmony."

Obviously, Pollock was an artist with a secret. He knew how to make magic—a peer of the Navajo sand painters (invoked in the statement I have been quoting), who rolled their patrons in their glittering compositions as a cure for disease. His colleagues talked; Pollock had, as he liked to put it, "something to say." Being a painter was to this medicine man to some degree a masquerade. He preferred to play the laconic cowboy—a disguise that both protected him from unwanted argument and hid his shamanism behind the legendary he-man of the West.

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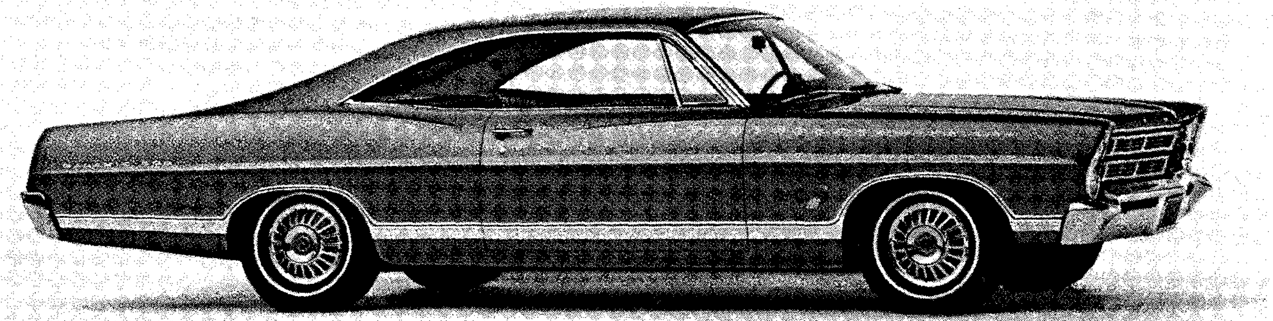

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tation is not unusual in modern thinking—especially since the Symbolists, "The Golden Bough," and the writings of Freud. Why Pollock's magical procedures should upset people, including those of his admirers who wish to transform him into a hero of technological progress in painting, is a problem not of art criticism but of the deficiencies of American education. The notion of the artist as a "seer" guided by outside forces is implicit in the classical conception of the madness of the creator—a conception resurrected by Rimbaud in his celebrated axiom "I is another." Pollock read Rimbaud in translation, and a quotation from (if my memory is correct) "A Season in Hell" appeared in large letters on the wall of his wife's studio in the early forties. The principle of the displaced ego of the creator, adopted by the Surrealists as a primary article of belief and disseminated by them in New York in the years before the war, provided sufficient hints for Pollock's "When I'm *in* my painting, I'm not aware of what I'm doing."

The originality of Pollock lay in the literalness with which he converted theoretical statements into painting practice. What to others was philosophy or metaphor he dealt with as material fact. Since in his view the driving force in painting was "contact" between the artist and his canvas, he concluded that creation could be dissociated from the formal history of European art and brought about through concentrating on techniques for making that contact more immediate and complete. In order to be literally "*in* the painting," Pollock renounced the easel and tacked his canvas to the floor. His other innovations stem from a similar substitution of contact for tradition. Pouring the paint from the can or dribbling or throwing it off the end of a stick was a means for gaining closer touch with the medium than was possible through applying paint with a brush. Refusing to work from preliminary drawings or sketches was an assertion of the primacy of directness in each individual composition. From the desire to be totally encompassed by the work came the wall-size dimensions of the drip canvases, so suggestive to later "environmental" painters and sculptors.

Leonardo, the Surrealists liked to point out, had called the attention of painters to the significant shapes evoked from the unknown by cracks in plaster and water stains on paper. Yet painting had lagged behind poetry in resorting to free association. Words, in their immateriality, are more responsive

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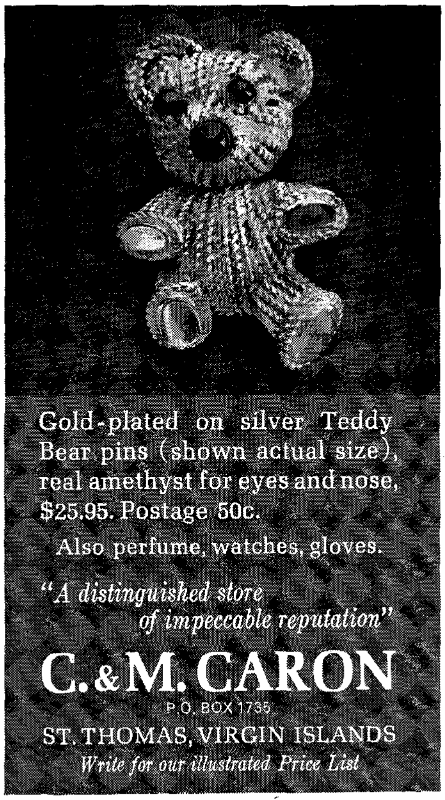

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to psychic states than are mediums requiring the use of tools. Pollock's modifications of painting tend toward an emulation of writing. In throwing, dribbling, and blotting his pigments, he brought paint into closer approximation of the resiliencies of verbal utterance. The essential form of drip painting is calligraphy. In tying to the picture surface color layers of different depths, Pollock produced the visual equivalent of a play on words—a standard feature of oracular pronouncements. Masterworks like "Full Fathom Five" and "Lavender Mist" transform themselves from sheer sensuous revels in paint into visionary landscapes, then back again into contentless agitations of materials. Their immediate derivation is not the work of any painter but Pollock's favorite readings, from Rimbaud to "Finnegans Wake." The thought of being influenced by other artists made Pollock uneasy, and he shook off his teachers with an impressive degree of success, but he eagerly identified himself with Hart Crane and with Joyce and Dylan Thomas.

POLLOCK's most spectacular accomplishment is his large drip paintings. Since they almost go over the brink into non-art, these works have provided a bonanza for post-Dada critics engaged in shuffling paintings into various patterns of aesthetic evolution. Thus the drip paintings have been separated from the inner continuity of Pollock's creation and the drama of his adventure with mythic powers. Happily, the current exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, the biggest ever assembled of Pollock (or of any American painter there), restores the drip paintings to the context of Pollock's effort. That the core of this effort lies in the tradition of art as ritual is made explicit by the titles of the chief works of Pollock's early maturity—"The Guardians of the Secret," "The She-Wolf," "Night Ceremony," "The Night Dancer," "The Totem," all done in the first half of the forties; among the paintings of this period not in the show are "Masked Image," "Magic Mirror," "Circumcision," "The Key." Typical of most of these paintings is a curious rectangular or circular structure suggestive of plaques or medallions. The paintings tend to be crowded with incomplete shapes, vanishing faces, and arbitrary emblems, and are sprinkled with inchoate writings, signs, and numbers. Forms are contoured or cut by thick black lines, and the dark and heavy pigment upon a ground of rather sinister gray creates an atmosphere of primitiv-

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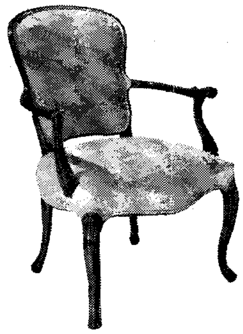

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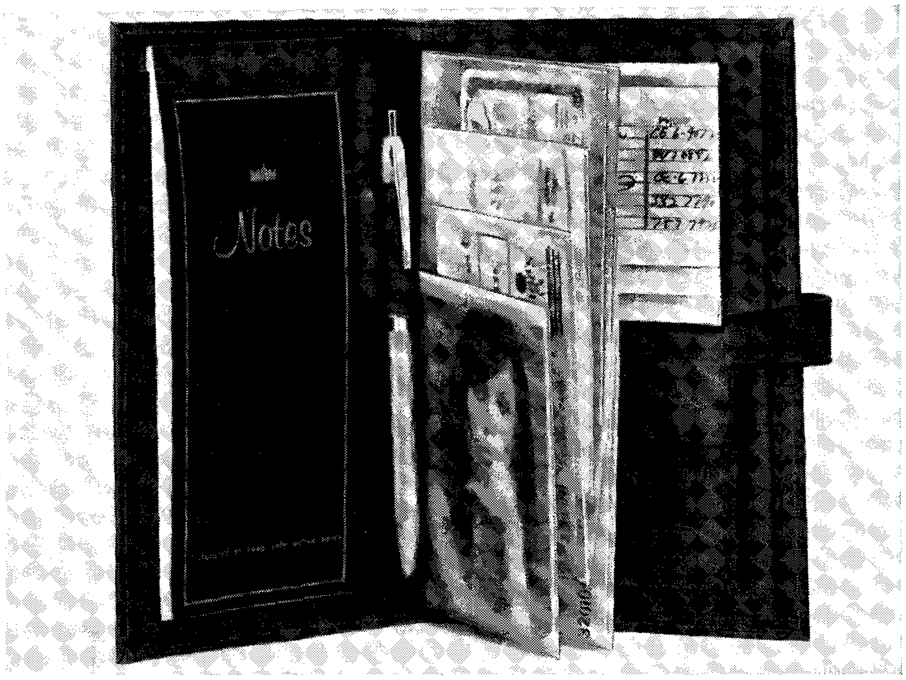
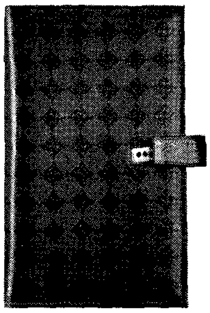
ism and psychological disturbance not unlike that in some of Klee's last paintings. For an artist just turned thirty in the wartime United States, these paintings show a remarkable inner sophistication and sense of purpose; they emanate from a region of Pollock's imagination to which he was to return in his last years. The totems, masked mirrors, and night ceremonies adapted from Mexican mural painting and the Left Bank poetic kitchen are replaced in 1946, a year after Pollock moved to East Hampton, by the nature mysticism of compositions like "Sounds in the Grass: Shimmering Substance," "Sounds in the Grass: The Blue Unconscious," and "Eyes in the Heat" (which is not in the show), in which hidden creatures peer out between ridges of high-pitched yellow and blue paint.

It was from these apprehensions of presences and energies in nature that Pollock passed into union with them through releasing paint in fluids that directly record his physical movements. In the drip paintings, his striving toward an overwhelming symbol is loosened and breaks down into the rise and fall of rhythms rebounding from the canvas on the floor. He has discovered the harmony of the "easy give and take" and has condensed it into a style belonging exclusively to him. The state of abstraction into which Pollock has entered, as well as its origin in the flowing of natural energies, is, as before, conveyed by his titles; with a few exceptions, like "Autumn Rhythm" and "Lavender Mist," which look back to the intuitions of 1946, the drips are identified only by numbers or are called simply "Painting" or "Black and White."

Bringing the drip paintings into focus with the earlier totemic compositions provides a measure of both their strength and their weakness. What was radically new about the method of the drips was that the method was all there was to them. By discarding all traces of symbolism or visual mythology, exemplified by Surrealist dream pictures and the abstract figures of Gorky and Klee, Pollock pushed toward a purging of the imagination—or even its elimination. The catharsis implied by this technique established a connection between the matted undergrowths of "Blue Poles" and "Full Fathom Five" and the expansive vacancies of the work of Pollock's friends Barnett Newman and Tony Smith or the unyielding surfaces of Clyfford Still. It was myth without myth content—a pure *state*. It joined painting to dance and to the inward





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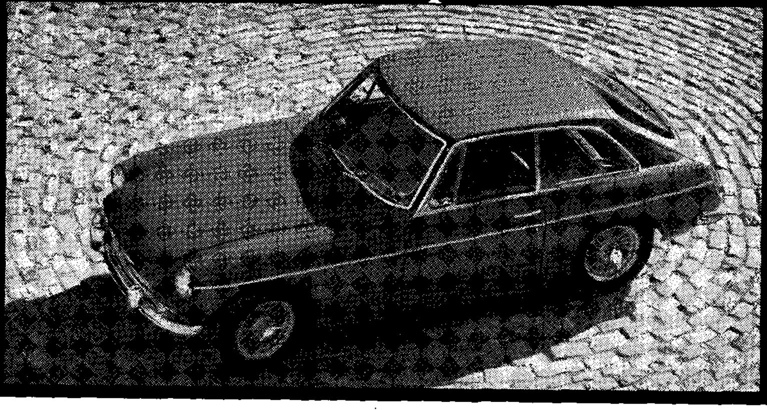

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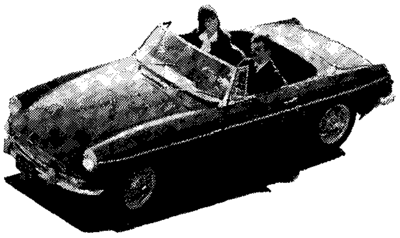

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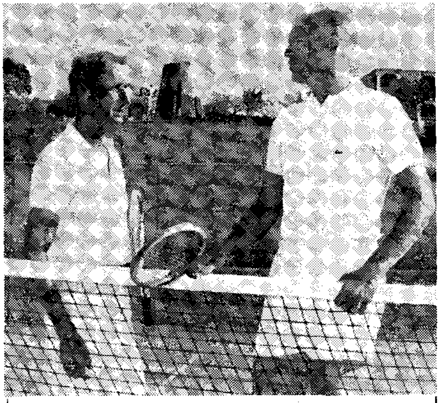
action of prayer, as Cubism had joined it to architecture and city planning.

What proves most remarkable in the Modern Museum retrospective is Pollock's variety, an effect of temperament, physical ebullience, and integrity of purpose. For this "sand painter," the painting was medicine for the artist himself, not for a patient brought out of his tent to be cured for a fee of two goats. Contact was Pollock's salvation, and he tried to make it appear afresh in each painting. Whatever slackness and repetition occur are attributable less to Pollock's character than to his method. In its "easy give and take" the artist could only win or lose, without struggle. Its goal of "harmony" induced a settling down of psychic method into aesthetic process; this is clear in the work of Pollock's followers, for most of whom relaxed floatings or daubings of paint produce a mere simulation of the Master's outer-controlled tension. Drip-painting contact contains no principle of resistance. It offers the temptation to roller-coaster thrills. A painting like Pollock's "Number Seven, 1950," analyzed layer by layer, amounts to a record of glides and turns whose major quality is headiness. Lacking Pollock's magical mission, such paintings fulfill themselves exclusively in the aesthetic and represent his jazz music for the avant-garde art world.

The Modern Museum retrospective makes it clear that Pollock himself, after the first excitement of his plunge into the abstract world of liberated pigment, found its harmonies less than satisfying. Already in 1949, only two years after lighting upon his new method, he deliberately defaces a typical drip painting with cutouts of flat, sharp-edged shapes and entitles the work "Out of the Web," intimating an escape from the tangle of unmitigated responsiveness; in two other works executed in the same year—"Cutout," a painting distinguished by his peculiar gracefulness, and "Shadows"—he repeats the motif with human shapes emerging out of the jungle of interwoven vines of paint. Turning to the rigors of black and white, to collage and massive drawings of classical heads, he signals his awareness of the limits of visual "gorgeousness" as represented by "Lavender Mist" and other joyous isles gleaming with shreds of blue and aluminum. By 1953, the year of "Blue Poles," a painting attractive because of a degree of naturalistic grossness, Pollock is in full swing back to the denser intuitions and more refractory images of his early-forties paintings. The flow of paint gradually dries up; his works take

THE GUEST BEAT THE PRO 6-2



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on references to paintings of contemporaries; execution becomes tighter and more tentative. He begins consciously to display skill—a necessary preliminary to a new departure but bound at the start to act as a handicap. Abstract titles like "Number Twelve" and "Black and White Painting" give way to a new set of riddles: "Four Opposites," "Easter and the Totem," "Portrait and a Dream," until the list ends, with uncanny appropriateness, in "Search"—apparently the last oil painting he completed before his death.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

POLICE NEWS

MONDAY, MARCH 20

11:14 a Car 11 finds truck in A&P lot. Previous owner traded it a week ago. Called for listing.

2:50 p Dow serves 5 summons.

3:59 p Has bat in her house. Called 11.

6:53 p Tiger cat around her house was the one reported missing a month ago in the Clipper.

8 p Abington res. says 2 boys dropped lump of Duxbury snow on his car from North St. bridge.

8:39 p Car parked in travel lane with no lights on. Not listed with Reg. Called wrecker.

8:55 p Caretaker says boy getting off school bus damages fence. Wants him checked.

TUESDAY, MARCH 21

8:31 a In re items stolen from garage.

9:28 a Complains of speed of trucks on Powder Point Ave. Car 12 talks to foreman.

10:12 a School nurse wants ride to hospital for student. Called 12.

10:30 a Dow serves 8 more.

1:19 p Windows broken in vacant house.

1:22 p School wants check on student absent for a week. Called 12.

5:20 p He doesn't want cruiser turning around in his yard.

5:46 p Halifax res. just went after his car which he left in Duxbury last night. Told him we had it towed in as it was in travel lane.

9:39 p His car broke down. Will move in a.m.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22

10:44 a Trucks blocking road. Called 11.

11:30 a Report of B&E suspects cruising area.

4:26 p Needs transportation to Ply. Medical Center. Called 11.

6:10 p Hanover PD wants to see res.

7:06 p They found a skull between floors of their house. Car 12 checks, finds it's nothing important. Just the top part of someone's skull.

THURSDAY, MARCH 23

6:50 a 2 Lab. Retrievers missing; one black; other golden.

7:09 a Car across road on Rte. 3 near East St. Garage will tow.

7:39 a Unlicensed dog outside her house frothing at mouth & kids have to go to school. Husband will tie it to a tree.—*Duxbury (Mass.) Clipper.*

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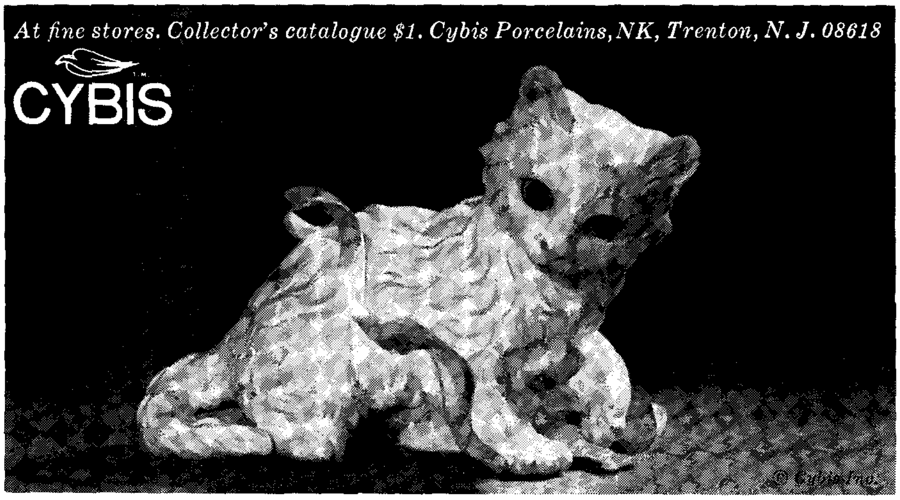

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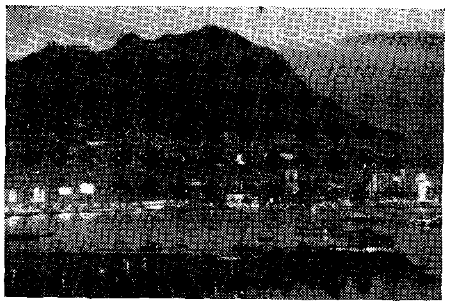

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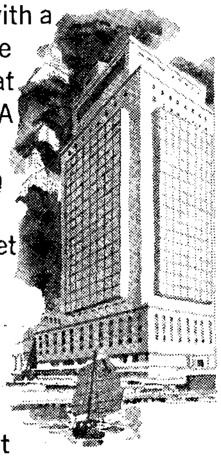

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

All for Laughs

"CASINO ROYALE" is a very funny picture, and no two ways about it. Nay, stay, I take that back—there are at least ten ways about it, but since they are all crammed with heroically idiotic sight gags, verbal gags, and labyrinthine anfractuosities of plot, one would have to be a misanthrope with a toothache in a stalled elevator in an abandoned mine shaft in the midst of an earthquake on the slope of an erupting volcano not to find *some*thing to laugh at in the course of combing out its dishevelled story. Well, not story, exactly, or, for that matter, inexactly; not even matter, for that matter, the movie being a dottily diverse assortment of helter-skelter blackouts, blue-outs, and occasional blew-ins, profusely studded with attractive stars—among them David Niven, Peter Sellers, Woody Allen, Orson Welles, Ursula Andress, Deborah Kerr, and Joanna Pettet—and without a scintilla of sense from start to finish. I enjoyed being run over by it for two hours and ten minutes, and the doctors have encouraged me to believe that my mind, though reduced at the time to the condition of kelp, has suffered no permanent damage.

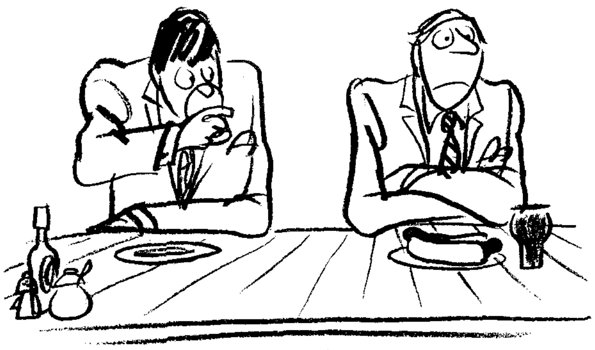
CINEMA
SUSAN

Charles K. Feldman and Jerry Bresler, the producers of the picture, had a tough nut to crack, as we say in the industry (I refer to the filbert industry), and they have cracked it brilliantly. They owned the rights to an Ian Fleming novel called "Casino Royale," but they didn't own Sean Connery, and the trick was to make a successful James Bond movie without him. A scribble of skilled screenwriters—Wolf Mankowitz, John Law, and Michael Sayers—concocted a tale that, embracing snippets of parodies of every genre of movie known to history, from "The Covered Wagon" to "The Green Goddess," allows us to observe a rather elderly, garden-loving Bond (charmingly portrayed by Mr. Niven) be flushed out of retirement in the English countryside to launch a final, crushing assault on the evil forces of SMERSH. The pun-proud writers also invented a couple of new Bonds, one false and the other genuine: Peter Sellers plays the role of Evelyn Tremble, the world's leading authority on baccarat, who assumes Bond's name in an attempt to deceive Le Chiffre, a pawn of SMERSH (embodied by the cipher-shaped Mr. Welles—there are jokes everywhere), and Woody Allen plays the role of Jimmy Bond, James's feckless, girl-crazy nephew. Deborah Kerr is unexpectedly hilarious as the randy Scottish lairdess; Ursula Andress is the secret agent Vesper Lynd; and Joanna Pettet is Mata Bond, James's daughter by a dalliance with Mata Hari. Fugitive appearances are made by George Raft, Charles Boyer, William Holden, Kurt Kasznar, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Daliah Lavi, Peter O'Toole, and John Huston. Mr. Huston, who plays M in a rufous toupee, is one of the six directors who helped accumulate "Casino Royale;" the others are Robert Parrish, Joe McGrath, Ken Hughes, Val Guest, and Richard Talmadge. Bill Lenny is the clever film editor who carved the picture out of the accumulation. The music is by Burt Bacharach, the director of photography is Jack Hildyard, and the important special effects (houses, castles, telephone booths, cars, and people blow up continuously throughout the picture) are by Cliff Richardson and Roy Whybrow.

"TWO FOR THE ROAD" was produced and directed by Stanley Donen from a screenplay by Frederic Raphael. The stars of the movie are Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney, who are among the best-looking and most appealing performers on earth. Moreover, they have been given some of the prettiest settings on earth to perform against—the French countryside and seaside at their delectable, sunny best, with, in the background, the umber and ochre of ancient small châteaux and stone barns—but, oh, what unpleasant roles they are called upon to enact! They are a married couple who bicker, bicker, bicker, thanks in large part to the husband's intransigent egocentricity. Mr. Raphael seems to be saying of their marriage—and perhaps of any marriage—that it is a question of *faute de mieux*: the only thing worse than spending a lifetime with another person is to spend a lifetime alone. This grim message make an uncomfortable basis for the slick and debonair comedy that Mr. Donen evidently had it in mind to give us. Eleanor Bron and William Danie are funny in minor roles, and the picture has been ravishingly photographed by Christopher Challis.

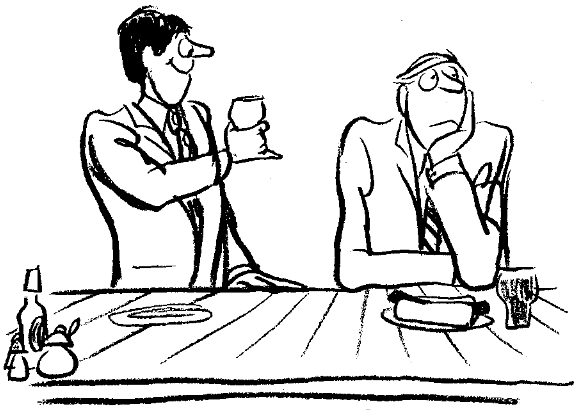
—BRENDAN GIL

(*Advertisement*)



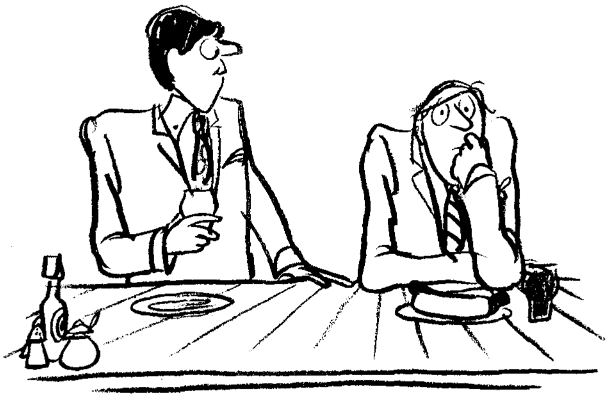
1. *Your hot dog's getting cold.*

I'm not hungry.



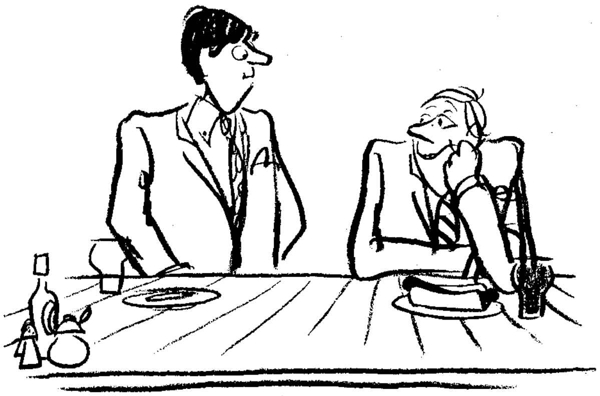
2. *As the father of a brand new baby, you're none too cheerful.*

I had a disturbing thought.



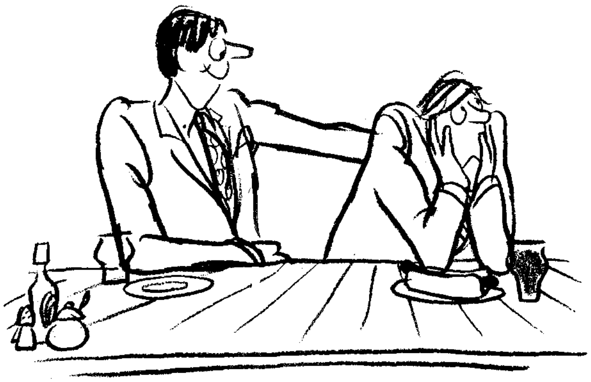
3. *Tell me.*

It'll be years and years before the kid is self-supporting.



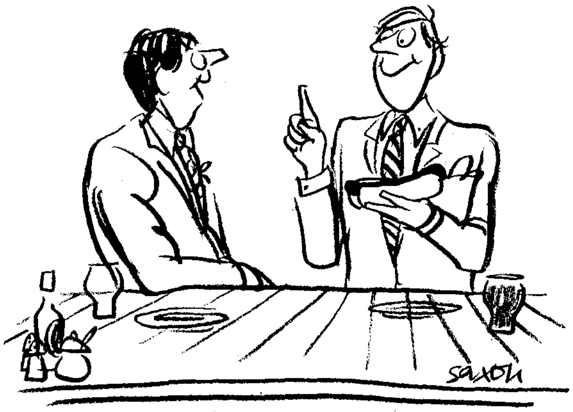
4. *It's not unusual for fathers to provide for their children until they're through school.*

That's just it—Jane and I love kids. We want 5 or 6.



5. *Wonderful.*

But what if I should die, perish the thought, before they've earned their PhD's?



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I'd like the mustard, relish, pickles and ketchup.

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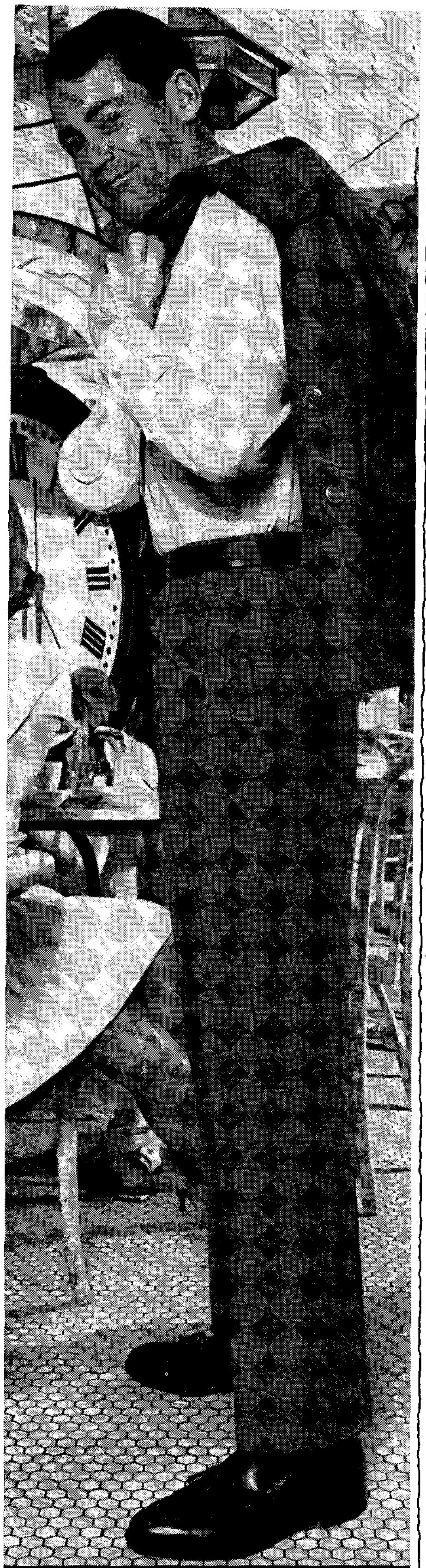

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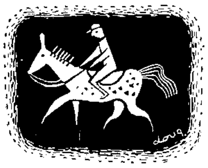
THE RACE TRACK

Comes the Derby

I'VE never been able to understand why the Kentucky Derby should be the most talked-about horse race in America. It isn't always a dramatic contest, and frequently the best horse doesn't win. (There was the case of Native Dancer in 1953, and don't forget Nashua in 1955 and Bold Ruler in 1957, both of whom were voted Horse of the Year the year they lost the Derby.) But that's the way things are. It was the showmanship—the wizardry, if you like—of the late Matt Winn, who built up the event, and the spell will linger for the foreseeable future.

These reflections are prompted by my looking over a list of the three-year-olds who are going to run their hearts out (at least that's the rough idea) at Churchill Downs this weekend. Six or more can be dismissed straightaway because their form isn't good enough, but I won't name names. (I did that once, years ago, and half the lot obligingly came in one, two, three.) As the winner of the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland last week, Diplomat Way will have many supporters, especially among hunch players who remember how, one after another, Chateaugay, Northern Dancer, and Lucky Debonair followed up their victories at Lexington with victories at Louisville. But John Meaux, who trains Diplomat Way, says quite frankly that his colt has a streak of temperament. Like Nashua, his sire, he has to be in the mood before he can run his best. It's only fair to say that Successor had difficulties in the Blue Grass. He didn't have his regular jockey, Baeza, who was under contract to Darby Dan Farm (the contract has since expired) and rode that stable's Proud Clarion, who finished second. Broussard, who'd never been on Successor before, had the mount on him. Successor was away slowly, got into close quarters on the first turn, and finished fourth. As this is written, he's going well, and Baeza will be on him in the Derby, but I'll be surprised if he's among the first three. A mile and a quarter, I'd say, is a bit farther than he cares to go.

As was expected, Ruken, who won the Santa Anita Derby and who beat Successor at Keeneland, dominated the Stepping Stone Purse at Churchill Downs last Saturday, taking the lead in the seven-furlong gallop when he pleased. He went on to the mile mark in 1:36⅗, and was eased up at the end of a mile and a furlong in 1:51⅕. Dr. Isby, fourth behind Reason to Hail in the California Derby a fortnight ago, was second. As you know, Reason to Hail is Hirsch Jacobs' substitute for Reflected Glory, the early Derby favorite, who still has sore shins. By the way, when Jacobs worked the two colts together mornings, Reason to Hail always beat Reflected Glory, but in the afternoon it was the other way round. Lastly, we come to Damascus. There's no doubt about his speed and ability to accelerate. When Shoemaker called on him in the Wood Memorial, he simply mowed down Gala Performance with the greatest of ease. As for his stamina, which I'm surprised to hear some critics doubt, he was going so strong at the end of a mile and a furlong in the Wood that he certainly could have kept it up for another eighth of a mile. All things considered, and all doubts waived, I believe Damascus will win the Run for the Four Roses.



FOR the first time in twenty-four runnings of the Grey Lag Handicap, there was a disqualification in the race at Aqueduct last Saturday. After Advocator had finished first in the event, at a mile and a furlong, the stewards held an inquiry and ordered him placed last for crowding in the run through the stretch. This gave first money to Moontrip, second to Amberoid, and third to Handsome Boy. Moontrip, who hadn't won since last October, paid $89.40 in the mutuels. Advocator was ridden by Ycaza, who has a list of suspensions as long as your arm. It appeared to me that the boy was trying to keep his mount from bumping Moontrip but couldn't quite manage it. . . . Like her stablemate Priceless Gem, Patrice Jacobs' Regal Gleam, who was rated best of her age and sex last season, isn't as good at three as she was at two. Favorite for the Prioress Stakes at Aqueduct last week, she was down the course. Perhaps she has shin trouble, too. The winner, Just Kidding, paid $36.80. What's in a name? —AUDAX MINOR

•

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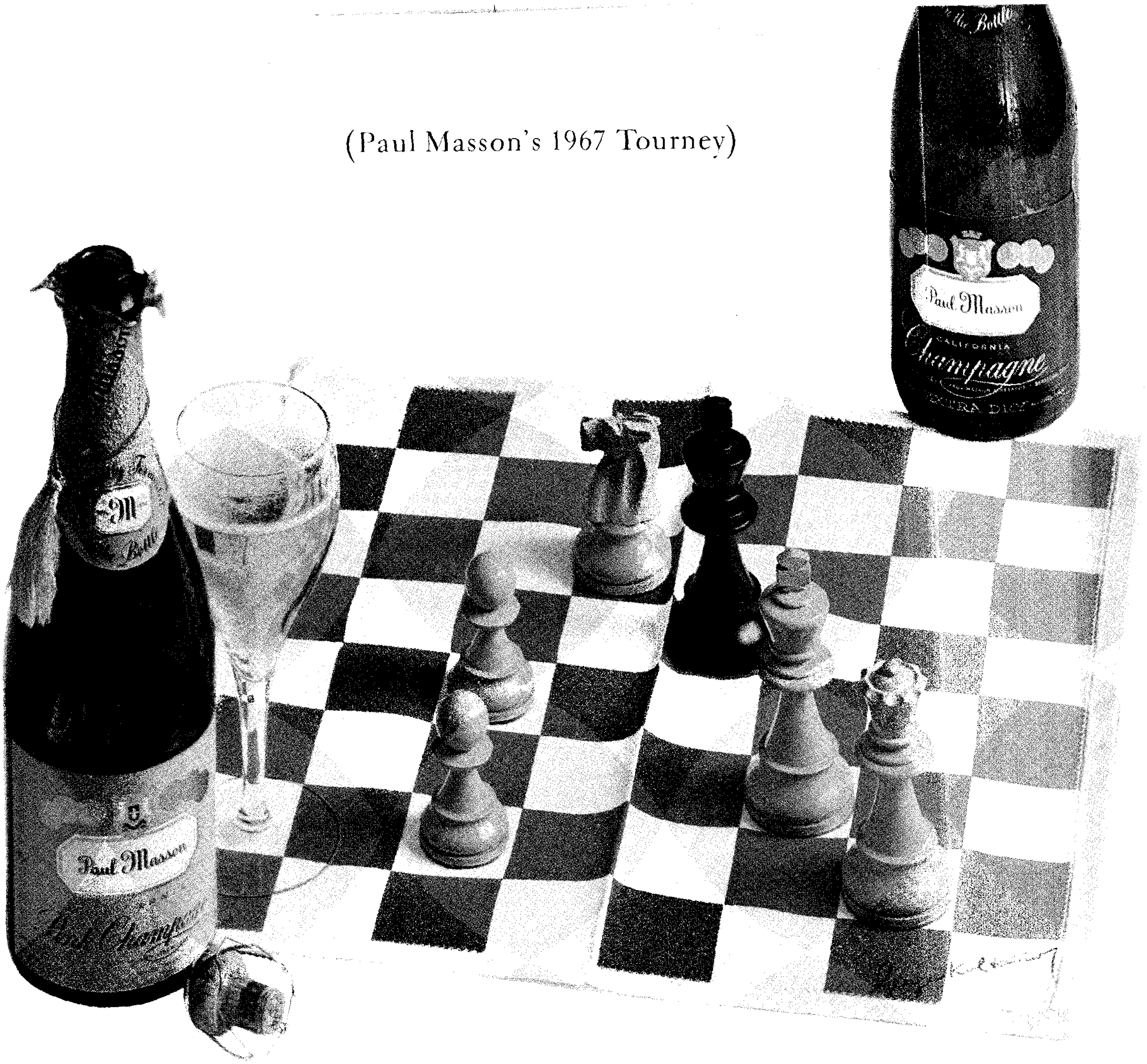

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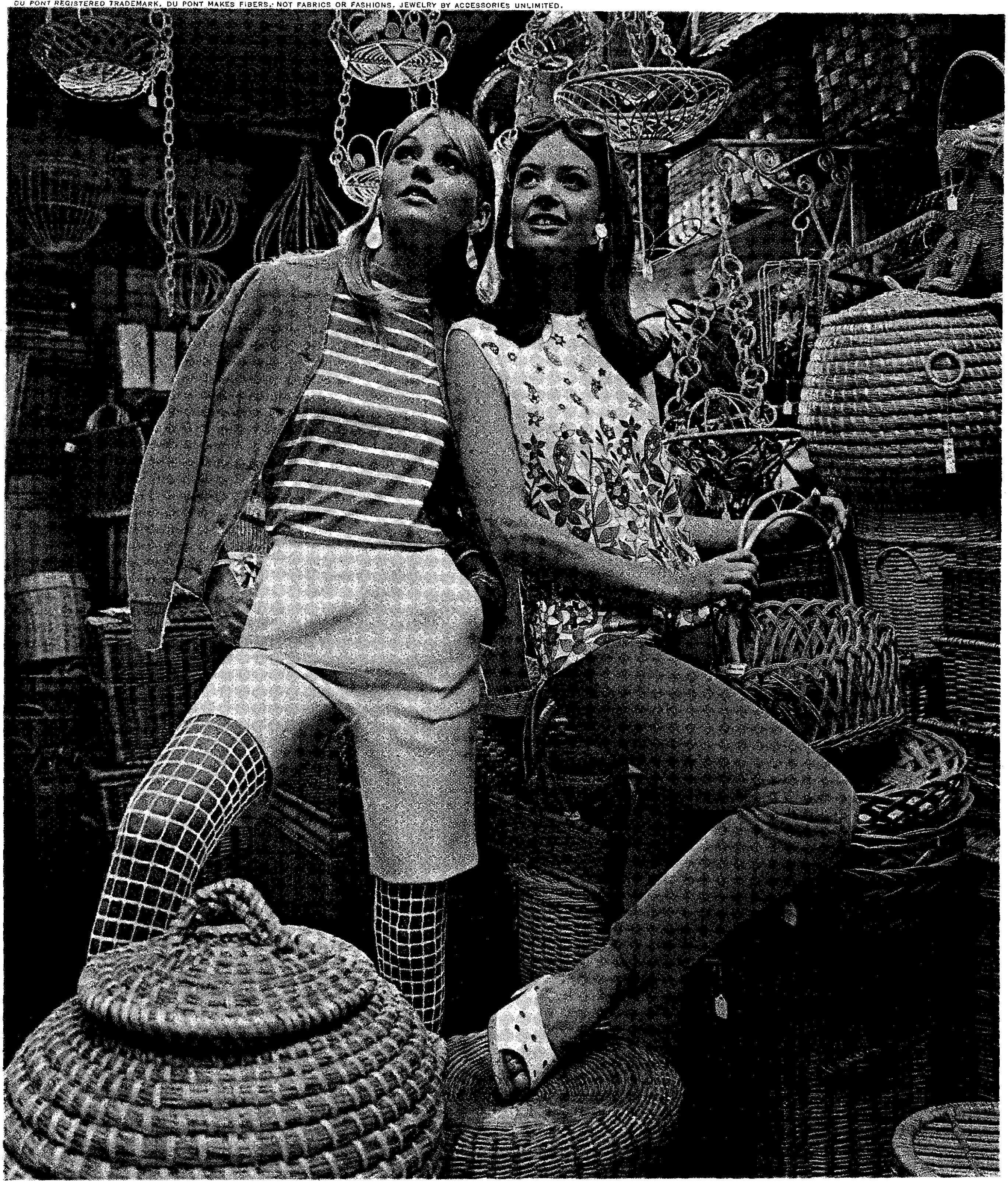

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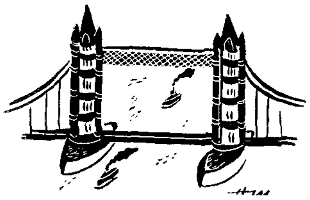
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

LETTER FROM LONDON

APRIL 26

SINCE it was expected, the news that Britain is about to present herself once more at Europe's door for admission caused little excitement, but doubtless it gave much satisfaction to those—probably the majority this time—who have become convinced that there is no future ahead for this country outside the Common Market. In a last-minute burst of protest, the fervent anti-Marketeers, led by Labour's doughty old Emanuel Shinwell, claimed that the promised great national debate on the subject had never got going and that most ordinary citizens were totally ignorant of the pros and cons of the case, which may well be true. It is possible—but unlikely, apparently—that there will be resignations among the handful of Mr. Wilson's Ministers who are anti-European. One thing that seems certain, however, is that the timing of the application for membership in the European Economic Community is a happy stroke for the Government, since it will take the public's eye off domestic dissatisfactions.



Exactly what caused the enormous political shakeup in the elections for the Greater London Council and county councils throughout the country a fortnight ago is still being discussed on all sides. Though a swing to the Conservatives was expected, following the usual petulant pattern of opinion after a Government has been in power for a year or two and has not succeeded in carrying out all its promises, the size and fierceness of the movement were a staggering shock to people at all levels, well informed or otherwise. The jubilant Conservatives had not dreamed of such a victory. Labour's shaken supporters, watching county after county roll into the Tory landslide, are now anxiously awaiting the next round of local elections, coming up next month, to vote new councillors into the town halls—with more painful surprises likely for Labour, it is thought. Nothing at Westminster, of course, was changed by the upheaval in the county council chambers. As level-headed Conservatives have no intention of forgetting, Mr. Wilson still sits tight behind his healthy majority in the Commons, and he appears now to have plenty of time—until 1970, if he wishes—to recover his lost voters. All the same, the whole diagram of national politics seems to have been wiped out and redrawn the other day by the irritable, unmistakable movement of the public hand against the Government. The greatest humiliation Labour suffered, and the really glittering showpiece the Conservatives managed to bag, was the change of administration here in London, where a proudly Labour-controlled council has sat in power beside the Thames for the last thirty-three years. The late Herbert Morrison was the political father of the old London County Council—the illustrious L.C.C., whose initials still come more naturally to elderly Londoners' lips than the new combination G.L.C., for its vast, sprawling heir the Greater London Council—and now the long and remarkable era of city government that Morrison began has ended. The size of London's turnabout to Tory management seemed to astound even the winners.

One point that immediately interested young couples was how different London's education planning may eventually look under Conservative control. Labour's Secretary of State for Education and Science, Mr. Anthony Crosland, is firmly committed to the system of large, "comprehensive" schools, which would swallow up the old-established, and reluctant, grammar schools, championed with passionate fervor by many Tory educationalists and parents. This highly controversial subject arouses strong feelings everywhere. The Conservatives at once appointed as London's education chief thirty-six-year-old Christopher Chataway, who is well known as an Olympic champion runner and a popular television personality, and who had already made a mark in political life as an able junior Minister of Education in the last Tory Government—not the man, all seem agreed, to give way to any extremists among his new colleagues who might press, in the euphoria of victory, for a wholesale reversal of postwar educational planning.

What may be the best explanation for Labour's serious debacle is that the Conservatives won on such a scale not because people who usually vote Labour defected to them in droves but because so many of these people did not vote at all. To multitudes of the faith-

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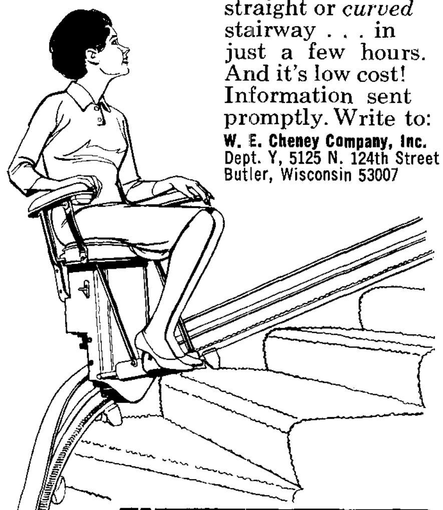
ful, the wage freeze that Mr. Wilson clamped down last July, when the economic situation grew worse, has undoubtedly appeared unnecessary—as those trade-union leaders who are opposed to wage restraints incessantly assert it to be—and (what is even more bitterly resented) unfair, in the way it seems to operate implacably against them while prices that were supposed to stay frozen, too, continue to rise. It was this huge dissatisfied section of Labour voters, it is thought, who stayed home the other day and voted sourly with their silence to give Mr. Wilson a major setback, and a warning as well. The Prime Minister instantly and sharply served notice—in a speech at a London Labour Party dinner, presumably not a festive evening, shortly after the election fiasco—that he intended to keep right on following the economic course (however unpopular it might be) that he and his colleagues had decided upon to preserve the pound in its present state of health and strength. The excellent national news is that the patient is better, but it is likely that numbers of Mr. Wilson's disillusioned supporters will keep right on complaining that the prescription was not the one on which Labour gave him such solid support last year. Now the Government has asked for powers to prolong the wage freeze by eighteen months. A depressant that may also have contributed to the anti-Government vote was Mr. James Callaghan's negative, deflationary budget, which, unfortunately, was presented just before the local elections were held. It seemed to the public to be an event that brought cheer to no one, omitting even the expected modest increases in family allowances for the really impoverished, whose existence in the middle of an affluent society has lately been exposed to shocked public view. Many angry Labour backbenchers felt that this not large stroke of economy was shabby indeed.

Mr. Edward Heath's standing in the country will clearly benefit by the great boost in morale that his party has been given. Popularity will be something of a novelty to him. Not long ago, when the Tories were in the doldrums and Mr. Wilson appeared able to run rings round his opposite number in Parliament without difficulty, a rumble of criticism was increasingly audible in the Conservative Party, directed against its top man. The opinion polls recorded a coolness toward him on the part of the average voter. Now all this, his supporters cheerfully predict, will be changed in the remarkable transformation of so



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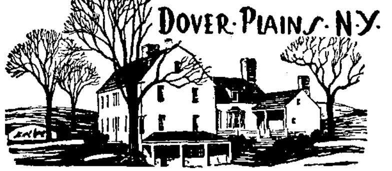

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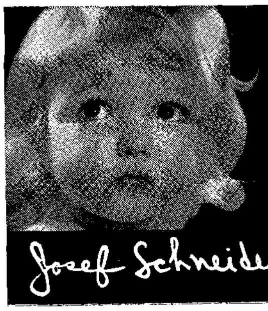

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much of the political landscape that has just taken place here.

THE latest big hit of the National Theatre Company is "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead," a new play—a nice change from its usual program of superbly played classics—by a young new dramatist, Tom Stoppard, a thirty-year-old Londoner who started his writing life as a journalist in Bristol. The play was produced first by the Oxford Theatre Group as a student "fringe event" at last year's Edinburgh Festival. Now that it is being seen in the grander setting of the Old Vic, its author has been acclaimed by the critics almost to a man as the brilliant dramatic find of the sixties and the most stimulating new British dramatist—but how different!—since Harold Pinter. Stoppard is not the first to have been fascinated by the unfortunate attendant lords, Hamlet's foolish college friends who, forever wedded, like twins whom nobody can tell apart, hover prattling on the edge of great events that they do not understand and that finally destroy them. Oscar Wilde mused upon their fate in "De Profundis." A little burlesque, "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern," by W. S. Gilbert, was given at the Vaudeville in 1891 and speedily forgotten. Stoppard's couple must have been walking about in his head for some time, for a few years back he, too, wrote a one-act burlesque on the theme. This long play is something quite different. It is a dazzling, funny, compassionate fantasy about the helpless human predicament, and clearly owes a good deal to Beckett's "Waiting for Godot." When the curtain goes up, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, two recognizable Shakespearean minor lordlings in doublet and hose, are waiting, too—in an anteroom of Elsinore, as we but not they comprehend. They are uneasily entertaining themselves by tossing coins and playing word games, at which they are now as quick as lightning, since they have been practicing them (it suddenly dawns on us) over an enormous, unmeasurable span of time. For they are, at present, just gleams in Shakespeare's eye, waiting for him to start the play, the plot of which they do not know, and get them born out of nowhere into the court of Denmark. They can remember nothing before their arrival here. All they ever glean of the events at Elsinore is picked up in cryptic snatches when Hamlet and Ophelia, the King, the Queen, and the players come back and forth to speak actual scenes from the tragedy's text, briefly giving life and identity to Rosen-

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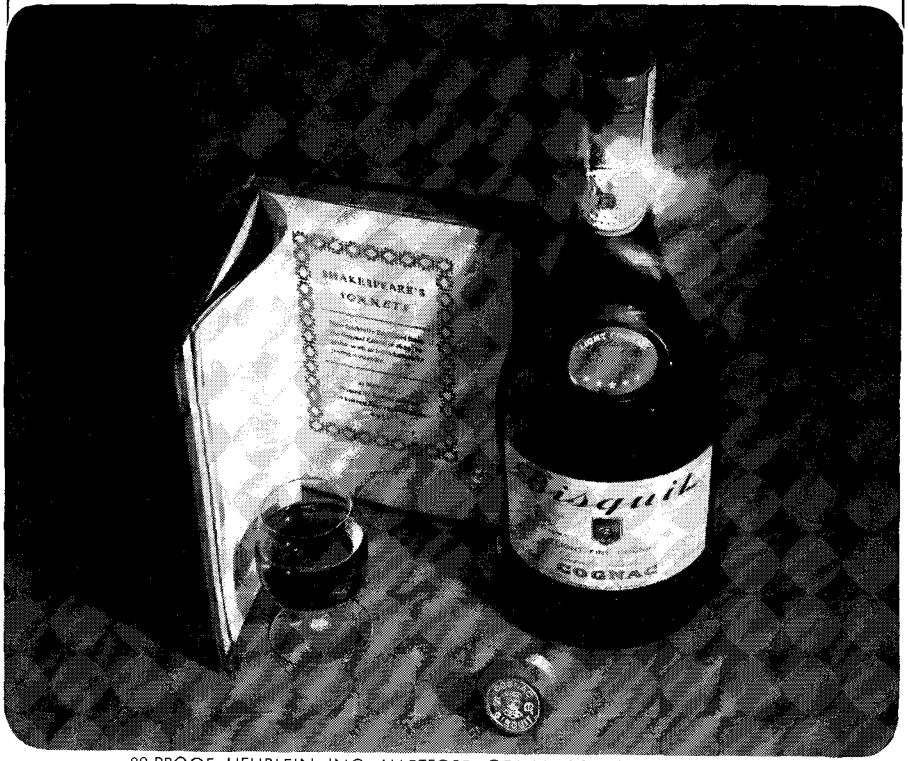

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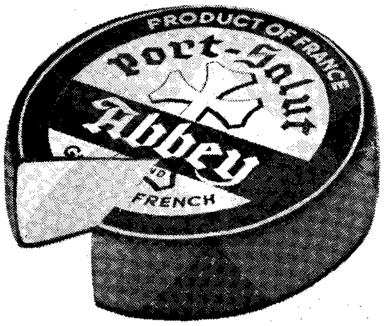

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crantz and Guildenstern. When the court surges out again, the young men are left to solitude and to anxious discussion of what it is all about. Why have they been brought here? They would like to go home, if they could, since something fearful is plainly waiting for them, but where is home? Finally, on board the ship with Hamlet, going toward England, they discover the letter instructing the English King to put them to death on arrival. Yet they go on, because there is nothing to do but to return to nowhere, still unsure of the play's meaning, and even of their roles in it as Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. It is an extraordinarily haunting play, written with a wonderful feeling for words, and excellently played by Edward Petherbridge, as the more introverted Guildenstern, and John Stride, as the touching, ebullient, baby-faced Rosencrantz.

THE Post Office has just issued a new set of stamps, which were instantly snapped up by philatelists, botanists, and pleased citizens who are neither. They celebrate the arrival of spring, and were designed by the Reverend William Keble Martin, whose "The Concise British Flora in Colour" headed the best-seller list here for weeks a couple of years ago. Dr. Keble Martin is now in his ninetieth year, but his hand is as sure and accurate as ever, and the pale wash of color as delicate, in the wild flowers pictured on the stamps—a sprig of white hawthorn with its summer berries also shown, a wood anemone with its fine, wiry little root, bluebells, and convolvulus, among others. To Londoners affixing them to their letters they look gay in this freakish season that brought the trees and flowers in the parks and private gardens rushing into bud and bloom a month or so ahead of their usual date but has since popped them back into what has felt like the freeze of winter. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Practical, fanciful, luxurious-looking but not exorbitantly high-priced, homemakers are more and more often starting their decorating schemes from the floor up.—*Augusta* (*Ga.*) *Chronicle.*

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BOOKS

Mademoiselle de Paris

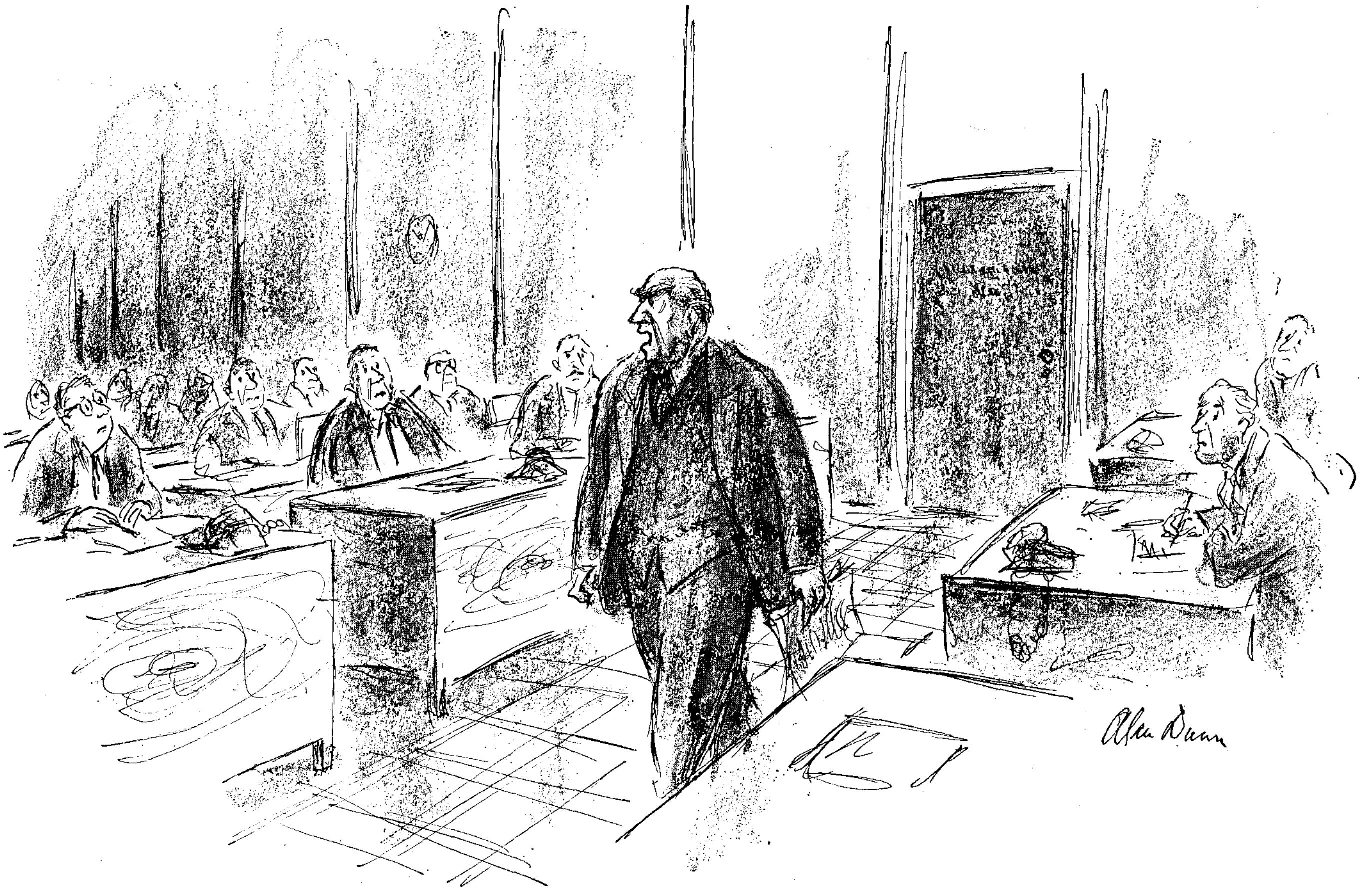
Violette Leduc's "The Woman with the Little Fox" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), the last of the three novellas that make up the book of the same name, is the story of a sixty-year-old Frenchwoman, a maiden lady, who lives alone in Paris and is starving to death but cannot bring herself to tell anyone of her misery or to ask for help. And when severe shock, a mortal hurt, finally drives her to beg for money for food, she dies as much of shame as of hunger. Miss Leduc has left this woman nameless, and it seems reasonable to refer to her in this review as Mademoiselle. Mademoiselle is a heroine, strictly drawn in the style that is correct for her, in clear, composed, uncompromising lines that delineate transparency, completeness, and light. Miss Leduc's writing commands and shows what is invisible.

The little fox, Mademoiselle's greatest treasure, is a worn-out fur scarf she picked out of a carton of rubbish at four o'clock one summer morning when she was rummaging about in garbage cans outside the shops and restaurants of Paris in the hope of finding an orange, or part of an orange—a bite of fresh fruit to help her face the heat of the day. The fox has his own bed in a whitewood packing case, which she has placed under her window to make a platform where she can stand and enjoy her view of the street. Her room is seven flights up and she stays by her window for hours at a time, watching. But Paris and the people of Paris are more than a source of enjoyment to this lady; they are her sustenance.

"She rested awhile on the thought of the potato she would eat tomorrow. She swayed on the packing case, but she refused to notice it: the day when she could no longer step up on the packing case to look through the window would mean saying goodbye to her friends. . . . The lighted windows beside the darkened windows invited her, welcomed her. She went in through the windows, she penetrated into the phosphorescent antechambers of the people who were expecting her, whom she would never meet. More than friends. The drip-feed of another presence into her blood when an apartment opposite lit up. To miss the appointments they had made for her. . . . She would die if that happened."

Besides the whitewood packing case, Mademoiselle has a cumbersome old sideboard the concierge gave her in order to be rid of it. And she has a table, and her mattress on the floor, and a chair—"The folding chair she had sat in when she was twelve was still there, just as it had been then, when she sat on the lawn, safe in the folds of her taffeta dress, listening to her mother vocalizing inside the house. When she sat on the folding chair now, with her severe features, her silver hair, her modest eyes, she looked like a lady professor on vacation sitting by the edge of a path."

As the story opens, Mademoiselle has reached the end of her resources. She is a provincial, and her childhood in the country was guarded first by a nanny in starched blue and white and later by a governess. She has never had a job, but has lived on money left her by her parents. At one time she had a centrally heated apartment opposite the Luxembourg Gardens, and she shopped in the Place de l'Opéra—cakes from the Maison du Café, gloves from Perrin. Now she is destitute. "Nothing



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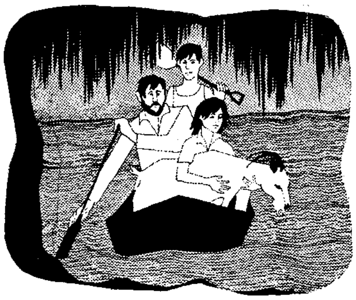

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else left: her future, like an epidemic, getting closer." She knows she is destitute, but she cannot believe it, and she searches about for something to pawn, something to keep her going until the miracle occurs that will save her. She is incapable of applying for help, but she does not think of simply giving up and dying. "The thought of going to the soup kitchen would never cross her mind. She drank a glass of water sweetened with the quarter cube of sugar, then felt like throwing up. Her dead would turn in their graves if they could see her at her doll's tea party. But she, long accustomed to being her own accomplice, mistress as well as victim of the situation—she laughed."

She will not resign herself to death. "She was filled with a fixed determination to pay the next month's rent, to go forth once more to the pawnbroker's, to offer him the clothes off her back, to sell her teeth, her leg, her arm, but at all costs to go on living against the panes of strangers' windows. Other people were her hour glasses. . . . Other people were her opium. How could she go on finding supplies of the drug she needed once she had been thrown out into the street? . . . Past, present, and future: they were but a single toboggan, and she must cling to the bar with both hands." It is February, and the weather in Paris is cold and bitter, but Mademoiselle keeps to her daily routine. Every afternoon she leaves her room and goes down into the streets of Paris to walk and to look. In her youth, she painted. "How far away they were now, those laborious and pleasurable hours spent with her tubes of paint: she had painted so many seascapes, though she hated the sea. But what she had painted best—all of them without a brush—were the thousands and thousands of sunsets she had waited for, followed, and finished after they had disappeared: her altars, her sacred wafers while her parents were entertaining their Abbés."

These days, without a brush, she paints Paris. Nothing escapes her desperate, understanding eyes. "As soon as she had left her room the book of rules took over and told her exactly what she must do: first go to the kiosk where the old woman sells the lottery tickets, sniff the scent of bad luck through one of its chinks, stand beside the news vender's shelter, and then at three o'clock reach the steps of the Jaurès Métro station. . . . Without the rules she would have weakened and stumbled, because the children were all eating their after-school snacks in the

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street. She clenched her fists and banged them against her stomach to keep her hands from snatching the croissants out of their mouths. Paris—millions of children all clutching the same horns of plenty. The edge of her round hat brushed against the sign of the Tout Gaze Bien café, at 6, Avenue Jean-Jaurès. Her once black overcoat was turning green. So much the better: it was a proof that her vert-de-gris candlesticks in the pawnshop had not abandoned her. When the sun came out, there were two torches to light her way, the sun itself and its reflection in the window of Joris', the store that accepted la Semeuse coupons. She hummed in the crystal winter and retraced her steps once more. . . . She set off along avenues, along quais, along streets, along boulevards, as busy and curious as a dog out on its own. After turning back and setting off again many times, she at last reached the place where she wanted to be: her bollard on the Quai de la Villette. The swarm inside left off its buzzing, the warmth came back into her heart, the sweat on her back began to dry, her hat fell onto her knees and her gray hair came undone. A moment of contentment, of self-abandonment as she gazed at what she had gazed at the day before, and the day before that: three men near the edge of the water, beside a sort of greenhouse, hitting their cold chisels with their hammers. They were workmen whose job it was to keep the flagstones level, and they put up with her because they didn't know she was there. . . . She sighed a deep, deep sigh and felt the comfort of it."

Hours later, still wandering where she wants to be, "she returned to her post in front of the crêpe shop. The placard with the prices printed on it was still the same: Paris had not forgotten her, Paris was lighting up on every side, the night was tender, the light was silky, the neon signs were flickering on, the sky was candid, and she was rewarded for loving Paris so much. Viarmes, Belloy, Saint-Martin du Tertre, Bruyères, Villiers-le-Sec were nothing but the whistling of an errand boy to the music of the city. She set off toward the Métro stairs, settling her hat more firmly on her head and pinning up her silver hair. Unconcerned, detached from the whole world by her idleness and her age, she recited the names of all the villages the buses were going to stop at as she flipflopped along the street in her much too big shoes, and the recital became a program of innumerable happy times that she had never known. . . . She sacrificed fifty-

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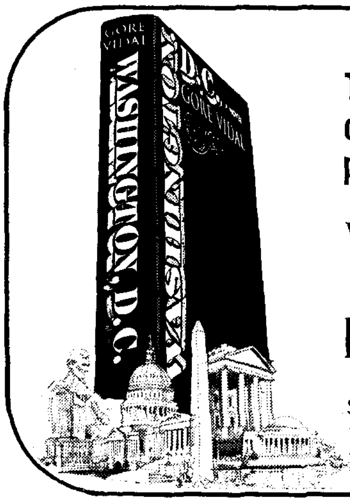
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Chekhov said, "Only he who loves can remember so much." Chekhov was describing an old man, a hall porter at a university, but he could just as well have been speaking of Mademoiselle, whose faithful attention to the world around her is the only connection she has with it and whose power as a witness is so strong that when her story ends, when she dies, the light goes out, all that we have been shown vanishes, and we are shut away forever from what was, after all, no more than a dream, a vision, the span of one lifetime. It is indeed a death. Only a writer as particularly gifted as Miss Leduc could have enclosed, as in thin glass, the silent storm of feeling, sensation, and understanding that is at the heart of this work, which is completely transparent and completely mysterious—a private life, a heroic death. Mademoiselle possesses in the highest degree the capacity for open-eyed acceptance that is the mark of the undefeatable.

"The Old Maid and the Dead Man," one of the other stories in this collection, tells of a solitary woman who keeps a village café and of the extraordinary rush of tenderness she experiences when she finds herself in charge of a dead man—a stranger who wandered into the café and died alone there. "The Golden Buttons" tells of the early adventures of a charming, courageous girl who is doomed to sadness, the kind of girl who will always go forth in hope and expectancy and who will always find bad luck, because she is one of those chosen as a target by malice.

All the stories were translated by Derek Coltman. —MAEVE BRENNAN

•

ANNAPOLIS, April 10 (UPI)—Stanford University won the wind-swept John F. Kennedy Memorial Regatta yesterday by capturing two of the four races staged. Harvard was second and Southern California third. The fifth race was concealed because of the high winds.—*The World Journal Tribune.*

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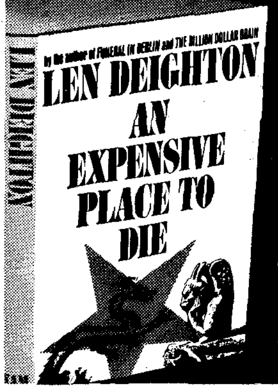
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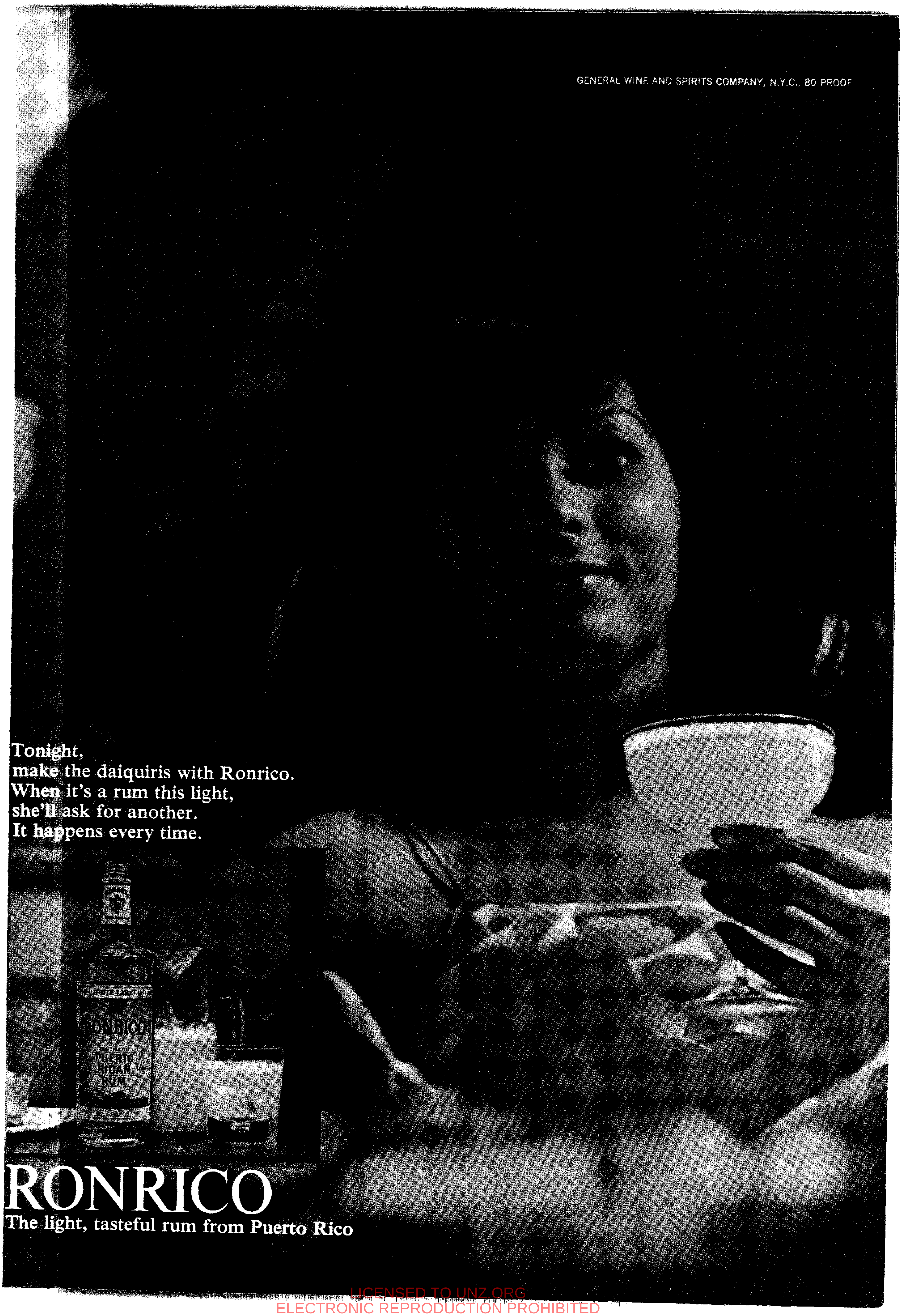
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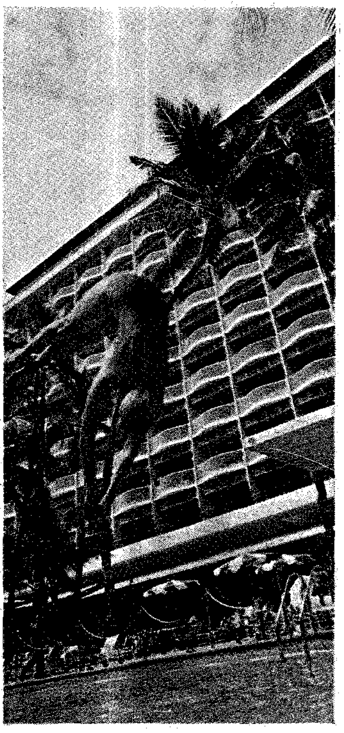

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